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# AMERICA OF TO-MORROW

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CHICAGO







ABBÉ KLEIN  
AT ENTRANCE TO MANDEL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

# AMERICA OF TO-MORROW

BY

ABBÉ FÉLIX KLEIN

AUTHOR OF "IN THE LAND OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE,"  
"AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE," ETC.

*Translated with Approval by E. H. Wilkins*

*Introductory Note by Professor Charles R. Henderson  
of the University of Chicago*

WITH FRONTISPIECE



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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

A FEW years ago a letter of introduction from Archbishop Ireland made me acquainted with Abbé Félix Klein, then a Professor in the Catholic Institute at Paris, and from that day the French capital has been to me another city. The French people can understand us, and sincere Catholics there can open their hearts to sincere Protestants. The gay, gentle, delicate, and refined scholar banters us cheerfully but he really likes us. He interprets for us the inner motives of the leaders of the ancient Church, and he believes that true religion thrives best in an atmosphere of political freedom. In outer form this prophecy of To-morrow appears to be a jest, a merry notebook of a holiday recreation; in essence it is an affectionate revelation of a man's soul who believes in liberty and the triumph of truth; it is an interpretation of momentous events which are too near us to be seen in a true perspective. Here is one who is admitted to the evening councils of Paulist fathers, to the private offices of distinguished bishops, to the committee rooms of missionary priests, and American Protestants are taught what immense plans are formed and steadily developed in action.



It is also wholesome for us to welcome a reporter who is at once shrewd and learned; who has read widely and conversed with scholars, authors, statesmen, reformers; and whose own soul has been the theatre of a modern intellectual revolution, until he has learned to be patient even with heretics like the one he has invited to write this preface. His style is so honest and transparent that you can see his soul in his works, and it is one of the purest, gentlest, noblest souls of our generation. Read his message, and you will discover a reverent scholar whose style is so brilliant and charming that you may think him a man of the world; and he is,—a man of our best world.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

*The University of Chicago.*

# AMERICA OF TO-MORROW



# AMERICA OF TO-MORROW

## CHAPTER I

### AMERICA ON BOARD

“NEW YORK OR THE COUNTRY?”—AN AMBITIOUS TITLE—TWELVE HUNDRED IMMIGRANTS: THE GREAT NUMBER OF JEWS; THE GENERAL PROBLEM OF ASSIMILATION—GOOD AVERAGE AMERICANS—A LAWYER, A COLONEL, A CLERGYMAN, A DOCTOR—FIRST THOUGHTS ON THE JAPANESE QUESTION—A NATIONAL HOLIDAY AT SEA.

A CERTAIN lady is said to have asked an American when he was presented to her, “You are from the United States: do you live in New York or the country?” This sort of kindly ignorance is becoming more and more rare, and I am inclined to believe there are not many readers who will ask me why, having already visited America and written about the country, I should have made up my mind to take a second trip there and again to write it up. Four years ago I visited New York and even some of the big

towns of five hundred thousand or two million inhabitants that lie on the banks of the Potomac and the Delaware, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi; but there still remained a good deal of "country" to see, and very interesting country, too, such as the summits of the Rocky Mountains, the coast of California, the Arizona deserts, and the plateaux of New Mexico.

It was not the thought of seeing new country that urged me most to take my way to America again and to remain there more than twice as long as I had stayed the first time, nor was it even my eager wish to see once more the friends I had left there: one meets one's American friends every two years in Paris! This time, in scouring the country through its length and breadth, — and what length, and what breadth! — my desire was to inform myself as much as possible on the questions, even the unsolvable ones, now before Americans regarding the immediate future of their country. Hence the title, "America of To-morrow," which these travel notes will bear. To those who judge it too ambitious to give them such a name, I reply that it might be so were I to call them *America of the Day after To-morrow*, or did they aspire to deal with a remote future; but they do not, and I will add that even for America of to-morrow they do not pretend to do more than seek out the hopes, the warnings, and the promises that are pending. In brief, then, it is not the reply of the oracle, but only the terms of the riddle that need be sought for here. Furthermore, I believe that these very terms themselves richly repay investi-



gation; and if it is true as Brunetière says, that the United States constitutes the finest field for experience that has ever been offered to humanity, then the reader will understand, will perhaps even share, the curiosity which induced me to return there, and will enjoy with me a glimpse at the combinations open for study in this gigantic laboratory.

He may rest assured, however, that he has not to deal with a savant by profession, but rather with a tourist who treats of questions as they come up, apparently at haphazard: I say "apparently" for I am obliged to confess that my travelling was usually directed toward those spots where I knew interesting problems were most likely to be encountered; where, for instance, I should have the chance to see by what methods of training immigrants were turned into Americans; but above all, to those distant shores of the Pacific, where, amid new surroundings and natural wealth, the yellow race and the white race meet, vie with each other, and threaten to come to blows in a conflict on the outcome of which the fate of the world for many centuries may depend.

This time I sail from Boulogne-sur-mer by the Dutch Line. It will not be a fast voyage,—ten days on the Atlantic,—but this is an advantage when one has the leisure and the sea is calm, as it usually is in June. On these sluggish crossings the boat seems to glide along without jolts or throbs, and one can rest better than anywhere else in the world. Besides, the

Frenchman who is travelling for study can begin his observation here on board; he will meet no compatriots, and the Americans who come under his notice are, as will be seen, of the less known varieties.

From the deck of the tender, the *Holland*, which is to take us to the *Noordam*, we already see in rough outline one of the most serious difficulties with which the United States has to cope, that of raising and assimilating the immigrants of all races and from all countries who are now arriving yearly in crowds over a million strong. On the wharf a flock of human beings is manœuvring, headed by a leader who makes signs to them with a staff. They advance, they retreat; and without seeking to understand, they follow the contradictory injunctions which are given them. Four or five times according to the orders of the police and of the ship's steward, transmitted to them by their leader, they come, they go, as unresisting as inanimate objects; and we have plenty of time to contemplate them.

What strange and savage faces, but what stoic energy is portrayed on most! Their features show the fatigue of the long days and longer nights passed on the trains coming from the south and east of Europe. By the costumes and the faces one recognizes Italians, Russians, Turks, and Hungarian and Roumanian Jews. Their clothes are poor and scarcely clean, and hardly any have stockings. The men are in working clothes with a cap of cloth or fur; the women are bareheaded, or wearing a sort of mantilla, and dressed in gaudy colors. Some carry babies in their arms; and the con-

trast is painful between these ragged children and the fine doll which an American child near me is holding. Happily a recollection turns my mind from this comparison. I remember that it is little more than sixty years ago that two poor little urchins went to America under these same conditions, one from Ireland and the other from Scotland, two poor little urchins named John Ireland and Andrew Carnegie.

The most interesting of the band are the young men from fifteen to thirty years of age, looking confident and determined. I like the initiative which two among them show, as, slowly and with some difficulty, the gang-plank is being lowered, they leave the ranks and lend a helping hand to the sailors: those two will make good Americans! Humanity progresses only through those who offer themselves when there is a deed to be done, a word to be said, an initiative to be taken, and who do not stop to think what they will gain by it, nor why it falls to them rather than to another.

The passengers proper having all gone on board, the emigrants are called, one by one. They come laden down with cardboard valises, baskets, great canvas bags, and strange-looking blankets. They keep all their luggage with them. So do I, as far as that goes, but I have left something at home. They carry everything with them except the land of their forefathers, and they will forget that. Perhaps they have already forgotten it. One can read nothing in their faces. They abandon themselves to the unknown, to the incomprehensible, to destiny.

At last our tender leaves the wharf and we steam out toward the *Noordam*, which, riding slackly at anchor, awaits us outside the harbor. As we approach, her band salutes us with the bars of the "Marseillaise," and this welcome thrills me. It is patriotism reviving as it always does far from home — far from our stupid quarrels and our cruel separations. Of our France, who calls herself anti-religious, the last landmarks lingering on the horizon are the black dome of a basilica and a great crucifix on the cliff.

The coast of France has disappeared. We are in foreign parts, quite in foreign parts. The ship's people speak Dutch to each other and English to us. Of the seventy-four first-class passengers all are Americans except a few Dutch and Germans. Among the two hundred and forty-five second-class passengers the last two nationalities are more largely represented. As to the twelve hundred and nine third-class passengers, they can count but fourteen Americans among them. The rest are emigrants from all lands. The countries of their extraction prove instructive nevertheless: 40 come from Holland, 45 from Germany, 48 from Italy, 93 from Austria, 186 from Hungary, 2 from Bulgaria, 14 from Roumania, 51 from Greece, 131 from Turkey, 585 from Russia. Almost all the Russians and all the Hungarians are Jews.

Israel has therefore sent forth one-half this crowd! In 1907 of Jews alone 149,182 emigrants went to the United States, of whom 93,397 remained in the State of New York. The city itself shelters more than

800,000, and they are beginning to take up a great deal of room. Restricted originally to a poor section of the town, at the time of my first trip they were invading the shopping district, but it is now the turn of the wealthy quarters. The Jewish question, if it come up at all, will come up in New York first, but it is a question that interests the whole United States. The Jews here are sufficiently free and sufficiently numerous (there being very nearly two million of them) to show what they are capable of under a regime of real tolerance. Though there exists against them some social prejudice,\* no one would dream of excluding them from their civil rights.

The Jewish question is only one phase of the greater problem of immigration. Whereas from 1776 to about 1820, only 250,000 foreigners came to settle in the United States, from 1820 to 1907 not less than 25,318,067 have arrived. At the beginning of the nineteenth century their number did not amount to ten thousand annually; they now far exceed a million, being, for example 1,100,735 in 1906, and 1,285,349

\*This social prejudice is, as a matter of fact, stronger in the United States than in western Europe. Jews are excluded from most clubs, and are looked at askance at schools, and even at hotels. I was told that a very rich Jew, a friend of President Cleveland's, wishing to stay with his family at a fashionable hotel at some watering-place, was informed that no persons of his race were admitted: *No Jews taken*. He forthwith bought, just opposite, a vacant lot and built a finer hotel with lower prices and placarded the notice: *No Jews taken*. The older hotel, half ruined and obliged to accept any guests presenting themselves, was soon filled with Jews refused admittance at the new hotel.

in 1907.\* Furthermore, the increase follows a regular course, although it is interrupted and suffers a falling off in the periods of financial crises such as those following the years 1854, 1873, 1882, and 1892. The recent panic could not fail to bring in its train the usual lack of work and consequent decrease in immigration; but the recovery has already set in.

It is not, however, the great number of immigrants which is disquieting; neither the room nor, usually, the work is lacking. The difficulty lies in the origin and extraction of the present day immigrants. Formerly the great majority were of the same races as, or similar to, those of the first colonists; they came from England, Scotland, Ireland, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, or France; they differed but slightly from the Americans in character, customs, and ideals, and were therefore easy to assimilate rapidly. In 1906, 67 per cent belonged to races occupying the southeast of Europe, even Asia Minor. Whereas southern Italians represented 22 per cent of this total, and Jews (almost all from Russia) 14 per cent, the percentage of Germans had fallen to 8, that of Scandinavians to 5, and of the English, Scotch, and Irish together to 9.3. The official statistics for this same year gave 408,903 individuals of Slavonic race; 283,540 of Iberian; 213,904 of Teutonic, and 116,454 of Celtic. In the first division all coming from the east of Europe are in-

\*One must nevertheless take into account that during this same year, 1907, about 310,000 foreigners of whom two-thirds were immigrants, left the United States. The increase by immigration is consequently brought back to 1,075,000.



cluded, even the Jews; in the second, those coming from the south (Portugal, Spain, southern Italy, Greece, and Syria); in the third, those from northern Europe and England; in the fourth, the people of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and northern Italy. To these must be added 61,795 individuals of other races: Hispano-Americans, Turks, Armenians, Chinese, Japanese, and negroes.

And not only are the immigrants recruited principally from second-rate countries, but from the least desirable elements in these countries. Formerly the north and west of Europe sent to the United States a select number of ambitious men, eager for more progress and greater liberty; at present, the south and east send out men, a large part of whom are ignorant,\* discontented, and miserable, knowing not what will become of them, and most of whom are enrolled like a flock of sheep by different transport agencies. The Government at Washington has indeed ordered the steamship companies to post the immigration laws in their offices, and has also put a stop to any advertising other than the announcement of sailings and conditions of immigration; and Congress, in the new Immigration Act of February 20, 1907, has increased the severity of the measures excluding foreigners brought over by *labor contracts*, more or less explicit, and has extended this exclusion to those whose passage was paid by any association, municipality, or government. But all these

\*The number of illiterate persons received in 1907 was 337,573; and of the remainder 5,829 could read, but not write.

measures prove insufficient. At present, in order to render them efficacious, it is under consideration either to increase the penalties against delinquent companies, to institute American inspectors at all the ports of embarkation, or, with a view to other remedies, to convoke an international conference. In the meantime the newcomers are examined as strictly as possible. But how can crowds often numbering more than five thousand a day be properly dealt with? Sometimes twenty thousand immigrants may be seen at one time awaiting the medical examination. In 1907 no less than 13,064 were refused admittance as against 12,432 in 1906; and all these, feeble in mind or in body, should have been sent back to their own countries at the expense of the companies who brought them over. But a great many of them, driven from New York, seek to evade the law by entering across the immense frontiers of Canada and Mexico, which are more difficult of supervision, the latter especially, than the seaports.

Even were this throng to be distributed normally over the whole country, the service they could render certain districts would compensate for the perils with which they threaten the whole. But neither the Southern nor the Western States, which are short of labor hands, receive more than 4 per cent of the total immigration; 22 per cent go to the Middle West; while 68 per cent remain on the Atlantic seaboard, of which half stay in the somewhat over-populated State of New York. These percentages are those of the fiscal



year 1905-1906. In 1906-1907, 386,244 immigrants gave New York State as their destination; 230,906 gave Pennsylvania; 104,156, Illinois; 85,583, Massachusetts; and 70,665, New Jersey.

To this irregular distribution is due the greatest disadvantage of immigration, namely the congestion of the foreign element in the big cities, as in New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia, and its isolation there in certain quarters, thus forming a sort of colony, difficult for the American influence to penetrate.\* Everything possible is being done, however, to remedy this evil, through an office established in New York, whose business it is to direct the newcomers to those districts where they can make themselves most useful and will find the greatest demand for labor.

How is it possible to assimilate such multitudes? And will not the United States under this barbarian invasion compromise their civilization, or at least lose their characteristics? This is one of the first questions I put to the Americans on board, but they seemed in no way moved by the consideration.

"We need more labor hands," they reply, "especially in the South and out West, and there is still room for the newcomers. We owe to immigration alone the fact that we have become the most populous

\*Apropos of this distribution, some interest may be attached to the fact that the 9,731 French admitted in 1907 settled principally in the States of New York and California. The Japanese generally stop in Hawaii, California, Washington, and Oregon. The Jews usually choose the big eastern cities.

nation after China and Russia, and we don't compare ourselves with them! Were we now to be reduced to our own resources we should see Canada, Argentina, and Brazil gaining on us at our expense; and our industrial, commercial, and agricultural development would advance so slowly as to amount practically to a falling off.

If it is true that many immigrants do not succeed in amalgamating with us, their children, or at least their grandchildren do. Above all, the very patriotic teachings of our schools, and also the influence of the churches, tend to Americanize them quickly. Furthermore, we have observed that the crossing of the white races is very favorable to the progress of the species: the children are larger, stronger, and more intelligent than their parents; they form a sort of new race uniting the qualities of both." And the way has been opened to an enthusiastic vindication of the United States.

In sooth, I really believe, the danger is not so great as might be imagined. Enormous as is the annual immigration, it amounts to only one-eightieth of the total population, and the foreign-born are but as one in six to the native-born.\* Only a few, when they arrive, are beyond the age when they can adopt new customs; and quite a number, one-eighth, are children under fourteen who will retain hardly anything of their origin. Finally in this, as in everything, the invincible optimism of Americans is manifest: if immigration

\*In 1900 they numbered 10,460,085 as against 65,843,302.

increases too fast and becomes a real danger, it can always be restricted, or, if necessary, put a stop to.\*

I discuss very freely this and several other problems with my fellow passengers. At the end of two or three days a fine spirit of comradeship is established among us, I might almost say a family spirit. There is no German heaviness, nor English stiffness, none of that class feeling that is always present among a group of Frenchmen, nor any of the haughtiness nor magnificent indifference of the ultra rich of the New World. These would disdain the Holland-American Line; there is nothing lacking to render the voyage comfortable and agreeable, but neither is there any social distinction gained in travelling by it, as it does not publish the list of passengers in the newspapers. Although liberal with their money (as was evidenced by the collection taken up at the concert given for the benefit of life-savers) the passengers of the *Noordam* nevertheless prefer the substantial to the tawdry. We are here face to face with good, average Americans, a class but little known abroad and therefore all the more instructive. One notices with pleasure, what indeed one might expect, but which cannot be gleaned from books, that all

\*The ages of the 1,285,349 immigrants for 1907 fall into the following divisions: 138,344 under 14; 1,100,771 between 14 and 44; 46,234 over 44. Other details of the statistics may offer some interest. The immense majority, 1,135,551, arrive from Europe. The males number 929,976, the females 355,373: 873,923 persons possess or declare only \$50, and 107,502 have more. The arrivals are most numerous in May, April, March, and June; and fewest in January, February, August, and July (maximum in May, 150,927; minimum in January, 51,127).

Americans are not nervous and eccentric, nor even millionaires.

Among them are some excellent folk who have been to Europe for a holiday and do not attempt to disguise their delight at getting home again. I see families whose members do not treat one another like strangers, children who come to kiss their father good-night, girls talking with their mothers. I see a touching group of four grown sisters between twenty and thirty-five years of age, a brother of thirty, and a mother of sixty, all six almost inseparable. The father died a year ago; his widow, unable to overcome her grief, was sent to Europe by her physician. She passed the winter in Florence with her four daughters; in the month of May the son, an architect, left Paris to join them and together they visited Rome, Venice, and the Italian Lakes. They are returning home with great emotion, and the children are wondering how the return to the house of mourning will affect their mother. They talk to her of their married brother who remained at home, and of his little family all of whom they will be so glad to see again.

On my right at table is a woman from Sioux City whose health obliged her to go to Europe—less of an undertaking for Americans than a trip to Nice would be to us. This excellent lady, who passed the winter in Dresden, talks of nothing but her husband and German music, which does not tend to make her conversation exciting.

On my left is an old lawyer from Detroit, who goes

to Holland every year for his holiday. I inquire if he was born there or has any relations there; he says no, but it is so restful, the double crossing and three weeks relaxation in the good Dutch calm. I am ashamed, when with him, not to know Holland, and to have been all around it without ever going in, and I promise him to repair this omission. And, in truth, the officers, the sailors, and the servants of the *Noordam* all look so good, so calm! I recall the comic illustration depicting an unfortunate man drowning in one of the canals at The Hague, and calling, "Help! Help! I can't swim!" while a passerby on the quay placidly replies, "Well, no more can I, but I don't cry it from the housetops!"

My friend the lawyer brings a copy of *The Detroit News* with him to every meal and reads it with as much zest as though it had just appeared. I never fail to ask him what is the latest news and to this oft-repeated question he always replies by laughing good-humoredly and showing me some interesting paragraph. He dwells, for instance, on such examples of extravagant language as "The biggest building in the world, a church which will surpass all those of Europe," or "the largest hospital in the world, a colossal bequest." The first heading applies to Bishop Satterlee's plan to build a cathedral in Washington to cost two million dollars and accommodate four thousand of the faithful, while the second heading refers to a bequest of three hundred thousand dollars to found near Detroit a hospital of one hundred beds.

"These reporter fellows have never travelled," says

my neighbor, sententiously; "they exaggerate everything; they spoil public opinion and cultivate foolish pride."

He is religious and a member of the vestry of his Episcopal Church. He acknowledges spontaneously that the Catholic Church seems to be the best, "but," he adds, "I stay where God put me. Besides, the world is hard to explain,—let us make the best of to-day, and let the future take care of itself."

And that he himself does his best is what was proved to me, without his realizing it, by a story he told me one day when we were talking about the Japanese. "They are a people with strong qualities," said he, "and notably with a great deal of family spirit. A little eighteen-year-old Jap came to Detroit to take the course at the Agricultural Institute there; but his father lost his place and was no longer able to send the boy the small sum necessary to pay his board and tuition. So in order to earn it, he worked at ten cents an hour on the farm belonging to the Institute. As I happened to hear of this, I sent for him to see what he was worth, and I found he deserved being looked out for. 'You must not,' I explained to him, 'lose half your time at this manual labor. Here is enough to pay your year's schooling.' The little Jap hung his head and declined it, saying: 'I can't contract debts in my father's name, and I have nothing of my own.' 'It is not a question of your father,' I replied; 'take it, anyway, and we'll see later on.' When he finished his course, I found him a place, and soon he brought me some money, say-



ing he would pay the rest later. I told him to put what he had in the savings bank. At the end of a year he came back with the whole amount he owed me. 'Here is your money,' he said. 'My father has written me to come home, and as soon as I have earned the money for the trip I shall go.' 'Keep it, my boy,' said I, 'I always intended to give it to you; and then you won't have to postpone your departure.' 'Oh, how delighted my father will be,' he exclaimed, and departed full of gratitude; and he has always remained attached to me. He writes to me sometimes, and always welcomes any of my friends who go to Japan. His father, always his father! That is their family spirit." And there, I would have liked to add, there is also the good American spirit: help those who deserve help, and uphold those who will later be able to walk alone.

My lawyer is not, however, the "prominent citizen" on board, neither is it his friend, a handsome old man from Detroit, whose martial air leads me to address him as Colonel, and who accepts the title quite seriously, for indeed I have hit it right; he wears the medal, or rather the button of the Grand Army. I am so sorry not to have called him General; but it was my first experience in naming him.

Our prominent citizens are the old doctor H. W. and the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. X., both from New York. It is they who will be asked to speak at the Fourth of July celebration.

The Rev. Mr. X. is travelling with his rather delicate wife and three very healthy daughters (I have hardly

ever seen a clergyman travelling without three daughters). Probably he leaves three boys home at school! Our reverend friend is a most distinguished man, a large and handsome American, always affable and filled with the joy of living, caring less for dogma than for morality, for theory than for good works. He is very kindly disposed toward Catholicism, and he would be put to it to explain why he is an Episcopalian. Rome, which he has just visited, interests him extremely, and Pius X strikes him as a most venerable Pope of broad ideas.

Dr. H. W. is quite another sort of man. Born of Irish parents, he has the Celt's facility of speech. Every day for hours and hours, seven or eight without exaggeration, in fact all the time that is not spent in eating or sleeping, he holds forth in the smoking room to three young doctors and the clergyman. He touches on all subjects—politics, jokes, religion, and everything else. I often join the little circle, which proves an excellent Berlitz School for me. Dr. H. W. is a fervent Catholic, "*catholique enragé*" as he tells me in my own language, which he speaks very fluently. I leave it to the imagination how he gets the better of the clergyman in theology and Church history. One of the three young doctors, who is rather naively a materialist, gets snubbed each time he tries to air his opinions. When the old Doctor has reduced all his other adversaries to silence, he falls on me, whom he accuses of being a heretic, so I have named him Torquemada, which does not keep him from liking me



very much and offering me drinks to quench his *autos-da-fé*.\*

America, whose very name makes his heart beat and his eyes shine, is nevertheless handled no more gently than are we. "Business is too good," said he, as though feeling a presentiment of the panic which was to break out four months later. "The continual prosperity of our country is becoming an obstacle to its moral development. The man who is splendidly healthy and who succeeds in everything has no thought for another world and a future life; this world and his present life fulfil all his desires. But when trouble, ruin, illness, or the death of his loved ones befalls him, he begins to reflect, and he realizes the insufficiency and the instability of human things, and turns his thoughts toward God and the hereafter. So it is with the United States. They need a trial to raise them out of their material preoccupation and their pride."

I risk suggesting in a half bantering, half serious tone that perhaps Japan will furnish them with this trial. I add, not only to extenuate my somewhat untoward jest, but because I really think so, that were the Japs so foolish as to attack America, they would no doubt be beaten in the end, but still they might easily win the first throw; and, thanks to a recent article in the *Correspondant* on the navies of the two countries, I can uphold this theory so competently that I am sur-

\*It goes without saying that I do not mean that all the clergymen and doctors of America are like the two I have just described.

prised at myself. It makes it none the more welcome. Good gracious! The United States even momentarily defeated by little Japan! What am I thinking about? The United States with its immense resources, with its patriotism, with the energy that would at once be centred on turning out men of war, cannons, etc.! Poor little Japs! And poor little me for having dared to suggest such a supposition even in jest!

With the idea of a war, perhaps in the near future, between the east and west coasts of the Pacific, an idea formed in Europe but which will grow more vague as my sojourn in America is prolonged, I note, not without uneasiness, the presumption of my American friends. At the next meal I open my mind to the grave lawyer from Detroit, who does not mix with our Berlitz School, and he gives an opinion which will be confirmed by almost everything that I learn during my trip. "War would be too absurd" — I give the substance of his words — "a Government so balanced as that of Japan, and such conscientious men as Roosevelt and Taft, will never let the two countries get embroiled in such murderous and futile folly. The Japanese have before them Corea and Manchuria, which should suffice for their expansion, so that they have no need to send their workmen to America. They must understand that the United States cannot, in reason, permit the competition of such cheap labor; it would be the material ruin and the moral degeneracy of our working classes." The last reasons, which are none too obvious, prevent me from being completely

reassured. I reflect on the pride of the two peoples, and I wonder which of them would put up with an insult—even though merely apparent, or quite accidental—to their country's flag. And who shall say that with the constant clashes brought about by the presence of the Japanese in California and the position taken by the State government toward them such an incident might not occur at San Francisco, or, as a counter-blow, in Yokohama?\*

The American flag insulted, no matter in what quarter of the globe, the entire nation would arise quivering and unappeasable, to avenge the affront to the Stars and Stripes.

How we did celebrate that glorious flag on the morning of the Fourth of July, the anniversary of Independence! The day dawned radiant over a sea of absolute calm; and at ten o'clock the 1,528 passengers assembled with the crew on the broad third-class deck, while the band strikes up the Star Spangled Banner, and, greeted with cheers and acclamation, the Stars and Stripes is run up the main-mast. When it is seen streaming high above us in the blue, the crowd becomes almost delirious with emotion, and the Rev. X., who has been deputed to conduct the celebration, must wait some time before quiet is restored. At last he speaks, and his fine voice, which easily drowns the subdued murmur of the waves, relates the national glories, and especially those of the War of Independence. He re-

\*Other occasions will be afforded for discussing the Japanese question at greater length. (Cf. Chaps. VIII and XIII.)

calls the goodness of God toward the United States, and he prays to Him to continue to watch over them and to raise up to them in the future great leaders as were Washington and Lincoln in the past, and as is Theodore Roosevelt in the present. The enthusiasm grows still greater, and when he has finished speaking, the clamor of it almost drowns the imposing notes of the anthem, "My country, 't is of thee."

When silence is restored, Dr. H. W. in his turn mounts the platform, and, dominating by his great stature and his sonorous voice both the crowd and the sea, he proceeds to make the speech of the day. He is listened to, he can be heard, as in a church; and his long prophet's beard and Biblical citations carry out the religious impression. He speaks of Moses and the Exodus, he points to the emigrants, there far off in the West, the Promised Land toward which our ship is bearing us, and where they themselves will become the Chosen People. For a moment he speaks especially to the Jews, so numerous amongst us, and recalls to them in Hebrew the promises of Jehovah, but in general he addresses himself to the people of all the nationalities represented before him, and to them he glorifies "the superior race, made from the marrow of the others, a powerful synthesis of human energies, amongst whom they now hold a place, the new and kindly country which is opening her arms to welcome them, the great nation, the first in the world, who will make them her citizens."

Some understand the sense of the words, but all

understand the meaning of the voice and the gesture, and rays of hope, and beams of pride illumine the attentive faces, the passionate glances of these oppressed and miserable beings who believe they have reached the end of their troubles. When the speech is finished, it is they this time who applaud the most heartily, and who stretch their arms with the greatest enthusiasm toward the Flag of the Republic floating alone in the heavens above the barren ocean, the Flag of the Free:

“Flag of the free, all hail to thee!  
Floating the fairest on ocean or shore.  
Loud ring the cry! ne’er let it die!  
Union and Liberty, now evermore.”

After this, the most solemn demonstration of the day, the passengers return to their different classes. Once more on deck we still hear beautiful voices of women singing the national anthems, after which, except for the reciprocal compliments on the colors of flags that each one is sporting, there is no further question of the anniversary until the middle of the afternoon. Then began the games, the hurdling and the amusing races which the young men and girls had organized. A committee had spontaneously sprung up which had taken the name of Mid Ocean Athletic Association. They had asked the ladies to give prizes and had sold programmes to the men. They had entered the names of all the competitors. I had to inscribe myself for several numbers without much understanding in what they consisted. But how could I resist? “Father, I may put you down for the three-

legged race, may I not? — for the potato-race? — to draw the pig's eye? — for the sack-race?" I demurred. "But every one is entering. Everybody in the world!" So I inscribe myself, but they had the good grace not to hold me to all my engagements. The three-legged race especially would have somewhat embarrassed me! In short, I was one of those who, blind-folded, tried to chalk-in the eye of the big animal that had been drawn on the deck. I did not win the prize, as I drew the eye on the shoulder, but neither was I the booby. The gayety was great, and one passenger made a hit by suggesting as an additional amusement that we should all take *a little drive*. The day ended with an enormous dinner, many illuminations, and a dance.

Decidedly, the glorious Fourth is better celebrated at sea than on the continent, where it is the terror of peaceful citizens. The firing of cannons and guns, and the fireworks, not only drown the patriotic harangues, but they cause so many accidents that it looks as though the Americans of to-day were taking vengeance on themselves for their enemies of yore, and according to some calculations, the winning of their independence cost fewer human lives than have been sacrificed during the last twenty years to its commemoration.

This is what a Chicago lady tells me with horror, she alone having abstained from taking any part in our celebration. I ask her politely if she is ill; she says no, but all these follies disgust her, besides which, she is too sad at leaving Paris, its museums, its theatres, and its shops. "Fortunately," says she, "one can bring along



something to read," and she shows me a stock of novels. She bewails the coarseness of her compatriots and the misfortune of the chosen spirits lost in a society quite incapable of understanding them. She is happy to meet a Frenchman with whom she can talk, and she discourses at length on our arts, our literature, and our amusements. But I do not feel equal to it, for I know nothing of what she knows, nor is she acquainted with what I have learned or seen; so I yield to the temptation of making fun of her, and she does not even discover it. At last quite tired out, I tell her clearly and distinctly that I am very fond of America; and then I go to my Berlitz School, where Dr. H. W. is telling the politely resigned Rev. Mr. X. the true story of the Inquisition.

## CHAPTER II

### IN NEW YORK AND BY THE GREAT LAKES NIGHT SCHOOLS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

MY "SEMINARIST'S" 5,000 MILES — MELANCHOLY QUICKLY DISSIPATED — AT THE PAULISTS'; FATHER MCMILLAN — A YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL GIRL — VISITING ON BOARD TRAIN — EVENING SCHOOLS: 75 PER CENT OF STUDENTS JEWS — THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL — COMEDY, CAMPING, BASE-BALL, LECTURE, AND SUPPER — ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND LAKE GEORGE — IN THE LAND OF THE MOHICANS.

THOSE readers who have not been discouraged by my first chapter deserve to be told where I purpose to lead them. If my plans be not modified, we shall remain as little as possible in the East, which I saw four years ago; we shall go straight to Chautauqua, then to Chicago to take part in the Summer School courses; thence we shall pay a visit to Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Spalding; afterwards we shall direct our steps toward California, stopping off in Nebraska and Colorado; we shall go from San Francisco down to Los Angeles, perhaps by sea; through Arizona and Texas we shall make our way to Louisiana, and we



shall go North, either overland or by sea, to New York and Boston. But it would be just as well not to attempt to remember this itinerary too exactly, for it will be greatly changed owing to motives which will appear all in good time; we shall visit the Northwest instead of the Southeast, western Canada instead of Louisiana. Furthermore, the present volume, fearful of becoming too long, will stop at San Francisco. Yet throughout, circumstances have not, I think, treated us too badly, for "America of To-morrow" is principally that part which we shall see and which is forming itself along the shores of the Pacific.

At any rate it is a perspective of six or seven thousand miles over the highways of the New World. I must acknowledge that it strongly impresses what survives of the seminarist in me, which from time to time it amuses me to frighten. I should be very sorry were I to lose this vestige of the seminarist, as it adds spice to certain experiences, and there are some that I could not carry off without it. How useful it is to me, for instance, when I wish, on the morning of our landing, to imagine the uneasiness which must lay hold of some of the newcomers! The sun is scarcely risen, I have said good-bye to my fellow passengers, and there I am all alone at the custom house among the officials, before my small open trunk, without friends, and hesitating even what address to give. How will this long four months' trip turn out? What hours of indifference, of fatigue, of regret, perhaps of sickness, far from my own people, far from everything! My heart sinks,

and sadness threatens to overwhelm me. What must it then be for the real emigrant, who knows not whither he will go nor whether he will earn a livelihood, and who sees in a flash all the certainties, all the affection he has left behind to seek this dark unknown. One can do what one will with the imagination; as a child I shed real tears in playing with my companions at being the Babes in the Wood, and it was with unaffected distress that we would leave the shrubs of the garden that had served for our wild forest. Here is the same thing happening, and the seminarist in me quails. I shake him brusquely, but I do not succeed in silencing him as quickly as I would wish. All along the only half-awakened streets of New York, even as far as my lonely hotel room he keeps suggesting to my mind dark and timorous ideas. I now know what I wished to know: how hard it is to land alone in a far-off country. Nevertheless it is a little game that I will not try again.

I have done with melancholy! I have just arrived at the Paulists', at the office of *The Catholic World* where several letters are already awaiting me, and which is to be my headquarters. There they recognize me, they welcome me; Father John Burke embraces me. "What room have you?" he asks; I name my hotel, and am showered with abuse in consequence. How many times must I be told that I was to make myself at home at St. Paul's? At that moment a friend comes to take Father Burke in a motor on a hurried errand, so he takes me with him to the hotel to give up my room. "Here," said I, "is an instance of how quickly fortunes

are made in your country. I land at six in the morning, quite miserable; and at half-past nine I am rolling around in a motor!"

Shortly afterwards I was summarily installed in the belongings, if I may say so, of a Paulist absent on a mission, and then I went to call on Father Searle, the General Superior. Father Deshon is dead, for I had come four years ago, just in time to salute the last survivor of the founders of the Society. Poor Father Deshon, so venerable, so kindly, so paternal! It is a precious remembrance to have received one of his last benedictions. His successor is no less good, no less easy to love, with the fine simple soul of a great savant and a devout apostle. How comfortable I shall be in this home atmosphere, enjoying a few days' breathing space before my long travels!

And my joy increases when at dinner I find myself among familiar surroundings. There is Father John J. Hughes, who, with his grave attractive smile, is assistant to the Superior and Parish Rector, the favorite confessor of the priests of New York.\* Here is Father Powers, looking cold and timid, but who is goodness and kindness personified, and whom Father Searle wishes to give me for a guide, thinking perhaps it may induce him to unbend a bit; there is Father Yunnan, a winning personality, a citizen of the world, born in Egypt or in India, and speaking all languages well. Here are young men sparkling with roguishness and

\*Father John Hughes was elected General Superior in the month of August, 1909.

wit, who apply themselves, frequently unsuccessfully, to repressing their boyish spirits; here are old men, indulgent, holy, detached, who keep on living simply through habit, whose thoughts are all of Heaven. But most, like Father Daly and Father Conway, are in the prime of life and activity, uniting in a rare blend gentleness and firmness, a self-communing spirit with easy manners, men who are real monks, but of New York; true Yankees, but of the monastery. And all of them so frank, so upright, so unworldly, all clad in the armor of confidence and optimism enjoined by the Holy Scriptures for those conquerors of souls who fight without staff or scrip, counting on the Holy Spirit and human nature, and exempt, I assure you, from all doubts, worries, and prejudices. Such they are wherever one finds them—at Washington, at Lake George, at Chicago, at San Francisco,—the finest types I know of faith and common sense, of spiritual life and human qualities, of American energy with the suavity of Catholicism, of apostolic zeal with a sovereign respect for the human conscience. Long live the ancient trunk of the Church that bears after two thousand years such green and sturdy shoots!

I will spare the readers, more fortunate than I, the visit to New York in the stifling heat of early July. Besides, New York was included in my first trip, and it matters little to the present reader that I suffocated there for four days, seeing friends and arranging my

departure for Chautauqua, whose school had asked me to lecture there.

Chautauqua is the country, it is two degrees farther north, it is rather high, and it lies on the banks of a lake, all so many reasons for hoping to find it cool there, and so I am consoled for having to lecture, and to lecture in English. Impatient to get away, I take my ticket by the Erie Railroad on Friday noon for Monday morning. On Friday evening Father McMillan, whom I have not seen before as he was in retreat, comes to my room, shakes both my hands, and growls out a hearty welcome, asks my plans and substitutes his own. He wishes me to see the Catholic Summer School before I see the Protestant one; he wants me to leave Saturday morning for Cliff Haven to the north of Lake Champlain, near Canada, where the courses are held; to go down on Monday to the country place of the Paulists on Lake George, to push on to Buffalo on Wednesday, and to arrive at Chautauqua on Thursday evening, lecture there on Friday, and go on the same evening to Chicago, arriving there Saturday and preaching Sunday morning at the University. A pretty good beginning to my four months of American life! To the dismay of my seminarist self I accept this rush and the extra five hundred miles entailed. Father McMillan finds it quite natural I should do so, and does not so much as congratulate me. Anyway, I fear I should have wasted my time had I attempted any resistance. No one can resist Father McMillan when he has taken it into his head to do a kind deed or render

a service. This roly-poly Irishman, round even in a moral sense, with his quiet way of arranging things in the way he knows is best, is a man worth knowing. It is he who furnishes me with information, with introductions, who arranges my days, who knows the persons to see, and their addresses, what arrangements should be made—in short who takes me in hand and rushes me for four days without stopping from train to train, from boat to boat, from house to house, showing, explaining everything, half crabbedly, half smilingly, in English I can hardly understand, interspersed with bits of French horribly pronounced—in fine the most devoted, the gayest, the most picturesque of travelling companions.

One would naturally expect such a man to be known everywhere, and I soon discover that such is the case. The train taking us to Lake Champlain follows the picturesque banks of the Hudson. There is a lovely view of this American Rhine from the left side, but all the seats there are occupied. The American cars are divided by an aisle running lengthwise down the middle, on either side of which is a row of seats for two persons. Father McMillan catches sight of one of his Sunday-School children to whom he presents me, and it is arranged that Miss Marjorie Ellis shall serve as my guide, and in spite of my deprecations, give me her place whenever the scenery makes it worth while. Soon I become more interested in her than in the Hudson. She is sixteen years old, a young girl, but still a child, frank and reasonable, without any affectation or



suggestion of coquetry, keeping to her own way, and already sure of herself. Her father is Tenement Inspector in New York, which is but an insignificant post. She is on her way to Albany to spend a month with relatives there. She is an excellent type of the progressive class in America. She is fond of study, and is carrying with her an elocution book with selections. She attended the Catholic primary school from the time she was seven until she was twelve; from twelve to fourteen she was at a public school; and for the last two years she has been at a high school.

The curriculum at the high school is as advanced as at our best *pensionnats*. The first year she studied English, Latin, algebra, botany, biology, music, drawing, and painting; the second year, English, Latin, French, history, geometry, and the same arts as the preceding year. In the next two years she will take more advanced courses in these same subjects, plus chemistry. She could have elected Greek instead of Latin, and German instead of French. She already has a good smattering of the two languages she is studying, enough to remark that "there are a great many French words in Latin," and is much amused when I point out to her that the contrary is rather the case. The tuition at these girls' high schools is quite gratuitous, and the scholars enter either with a public school diploma, or by passing an examination.

There are three thousand pupils at the principal girls' high school in New York with two thousand more in an annex. It goes without saying that the boys

are no less favored. And so it is in all the towns. In a word, free secondary education, which to us seems so Utopian, is of common practice in the United States.\*

"All that is excellent," said I to Father McMillan, "for the young folks who have their time free; but what about those who have to work for a living?" "For them there are the evening high schools," he replied; "and if it would interest you, we will go and see Dr. Nicholson, the director of the most important one." "With the greatest of pleasure; but when and where?" I asked. "Why, right away, in the train," he answered; "does one ever wait for anything in America?"

"Oh, but first look at Sing Sing," cries Marjorie Ellis, and delights in my wonder at this singular name. Sing Sing is the pretty little town where the most celebrated prison of the State of New York is situated. She even has a song which, with bursts of laughter, she repeats to me.

Dear Sing-Sing  
It 's the real, real thing!  
The girls and the boys  
They are treated alike,

\*Cf. "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," Ch. XVII, on the Central High School of Philadelphia, and Ch. XIV on a high school for negroes in Washington. The organization of regular instruction (grammar schools, high schools, colleges, and universities) is there analyzed, Ch. XIV. As will be seen especially in this chapter and the following one, I shall this time treat of the less known sides of the question, speaking a little of the night schools and much of the summer schools.



But like brothers and sisters  
They all have their fights.  
Dear Sing-Sing,  
It's the real, real thing!"

After this lesson in poetry, Father McMillan takes me to Dr. Nicholson, whom we find ensconced in a Turkish smoking-room in company with four or five other New Yorkers. When everyone has been introduced, as though we were in town, they offer us cigars and beer, and the conversation, after a few sallies, settles naturally on the evening high schools. I tell of what great interest they are to me, especially as I am so intent on finding out how America can assimilate, raise and civilize the million barbarians arriving each year. Dr. Nicholson, seeing that I am in earnest, gives me much information on the spot, and invites me to come to see his school on my return to New York in October. I did not fail to do so, but with the permission of the reader, I will sacrifice chronological order to that of the ideas, and set forth now what I learned later. Nothing brought me more face to face with the power of education in the United States than this visit to Dr. Nicholson's school. To appreciate it all, one should, as I did, see it pointed out and hear it explained on the spot, rapidly, soberly, by Dr. John J. Nicholson, that quintessence of clear thought and powerful will, the man overworked but calm, obliging though hurried, the true American raised to the tenth power, who is the principal of the Harlem Evening High School for men.

New York has fourteen of these evening high schools, most of them open to both sexes. That of Dr. Nicholson is open to men only, but it is the largest of all and enrolls three thousand students at the height of the school year, which lasts from the first of September to the first of May, the classes taking place four evenings of each week. On the second of October, the date of my visit, two thousand were already enrolled. Dr. Nicholson takes me to each of the classes, and every one I see seems full, nor have I ever come across more attentive students. All are wage-earners, employees or workmen, but all are in what with us, would be called Sunday clothes, such clothes as are donned each evening by every one of English habits, as though to raise himself for the time being above material preoccupations. The only age limit for the school is that of a minimum of fourteen years. Some are grown men, some even of ripe years, but the majority range around twenty-one. To have a diploma from the elementary classes or an equivalent certificate, is all that is necessary to enter the school. The subjects taught are sufficiently numerous and various for each to find what best suits his aptitudes, the requirements of his profession or the ambitions he cherishes. In the two classes of an hour each, from 7:30 to 8:30 and from 8:30 to 9:30, which he may attend, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of each week, the student may elect, according to the stage of his advancement, any of the following subjects: English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, mathematics (arithmetic, alge-

bra, and geometry) chemistry, electricity, physics, history, political economy, bookkeeping, commercial law, shorthand and typewriting, drawing, mechanics, and architecture. It is the city which pays all the expenses, including the professors' salaries, and furnishes the laboratories and necessary outfits. The best students receive prizes, which are generously given by the professors. I cannot omit one extraordinary detail: after visiting the classes, I asked Dr. Nicholson the ethnological and religious composition of his immense school. He inquired of his colleagues and, himself surprised at the result, informed me that 75 per cent are Jews. We have seen in the preceding chapter that the Jews in New York reach the unique total of 800,000. Their presence at this high school speaks eloquently for their desire to improve themselves, and furnishes a clue to their success. When I recall the miserable aspect of the Oriental Jews who crossed on our ship, and realize that their children will resemble the trim and studious youths of this school, it seems to me that I see before me the almost automatic process of the phenomenon of assimilation.

But, it will be asked, what will become of those adults, too ignorant to be admitted to such schools as this one, and yet wishing to educate themselves? To them are open the primary night schools, similar to those of our own country, but differing from them in that the majority are privately endowed. They open, to the number of eighty-four, during the last days of September, just at the time of my return to New York.

All the newspapers publish the list of schools with the addresses. These evening elementary schools are attended especially by immigrants of all ages, of whom many wish above all to learn English. It may be that some among them, like the old negress who, a Boston paper says, learns to read each winter and forgets it each summer,—it may be, I say, that some among them do not derive much benefit, but the greater number certainly do, and acquire there an education that permits them better to gain their livelihood, or even to attend the high school. At Boston also the primary schools open during my visit there the third week in October, enrolling twenty thousand scholars as against seventeen thousand the preceding year, scholars of both sexes, of all ages, all nationalities, all races, even Greeks, Russians, Poles, Turks, Chinese, and negroes.

Mr. Nicholson shows me also a list of the popular lectures which are also organized by the city, and which are given every Saturday at eight o'clock in different quarters, almost always accompanied with projections. The following in the order in which they were given, are the subjects of the lectures from October 5 to December 14. Five are concerned with the geography of Central and Southern America, and six with social questions: "Porfirio Diaz, the regenerator of Mexico; How the City of New York is governed; Jamaica and the recent earthquake; The Federation of the World, The history and true meaning of the pacifist movement, by a witness of the conference at The Hague; Bermuda,

the land of lilies and roses; The evolution of goodness; Across South America, an account of a journey on mule-back in the Andes and on a raft on the Amazon; What America owes to emigrants, a history of immigration since 1790 and of foreigners' contribution toward the progress of the Republic; A trip to Brazil; Face to face with great ideals, a lecture on the home and school in America, and their combined influence in the building up of a life." The programme indicates what books to read in preparation, and in which section of the free public library they may be borrowed.

It would be giving a false idea of my first railroad journey, to let it be supposed that it was entirely occupied with taking notes on the evening schools. The conversation was varied, and a luncheon given by Mr. Nicholson broke the trip most agreeably; it is unbelievable how difficult it is in America for a clergyman to pay his way. My companions talk in a desultory manner of politics, literature, and the fine arts. They joke, they tell stories; and I remember this pun about an old Canadian woman who went to see her emigrant daughter settled at Fall River, Massachusetts. On her return home she told her friends, "It is quite right that the Americans are a people of no faith, simply heathens. I travelled right through the States and I ran across only three towns with saints' names, Saint Albans, Saratoga, and Central Falls!"

Little by little along the road we shed those terrible Yankees, and as we approach Canada, I see good folks



speaking the purest Normandy French get on board.\* We get off, however, a little before the frontier at Plattsburg about fifty miles from Montreal, after a ten hours' journey in an express train.

We arrive while it is still light on a clear, cool evening. After the torrid heat of New York what a joy it is to let oneself become impregnated with the freshness and perfumes diffused by the lake and the woods while we drive in a light carriage to the Catholic Summer School of America, in other words to an elegant though simple group of buildings, including cottages, tents, boarding-houses, and lecture-rooms, not forgetting the chapel which, during two summer months, accommodates several thousand Catholics gathered together from all the States (though principally the Eastern ones), and sometimes even from abroad,† for the purpose of relaxation, study, and prayer. This ideal village dominates the west bank of Lake Champlain, beyond which may be seen the green hills of Vermont, while by turning around, one discovers the gray Adirondacks. A long, sandy avenue divides the houses into two groups; white board walks lead off from it across the closely clipped grass to the several dwellings. The cottages are so well kept up that they all look freshly painted. Rain and mud

\*It goes without saying that educated Canadians speak correct French.

†From 931 at the outset, the guests passing each year through the school from the tenth of June to the thirtieth of September, now number about 7,000. Another Catholic summer school was opened in 1908 for the western States at Springbank, Wisconsin.

have no power against such an organization, and as for dust, they are guarded against that by the waters of the lake, the grass of the meadows, and the trees of the forest. The interior of the houses, and the appearance of the people, convey the same impression of neatness, as I notice during the visits on which I am taken the very evening of my arrival; everywhere, in dress as in furniture, the same simplicity and the same sober refinement reign, and one can distinguish no sign of social inequality. Perhaps I was deluding myself, but it seems to me that the moral atmosphere glows equally pure and brilliantly transparent. Every one lives a life open to the gaze of everyone else; there is nothing to hide. At mass on Sunday morning, at which no one fails to be present, there is much earnest prayer and there are many communicants. A quiet happiness shines on the faces of all, a sign of frank and simple habits. There is such security that both church and sacristy are left open without a watchman night as well as day. Evidently these people are a chosen few, who think of nothing but enjoying a well deserved rest coupled with instruction and moral advancement; or rather, who work for this progress without so much as thinking about it, which is about the best way to attain it.

I cannot be present at any of the classes, since I arrive on Saturday evening and must leave on Monday morning; nevertheless, I gather enough information to be able to state that it is but a joke when it is said that at this "summer school" it is easier to find the summer



than the school. The programme for this year announces several lectures by the Rev. Talbot Smith, president of the Institute, on the first, second, and third Republics of France; by the Rev. James J. Fox, of the University of Washington, on the relations between Church and State, as they were at the beginning, and as they are now in the United States; by the Rev. John J. Driscoll, on the reconstruction of the Church in France after the Revolution; and by Father McMillan on the progress of parish schools. Besides these, there are lessons in astronomy; courses on the history of education; on the Celtic language and literature; on the doctrine of evolution and its history; on the compatibility of business and intellectual culture; on the old and new philosophy of life; on French history; on the history and character of American Volunteers; and on the dream of equality. To this list must be added classes for children, music courses, even for Celtic dances, and finally,—I almost said above all, for owing to circumstances, it is what I saw the most of,—evening assemblies half educational, half for amusement, at which the entire colony meets and fraternizes.

After our installation in President Talbot Smith's cottage, our visits to several families and clubs, a dinner at the common restaurant, we took part in one of these assemblies. That of to-morrow will be less amusing since I shall speak at it, but to-night it is frankly gay. Amateurs, most of them excellent actors, give an ingenuous and laughable sort of vaudeville called *Who's who?* A mad-brained father is expect-

ing the suitor for his daughter's hand, and also a footman. When they arrive, he allows neither of them the time to explain himself, and mistakes one for the other. The same mistake arises in the minds of the daughter and the chambermaid. But love, less blind than is usually supposed, sets the situation to rights by directing each heart toward its proper mate; and when in the end, the furious father turns every one out, the false servant because he wishes to marry the daughter, the false suitor because he wishes to marry the chambermaid, the truth comes out through the former asking to have his railroad fare returned to him, and so showing himself as the real servant; all the misunderstandings are straightened out and the two couples marry as they should. All the fun of the play lies in the amazement of the servant at being treated with such consideration, and of the suitor at being obliged to black the father's shoes. Possibly one must not be surfeited with theatrical art to enjoy these farces, but the audience enjoyed themselves immensely, as well as my seminarist. I should like humbly to suggest the plot to Tristan Bernard; what would the author of the "Twins of Brighton" think of this American Plautus?

On Sunday after Mass I visit the College Camp, where boys between thirteen and twenty years of age live together in tents like soldiers, leading an open-air life and devoting themselves to all sorts of sport. The fare is simple and the installation primitive, but hygiene is well assured. The canvas of the tent is

waterproof, and a flooring is laid to cover the ground; board walks for rainy days lead from tent to tent, as in the main settlement from cottage to cottage. The camp is laid out in the midst of woods on the edge of a cliff overhanging the lake (whence the name Cliff-Haven, the landing-place for the cliff). All the boys look well and happy. Some who are brought up and introduced to me, live too far away to return home during the holidays, especially those from South America and two young Filipinos who are being brought up and educated at the expense of the United States Government, that afterwards they may help it to assimilate those far-off island possessions.

Camping-out thrives in America, not only for young people, but for whole families or parties of friends who enjoy passing several weeks during the summer in the woods or mountains, and living the primitive life of their Indian predecessors. It appears there is nothing more enjoyable or so strengthening. Still, it is for boys especially that this sport is considered at once the supreme pleasure and an excellent means of development; they regain simple tastes and acquire physical vigor, two advantages equally precious in an overheated civilization that exaggerates the appetites and diminishes the forces. One should hear Father Talbot Smith, though an excellent priest somewhat austere of appearance, praising the benefits of sports and of baseball above all, that great national game that, with Americans, ranks ahead of all other diversions. "Baseball," the president of the Summer School tells me as

we return to camp, "promotes, it is evident, physical development; but it does more than that: it develops also social manners, from the fact that it is played before a large public; an instinct of solidarity, from the division of the players into two rival teams; discipline, and a feeling for honor and loyalty, because everything is run according to fair rules. "Base-ball," he adds, "is an efficient instrument of assimilation. You see that young Filipino? He is looked upon as a good American because he plays a first-class game of base-ball."

And the fact is that I saw no sort of merit so appreciated as that. Any one not interested in base-ball loses all consideration. I myself, in order not to compromise precious friendships, had to witness a big match in New York, and ask news from time to time of the game played by the nines of New York and Chicago.

In the train bearing me back to the Atlantic coast after four months in the West, I remember one evening having eagerly bought a copy of *The New York Herald*, the head waiter of the dining-car came to ask me to lend it to him for a few minutes, a familiarity as astonishing on this side of the Mississippi as it would have been natural on the other. He soon returned triumphant and, quoting the scores of the match between the New York and Detroit champions, "What do you think of that?" he asked. "Wasn't it a beautiful game?" "Magnificent," I replied with conviction, and would indeed have been embarrassed to make any other answer.

The Catholic Summer School has plenty of grounds for its various sports, tennis, ball games, races, golf, swimming, and canoeing. The woods, the mountains, and a lake one hundred and ten miles long and at some points twelve or thirteen miles wide, all lie before the fortunate inmates, and the school itself owns five hundred acres of land. And, by-the-by, a Frenchman would think that, with such an investment and such buildings, the taxes would be infamous; but not at all, there is not a dollar, not a cent, collected for taxes — is it not an educational institution, and hence does it not serve the public? The whole is exempt as a University Extension and the cottages as dormitories. But public authority goes farther than this; not satisfied with exempting from all taxation this Catholic institution (as it would exempt any other analogous one) it pushes clericalism, or at least infatuation, to the point of offering further encouragement by sympathetic visits. The Summer School has inscribed among its visitors the names of President McKinley, several Vice-Presidents, and of Theodore Roosevelt when he was Governor of the State of New York.

On Sunday afternoon President Talbot Smith, Father McMillan, and I drive to the Hotel Champlain. Here, indeed I had better refrain from description if I would not wish my countrymen to suspect me of advertising this hostelry. It is impossible not to admire this splendid residence, the tasteful but sumptuous arrangement, where every one feels at home while enjoying all the luxuries of a princely establishment;

the library contains several thousand good books; and what views over the lake and glimpses of the mountains! What a marvellous and immense park, with long drives laid out, at the same time both wild and cultivated, a virgin forest intersected with gravel roads!

The ideal way is to live, not in the main building, but in one of the cottages lost among the trees, where one is served and waited on as at the hotel, and where, with no troublesome housekeeping, a family may still retain the impression of being at home. Such, it seems to me is the cottage where we go to call on Judge Dowling of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, one of the most radiant and kindly spirits that it has been my good fortune to meet with anywhere, France included; and I should like to hear what those of my countrymen, who judge of Americans from a few snobs and Shylocks, would say if they were to come face to face with this eminent man.

And, it must be admitted, only the truth could induce me to speak such praises of Judge Dowling in spite of the grudge I have against him. Having returned to the Summer School for dinner and having addressed the students afterwards in a lecture spoken (may Heaven forgive me!) in English, we started out again for the Hotel Champlain, and, in my innocence, I was abandoning myself to the enjoyment of the cool starry night, when I learned with astonishment that the amiable magistrate wished us to accept his invitation to a second dinner, or rather a supper,—it was the reality and



not the word that frightened me. My very sincere resistance proved fruitless; having once yielded to the oyster cocktail, I could not hold out against the rest, and, returning at half-past eleven, I could not get to sleep until nearly six o'clock, just in time to be waked by Father McMillan growling out at my door "Don't forget that the boat leaves at seven"; and sure enough at seven o'clock we were embarking on Lake Champlain.

The first part of the voyage was passed in sleep, and in my dreams I saw myself condemned by the Supreme Court of the State of New York to three years of forced meals. At the end of an hour or two, invigorated by the morning breeze, I bitterly reproached Father McMillan who was sitting near me in a rocking chair. Looking as unconcerned as an angel of the Dutch school, he suggested curing my indigestion with a hearty breakfast. The remedy proving efficacious, I regained my good spirits and was able during the rest of the day to enjoy the wonderful scenery past which we were steaming. To the left the fertile plains of Vermont lay stretched out before us reaching to the Green Mountains in the background; on the right the broken shore line seemed the last outpost of the Adirondacks. We skirted islands, rounded peninsulas, tacked from shore to shore, touched at little industrial centres, or at summer resorts, sometimes seeing pretty country-houses, sometimes wild recesses studded with the camps belonging to young New Yorkers instead of to the Red-



skins. And all this my companion embellishes with tales of the expeditions of Champlain and of the struggle between the French and the English; stories of the Revolution, and of the customs of the Redskins and the resistance offered by the Indian tribes.

Toward midday we see the lake narrow down to a river, and the boat stops at Fort Ticonderoga, now in ruins, but still picturesque and regarded as one of the most precious monuments of American history. Built in 1755 by the French under the name of Fort Carillon, it resisted, three years later, an attack of the English, who lost there no less than two thousand men; evacuated by the French the following year, the British flag floated over it until in 1775 the American volunteers seized it in "the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." General Burgoyne recaptured it in 1777, but held it for a short time only, and in 1780 the Americans dismantled it.

At Ticonderoga, a pretty waterfall discharges into Lake Champlain the waters of Lake George which lies at a level of 250 feet higher. A little railroad leads us there in a very short time, and the first part of the afternoon is spent sailing between its picturesque banks. The hills, which might almost be called mountains, that rise perpendicularly from the lake, and whose verdure is therein reflected, vividly recall the Italian lakes, and especially the upper end of Lugano. Just opposite, one sees a sky line similar to that of Oria and San Manette. It is quite an unexpected sensation to run across here the landscapes of *Il Piccolo*

*Mondo Antico*; who would have believed there could be any connection between Fenimore Cooper and Foggazzaro? Nevertheless it is in the defiles surrounding Lake George that the scene of "The Last of the Mohicans" is laid: "The time being," as the author says, "during the third year of the war which England and France last waged for the possession of a country that neither was destined to retain."

In spite of the villas, the cottages, the camps and the hotels, installed on the numerous islands, and in the coves of the winding shore, the country, if one penetrates the least bit inland, is in no way changed since the time of the Indians. The aspect of the region has fortunately retained all its wildness, and it requires no effort to sink back to the conditions of primitive life. There is nothing in the world so restful, and I quite understand that Father Hecker should have founded there, at a time when the price of land was still moderate, the country place for his sons. It is still the most simple place imaginable, and except for the hall in which mass is said, consists only of the plainest sort of rooms necessary for sleeping and eating. But what freedom of manners and tender cordiality! Without having had time to try the camping-out enjoyed by a few young Fathers on a neighboring island, I do not believe one could find anything more thoroughly "back to nature" than here in the surroundings of this loving Father Smith. Why must I, after but two nights and one day, half lost, alas, in what is called intellectual pursuits, depart from Sainte Marie

du Lac, set out in the little motor boat driven by two of the Fathers, and rejoin once more the banal railroad? If Father McMillan did not carry his kindness so far as to accompany me to Albany, where I am to take the express to Buffalo, I do not know whether I should have the courage so soon to leave my Paulists, the rustic house of Sainte Marie, the green waters of the bewitching lake, the primeval forest where in times gone by the trappers hunted their game, where Hawk Eye triumphed, and the Mingos and the Mohicans trod the war path.

## CHAPTER III

### CHAUTAUQUA

THE DREAM OF A SUMMER'S DAY — AN AMERICAN SAL-  
ENTUM — CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTE — AN ACA-  
DEMIC CITY OF 12,000 INHABITANTS — ITS ORIGIN,  
PROGRAMME, SPIRIT, AND CHRISTIAN CHARACTER —  
THE THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

ONE night in Buffalo and one morning with the priests of the French Church, who are, both the vicar and the curate, two model types of Alsatians, grave, good, and devoted, then I take the train for Jamestown, one of the stations on my way to Chautauqua.\* *The Chautauqua Daily*, the newspaper of the famous institute, having asked me, according to the American custom, for an account of my recent impressions, I wrote out for it the following lines. The quotation I hope will be allowed me on the score of that sort of intimacy which, by an account of his travels, is established between an author and those on whom he comes to look as in some sort his fellow travellers.

To describe marvels and describe them with enthusiasm, to relate admirable deeds, to tell of prodigious events and un-

\*I do not speak of Buffalo or its noisy neighbor, Niagara, simply because I described them already in "The Land of the Strenuous Life."

heard of happiness, and at the end, when the reader is throbbing with admiration, to declare to him coldly that all this was but a dream — this is one of the methods most frequently employed in literature, extending from epics to childish tastes, from the Iliad to "Alice in Wonderland." I do not wish to decry such a universal and venerable custom, but I owe it to the truth to say that, having reversed the experiment, it appeared to me immensely more interesting. I also have seen astonishing things such as one sees only in a dream. Only when I rubbed my eyes to find out whether I was asleep, did I realize that everything was real. But if I tell you what I have seen, you will not believe me, and will think that I am still dreaming. Perhaps after all you are right. At any rate, this is what I remember.

It was during the first years of the twentieth century, and more exactly, if my notebook does not deceive me, on the eighteenth day of July, of the year of grace 1907. Steamship and railroad, the principal means of travel in these barbarous times, had brought me from Paris to Jamestown in a fortnight. Jamestown must exist, since the train stops there. At any rate, I did not see it. At the station there was waiting for me a student from Chicago, very similar to the one whom a friend of mine had taken around in France one year earlier, and who related his impressions under the strange title, "The Discovery of the Old World."\* Like the hero of this book, my escort was an open-minded man with a writer's heart, a simple and strong soul. The strange coincidence was the first reason which makes me believe that I had been transported into dreamland.

Soon a not over rapid chariot — I have already told you that at that time men were still touching the ground with their means of transportation — brought us by a route which sometimes crossed green fields, and at other times skirted the blue water of a lake, toward the most incredible and yet the most alluring city that I have ever seen. To enter it, magic words had to be pronounced, and thus were the Philistines forever excluded therefrom. Neither could one leave it except after

\* "The Discovery of the Old World by a Chicago Student."

having satisfied similar requirements; and there is in the country a terrible legend about a traveller who, having entered by fraud, was never able to get out, even after his death, so that his soul is still there, impatiently awaiting Judgment Day. The imaginary student having spoken for us both to the angel who was guarding the door, we entered the sacred enclosure.

Beneath hundred-year-old trees were sheltered here and there rustic cottages, on the porches of which were rocking upon moving seats mortals of all ages and of every costume; but all looking alike in the peacefulness, health, and joy which their smiling faces expressed. Children were playing in the avenues, and young girls were dancing about the lawn. Some larger and more austere dwellings varied the landscape, and as I asked my guide what their purpose was, he replied to me that the sciences, art and philosophy were taught there. And thus I learned that this city had not been built like the others, to acquire wealth, but in order to give to mankind lessons of wisdom and of virtue. Experienced teachers are summoned there from all countries, and around them assemble each year by thousands and thousands the minds eager to learn, the souls desirous of progress.

I soon was led to the sage who presides over the destinies of this academy. I bowed before him, and before his gracious wife. He greeted me gracefully, as the foreign princes greeted formally the vagabond Ulysses. They conducted me first into a brilliant room where they served me with the most delicious dishes, and then led me to the shore of the lake and embarked with me in an elegant vessel where youths and young girls, assembled around venerable matrons, were singing hymns to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. The boat started, gliding over the waters of the lake upon which the splendors of the setting sun were being reflected in gold, emerald, and all sorts celestial colors. When night came I was led to an amphitheatre built by nature itself, and which the hand of man had provided with comfortable seats and a sheltering roof. Two or three thousand spectators were watching there the gymnastic exercises and dances, in which young people showed surprising agility, reproducing in turn the customs of all coun-



tries and of all ages. After this spectacle, we went to a sort of Greek temple, with a roof protecting from the sun, but open on all sides and separated from the outside only by columns. It was called the Hall of Philosophy, and I learned with fear that on the morrow I was to expound there in public the customs of my own country. This idea, and perhaps also the fatigue of the trip prevented me from enjoying as I ought the conversation which Muses full of knowledge and grace were to carry on in the coolness of the evening.

On the following morning, at dawn, I was taken in a light carriage to the shady road which serves as street in this city of the wise men. I was shown numerous temples where, in different ways, the inhabitants pray and honor the same God. Several dwellings opened before us, and they were schools. Here they were teaching the languages of different people; elsewhere philosophy; and elsewhere the sciences. The arts were not forgotten, nor even useful manual labor. But nothing was done through compulsion. Each one went to learn what he preferred to know, and, spontaneously, the different sexes, the different ages, organized in free groups, around the teachers they preferred. Everybody worked and nobody labored. I was very sorry not to be able to take part in these profitable exercises, and the idea that I would have to leave this enchanting spot that very evening, seemed frightful to me.

My soul filled with the beautiful landscape and wise speeches, I returned to the dwelling which was assigned to me, and through the large bays of my window, admiring the waters of the sleeping lake, I thought of the speech which I was to make in the presence of so learned a population.

It soon seemed to me that I was falling asleep, that I was transported before large crowds, and that I was speaking in a language unknown to myself. When I awoke from this strange dream, I was assured that it, like all the rest, was a reality.

And now I find myself in the position of the honest author of cosmography whose manual we studied at the seminary: "Whither," he cried in a burst of lyricism,



“whither go these long-haired stars?” adding in parentheses *comets*. And now I too find it my painful duty to explain what I have just said.

The name of Chautauqua, which has such a strange ring to French ears, is most familiar to American ones, and calls to mind, first, a lake and, second, a school.

Of the two, the lake is far the easier to understand! It is a pleasing sheet of water eighteen miles long and two miles wide lying more than thirteen hundred feet above sea level and more than seven hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie, which is only seven miles away. Surrounded by hills, woods, and villas, it furnishes a most delightful summer resort for the East and the Middle West; and people come to it not only from Buffalo, which is quite near, but from New York and Chicago which are no less than three hundred and fifty miles away.

The institution is a school which, in summer, receives thousands of students of all ages and which, the rest of the year, continues from a distance to instruct its immense number of pupils either by superintended courses of reading or through travelling lecturers. The success it has attained has incited imitators in all parts of the country, which it regards with interest but without absorbing them, and which have taken the name Chautauqua as the common appellation of a whole system of similar institutions.\* America is now every summer flooded with hundreds of “Chautauquas” large

\*A few of these enterprises, disowned by the principal one, pursue a lucrative object only.

and small, and the Summer Assembly on Lake Champlain, described in the preceding chapter, is in a way a Catholic Chautauqua. But at all events the *alma mater* has remained by far the largest institution of the kind.

It was founded in August, 1874, by Lewis Miller, who died in 1899, and by John H. Vincent a Methodist bishop, born in 1832, who is still the chancellor, while his son, George E. Vincent, discharges in a masterly manner the functions of president. At first it was the intention of the school to train Sunday School teachers only, but it very shortly extended its field to embrace almost all classes of teaching. It is, in a specially popular and flexible way, a sort of university, where nearly a hundred professors each year give the most various sorts of lectures from really high courses for educated people to elementary classes for small children, and the session, which at first only lasted twelve days now continues for sixty.

The annual budget of expenses exceeds one hundred and eighty five thousand dollars and of receipts one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Their real and personal property amounts to seven hundred thousand dollars, of which only \$61,413 is due to endowments, but these will surely increase, and the institution will certainly push on in the same lines it is now pursuing of spending more on its "students" than it receives from them.\*

\*One complete course costs \$6, two courses \$11, three courses \$12. By a complete course is understood the teaching of one subject for six

Such is the case in the United States in almost all the big schools, and usually without any subsidy from the public powers.

Besides, Chautauqua is in no way a business scheme, and if work is rewarded, the investment of capital is not. All the receipts are applied to furthering the purpose of the school. Teachers were needed, so they are brought from the universities and colleges of America, and sometimes from farther still. They needed to be settled on a large, pleasant and healthy property, so they bought one of two hundred and fifty-nine acres, forming a natural park with trees and lawns; a hotel was built to accommodate three hundred persons; sixty cottages and boarding-houses are authorized by the institution to receive other guests. The population varies from twelve and even fifteen thousand in summer to five hundred during the winter.

The whole forms a regular city with the usual services of roads, water, gas, electricity, means of communication, post, telegraph, telephone, a printing press, and a school newspaper; in a word, all the advantages of urban life in the midst of rural surroundings. Saloons, theatres, public halls, games of chance, beggars,

weeks of five days each. There are half courses, and all sorts of other combinations. The entrance fees are \$4 for one month and \$6 for the season, and the board varies from \$4 per day to \$6 per week. Free tuition may be obtained in exchange for certain services in the office, or even for porter's work. The greater part of the hotel servants, men and women, are students who thus earn enough to enable them to profit by the courses, nor are they ever treated in any way differently from the more fortunate scholars. I have before me a photograph of the group, and there is not a more charming one in my album.

hawkers, politicians, drunkards and a certain number of other city refinements are lacking, for the administration will not tolerate them, and nothing in this modern Salentum is done without its permission. This is not really a socialist community nor a communistic settlement; it is an educational establishment registered as such by the State of New York, a corporation with the special aim of promoting the intellectual, social, physical, moral, and religious welfare of the people. The trustees and the officers they elect have absolute power to do whatever they judge advisable for the advancement of the cause. The State, far from hindering them, recognizes their work only to reward them by exemption from all taxation. As to the inhabitants, young or old, alone or with their families, they are all alike treated as students. They must stop all noise after the bells ring the curfew; they may not enter the gates, which are kept severely closed, until they have shown their card of admission; and, which seems strange at first, they may not leave the grounds without an exeat, or on returning they are obliged to pay the entrance fee over again. There are no exceptions made, except in serious cases or regularly every Sunday, when anyone is permitted to go out to attend service at any denomination not represented at Chautauqua. Visitors are no more readily received than they would be at a French *collège*.

There is good reason for all these precautions. Chautauqua is not a watering place. The simply curious must be banished, and only those who wish to

profit by the courses are looked upon as desirable guests, and they have nothing to complain of. No suitable form of amusement is missing. Base-ball, canoeing, swimming, tennis, bowling, races, and athletic games—all the sports—are represented. Nothing is lacking in the way of musicals, plays, public celebrations, or excursions (there are regular ones to Niagara); but the greatest attraction of the life is the instruction. Without ever being compulsory, it is always and everywhere offered to all under the most various and seductive forms. Every one may study what he pleases; and should someone turn up who is really pleased with none of the two hundred courses that are offered, ranging from higher education to kindergarten, it is presumed that this exacting mortal would willingly leave Chautauqua for the charms of a fashionable watering place or a noisy summer resort.

Whatever one may legitimately wish for, a corresponding arrangement may be found, or at least companions to organize it. There are clubs for men, for women, for boys, for girls, for children, and I would like to say “for many others” in the sense that the same persons group and regroup themselves indefinitely according to country, professions, tastes, and even age, since there is an octogenarian club whose members number from six to twelve.

They may group themselves according to creed too if they will; there is a quarter of denominational houses which comprises no fewer than nine different

establishments. Private services are held there every Sunday morning at ten o'clock, and public worship the same day at eleven and five in the large amphitheatre which can accommodate five thousand two hundred persons. A chapel, properly so-called, which is also undenominational, serves during the week for morning prayer and religious instruction. The Catholics, few in number, go outside to hear Mass, for, owing to a lack of clergy, the Bishop of Buffalo, requested to send a priest, was unable to do so more than two or three times.

The institution, though founded by a Methodist bishop, treats all creeds, even the Unitarian, with the same respect and tolerance; it is not undenominational, but all-denominational. Unbelievers only, without being subject to the least inquisition, would not be at ease in this sincerely religious atmosphere, and I think they would stay away of their own accord. The founder, John H. Vincent, analyzing the principles of the institution, declares that it is based on the idea that education is the work of a lifetime; and he adds at once, "The true basis of education is religious. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,—the recognition of the Divine existence, and of his claims upon us as moral beings,—the unity and brotherhood of the race with all that that brotherhood involves: harmony with the Divine character as the ideal of life for time and eternity; and the pursuit and use of all science in personal culture, the increase of reverent love for God, and



of affectionate self-sacrifice and labor for the well-being of man.”\*

Now, there is no question here of that abstraction, that dream, known as natural religion. What is taught and practised at Chautauqua is the revealed religion of the Old Testament and the Gospels, those truths common to the beliefs of all Christians; no doubt Catholics would find this teaching incomplete, but no one will oppose their filling it out in their own worship and in the expression of their creed.

A particular building, Normal Hall, is given up to Bible study and the preparation of Sunday School teachers, which was the original aim of the institution and still remains one of its essential branches. In the early years, in order more easily to attain this end, a model of Palestine was set up, a topographical reproduction of the Holy Land, a miniature in stone and sand that measured no less than three hundred feet, and set forth pretty clearly the mountains and towns, the Sea of Tiberias, the brook Cedron, the Dead Sea, and all the sacred landscape. It was not kept up, and has been advantageously replaced by the fine edifice in the Greek style known as the Aula Christi, or House of Christ, the architect of which, Paul J. Petz, is the same who designed the famous Congressional Library at Washington. A central nave seventy feet long ends in a platform, at the back of which a large arch awaits a statue of Christ; it will probably, as must be hoped,

\*The Chautauqua Movement, p. 13. Boston, Chautauqua Press, 1886.



be a copy of Thorwaldsen's *chef d'oeuvre*. No public worship according to any ritual will be celebrated at Aula Christi, but all the scientific, moral, and artistic gatherings will be held there, and it is there that will be given those lectures, lessons, and concerts whose object is to make known and beloved the life, the words, the acts, the spirit, and the permanent influence of the Divine Master. In one of the two lateral wings will be collected all the works on the life of Jesus. Works of art that recall and glorify Him will adorn the rest of the building, and the stained glass will set forth scenes from the Gospels. "There," said John H. Vincent, "every one can, any day and at all hours, learn of what Christ has said and done. It will be the central edifice of Chautauqua, and it will symbolize before the world the inspiration and support of all our efforts."

To instil the religious ideal into all conduct, even the most humble acts of daily life, to teach the knowledge of how to live, and that without distinction of age, profession, or fortune, is in reality the exalted aim of the Chautauqua School, in the pursuit of which it has never faltered. What better ideal, then, could it offer its crowds of adherents than the personality and the perfect work of Him Who came, as He Himself has said, that men might have life and might have it more abundantly?

The success of Chautauqua and similar works is a monument to the honor of the American people. That each summer a transient population of more than ten

thousand persons\* should willingly abandon themselves to so strict a discipline; that throughout the year hundreds of thousands of people of all professions, from all over the country, should keep in touch with the institution to learn from it what books to read and, if possible, what teachers to listen to; that this work should, at the same time and in spite of the funds it handles, remain disinterested, and preserve a religious inspiration while practising the broadest tolerance; that it should by such conduct, exact the admiration and encouragement of all those the nation counts among its eminent men in all domains of action or of thought,† brings out as nothing else can the moral and intellectual worth, the thirst for knowledge and true progress, that characterize in the United States the average and major part of the people, that backbone of the great democracy that holds it stiff and straight amidst the equally redoubtable dangers of a coarse demagoguery and a lawless plutocracy innocent of bowels of compassion.

\*In 1908, the thirty-fifth year since the foundation, 50,000 persons came to Chautauqua and benefited by some of the lectures, concerts, readings, and spectacles; and more than 2,700 enrolled for one or several of the regular courses of teaching.

†Among the orators who have been heard at Chautauqua we may mention Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Henry Drummond, Father Doyle, Bliss Perry, John Henry Barrows, Francis W. Peabody, Booker T. Washington, and William Jennings Bryan. The seriousness of these lectures does not prevent wit from frequently stealing in. It is amusing to recall the lecture on the insane delivered by Dr. P. S. Henson of Chicago: "I take great pleasure," said Dr. John Vincent in presenting him, "in announcing a lecture on the insane by one . . . (general laughter) of our most learned men." The professor, in his turn, rose and began thus: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not so crazy as Bishop Vincent . . . (prolonged laughter) would have you believe."

## CHAPTER IV

### IMPRESSIONS OF CHICAGO. THE NEW WORK OF CATHOLIC EXTENSION

VIEW OF LAKE MICHIGAN — UGLINESS AND BEAUTY OF  
CHICAGO — AN OPTIMISTIC DOCTOR AND CHAUFFEUR  
— IN THE BELGIAN COLONY — A GALIC-CANADIAN  
SERMON — THE SUBURBS. NATIONAL GROUPING —  
HOW A PARISH IS FOUNDED — A GREAT AND RICH  
DIOCESE — THE AMERICAN CLERGY — A NEW WORK  
OF CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA, THE EXTENSION — ITS  
NECESSITY, ITS ORIGIN, ITS RAPID PROGRESS — THE  
HOME MISSIONS OF PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS —  
ENCOURAGING PERSPECTIVES.

**B**EFORE leaving Chicago, already visited four years ago, and which is one of my favorite cities — yes, it is true! — let me set down some recollections of the two agreeable weeks which I have just passed there. We will leave the confused buzz and hum of machines, trains, and electric cars, and climb to the top floor of our Paulist Monastery, and there, sure of being no longer visited by friends who believe that we have departed, let us ensconce ourselves, overlooking the lake. There is nothing elegant about the balcony: the columns are of plain square iron; badly joined boards of

white wood painted green serve as a balustrade; the rocking-chairs combine the maximum of solidity with the minimum of grace. Everything denotes a true monastic simplicity. But if you refrain from looking too close or too low, you might think yourself on the deck of a ship at sea. The chimneys, the trains, the gray walls and ugly courts, all disappear from the horizon, and as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but the waters of Lake Michigan two hundred and four times greater in extent than Lake Geneva. Sometimes its waters are blue, sometimes black, now and then they are overspread with gold at sunset and silver under the moonbeams. To-day it is their whim to be emerald green, and nothing is more becoming. Just now the lake is nearly void of ships, and consequently resembles the ocean more than ever. I can see nothing but the far-off water works which supply us with pure water, and a big white liner steaming toward Milwaukee. Oh, what calm, and what a soft breeze right in the midst of millions of men laboring strenuously under the torrid sun of late July!

I do not deny that Chicago is glutted with business: Chicago buys, sells, manufactures, and ships; Chicago has slaughterhouses and canning factories where, the author of "The Jungle" frightens us by relating, the fingers of workmen get mixed with the pork; Chicago has manufactures, offices, banks, and its shops are by far the largest in the world. One could empty the Louvre and the Bon Marché into Marshall Field's without filling its ten stories. And yet Chicago counts

among its citizens some that are destitute, anarchists, unemployed, crooks, disabled immigrants, and believers in extravagant creeds. There are some streets that are not finished, dirt roads that alternate between dust and mud; on certain days, by certain winds, all the smoke of the city is driven downward and turns the atmosphere a sticky black, so that the saying regarding Pittsburg is as applicable here: "The question is not how to keep clean, but how to get accustomed to being dirty." Yes, there is no denying it, Chicago is very ugly.\*

But Chicago is beautiful too, and in the end its beauties outweigh its defects. There has been a marked progress in four years. A greater number of streets, even in the worst quarters, are now asphalted. The worst quarters? There are none comparable with the tenements of Paris and London: for though story be piled on story in the business centre, everywhere else there are small houses, each, with but few exceptions, occupied by one family. And how shall I describe the abodes of luxury, the broad boulevards with their six rows of greensward and flower beds, lined with palaces and cottages, each in its own style of architecture, each with its grounds and lawns and flowers never walled in or shut off from the eyes of the passers-by, all of it reproducing ten times, twenty times over, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne in Paris? Shall I ever forget these large parks, so well laid out, so well kept,

\*In the rival cities they tell the story of the citizen of Chicago who on dying exclaimed at his first view of the next world: "After all, heaven is not so different from Chicago!" "Excuse me," some one replied, "but you are not in heaven."

and which on Sundays afford the working people all the benefits of the country?

As to the leisure class, or rather as to the rich, for the man of leisure does not exist here, they have in the evenings on their return from business (and their wives have all the day) unending roads to travel in their motors through the parks and along the shores of the lake, with nothing to prevent them from running as far and as long as they please, and the tarring of the roads prevents them and the passers-by from being annoyed with dust. The four cities where I have seen the most automobiles are Paris, London, Boston, and Chicago. And the advantage of the last lies in the fact that all one's friends put their cars at one's disposal. "Just telephone, and you shall have it in five minutes." It is true that with such manners it is impossible to refuse any invitation on the score of lack of time. How many excuses I made to get out of preaching on Sunday at the Belgian Church of Saint-Jean Berchmans! Just try going to the telephone to discuss the objections, try asking to be allowed to think it over, and they will tell you there is only just time to issue the invitations and announcements for the following day; try to plead the overcrowding of your programme, and they offer to get you and bring you back in a motor! While you are searching for another way of escape, the connection is cut, and there you are, invited in spite of yourself! If it were a tea or a dinner it would have been the same thing. Once plunged into the American maelstrom it is simplest and best to let oneself go, and, except in the



case of a previous engagement, to accept all invitations, and usually it is well worth while. For instance, on this occasion I made two interesting discoveries, one of a typical American doctor, and the other of a parish in the formation stage.

It is Dr. S., indeed, who is deputed to take me to Saint-Jean Berchmans. By calling him a typical American doctor I do not mean that all the doctors in the United States are like him, for I have seen many very different; but such as he is, I do not believe he could have developed elsewhere. Born in Ireland, he came to Canada young and without means, and there he started in business, like every one else. But not finding enough opening along this line, he studied medicine and took his doctor's degree. To-day he earns a thousand dollars a month, and is not over forty. He is a most successful operator, and believes more in surgery than in medicine; the two things he likes best in life are appendicitis for his patients and his automobile for himself. He owns a handy little car which he drives himself and in which he rolls around all the time he can spare from his patients. He himself has never known worry, pain, or fatigue, and he would find it a perfect world were it not for the speed laws and policemen. "Lots of fun! Lots of fun!" is his favorite exclamation; but, it must be borne in mind that it is lots of most proper fun, open air, movement, exercise, and the motor. He plans a trip to Europe when he will take me in his car through France, Holland, Germany, and Italy, and I will present him to my French friends,



and they will see what fun it will be, what lots of fun; only we must not discuss politics or metaphysics; rather we will talk of hygiene and ethics, or rather, for my friend the doctor is a practical man, fresh air and religion. Fresh air for the body, and religion for the soul, that is his philosophy, and I defy any one to find a better. His idea is that science, having complicated our lives to excess, shall now lead them back to a more primitive existence; intentional simplicity, naturalness, cunningly regained and skilfully husbanded—herein, according to the doctor, lies the key to all happiness, and the solution of all problems. At any rate, it is a perfect doctrine for a Chicago doctor, intelligent, learned and wise, who earns his twelve thousand dollars, has no family and plenty of health, and knows how to drive his own automobile.

He leaves his car in the street opposite the church with a confidence that surprises me. To be sure, this part of town looks very deserted of a Sunday morning, one might take it for a part of one of our old provinces, except that everything is new, and the unfinished is substituted for the antique: sometimes in America one seems to see ruins, but they are always rising ruins, walls being built up instead of crumbling. The very church where I am to speak is not yet finished, the sacristy resembles a settler's cabin; the rectory and the schoolhouse are but wooden sheds put together as well as possible. But the ground is bought, and there is plenty of time ahead. Besides, are not the

surrounding streets, as well as the boulevard, still under construction? Do not buildings everywhere alternate with empty lots? And is not the grade-crossing close by as unguarded as it would be in mid-country?

The history of the quarter, were it to be written, would be divided into periods of months and weeks; and what happened two years ago seems fabulous. History is of the future, but of the near future. We are at the end of July, 1907—the twenty-eighth to be exact—at ten o'clock in the morning, and hardly anything seems to exist of this parish except a zealous priest and a few hundred Catholics unknown to each other; on the fifteenth of December of the same year (I am tempted to give the time—at half-past nine) the church will be solemnly dedicated by the Archbishop of Chicago; the Bishop of Covington will intone High Mass; the Bishop of Ogdensburg will preach in the afternoon at vespers; and the Bishop of Oklahoma in the evening at the benediction. I should not be surprised if the founder, my friend Father Julius de Vos, did not begin to find his life tame and monotonous in this ready-made parish. He is the type of the active, zealous priest, of the city missionary. He already knows his congregation individually, and after Mass he introduces me to some excellent Belgians who have enjoyed, they say, hearing the language of their country spoken so well. They do not realize that pride is the failing of all preachers, even the most mediocre! And I recall besides that a French Canadian newspaper praised my

sermon as being “to the utmost Canadian and Gallic”! Canadian perhaps, but Gallic,\* never!

While these good Belgians go on loving our language, their children who are presented to me hardly understand it, and can not speak it at all. The poor parents apologize somewhat confusedly, assuring me that it is not their fault. I knew it before, and am less surprised than they themselves, for I have seen the same phenomenon everywhere. Except for the little Canadians all the children of emigrants forget their mother tongue; at school and amongst themselves they speak nothing but English; to do otherwise would seem to them a token of inferiority. They are Americans. The assimilative power of the United States and the ease with which the former nationality is dropped, was perhaps most forcibly presented to me in New Mexico, where, on a train, I met a young man and a young woman of about twenty-five years of age, both of them born in Kansas, the one of a mother and the other to a father who were French emigrants. Not only had the two travellers kept up no sort of family intercourse in France, but they were incapable of speaking a single word of our language, and they did not know the name of either the town or the province where their parents were born. The utmost they could say was that the young woman thought it must be somewhere near

\*Gaulois (Gallic) has in French the signification of coarse, brutally frank, or lacking in refinement, with special reference to jokes or amusing stories on the subject of the sixth commandment (the seventh in the Church of England).—*Translator's note.*

Paris, undoubtedly the only place she knew by name in France.

After New York, Chicago seems to me to be the city receiving the greatest number of immigrants. It has a host of foreign quarters, German, Bohemian, Polish, Belgian, Italian, and a great many others. Here, as almost everywhere, the Jews have their own special town where the signs are all in Hebrew characters. Each nationality groups itself into different towns which, added to the business and rich residential quarters, makes up the incommensurable city of Chicago. The skeleton of the great body seems formed of nothing but railroad and tramway lines connecting these outskirts with the centre of traffic. People speak of "going into town" as an inhabitant of Clamart or Suresnes would speak of going into Paris, and, in truth, the distance is no less, although more rapidly covered. Furthermore, the city is constantly gaining on, and absorbing, the suburbs whose inhabitants are thus driven farther and farther into the country. Thus it is that Chicago, raised in 1837 to a city with 4,170 inhabitants, now counts 2,500,000 citizens.

All this is shown and explained to me by the Vicar General, Mgr. Muldoon, Bishop of Tamassus,\* during

\*The Archbishop of Chicago, Mgr. Quigley, is assisted by three young bishops. He is, nevertheless, most active, and is administrator emeritus, but one man could not possibly compass the duties of such an absorbing ministry. Mgr. Muldoon has since been made Bishop of Rockford, Ill., and has been replaced in Chicago by Mgr. Peter Paul Rhode, the first Pole who has been raised to the episcopal dignity in the United States.

the interesting and instructive day that he was kind enough to devote to me.

The automobile, lent as well as driven by an obliging member of the Congregation, bore us over incredible distances. I am not speaking of the drive toward evening, which took us nearly twenty miles out on the Milwaukee road without our reaching the end of the fine residences. But during the afternoon, before taking this restful drive, we studied the populous quarters of the West Side, the opposite side from the lake, where the different nationalities passed one after another before our eyes. Each church, and each religious establishment (and we visited many) manifests vitality or a revival of faith, in groups of different language and origin. "What do you do," I asked the Bishop, "to develop and maintain unity in such a diocese?" "The fusion is accomplished of itself," he replied, "without coercion; more slowly with some, as the Poles for instance; more rapidly amongst others, but sure everywhere in the end. We give the various groups priests of their own nationality when we have them, or at worst priests who understand their tongue. We do not impose either the English language or American customs; they come to both of their own accord, if not during the first generation, at least by the second. The difference lies rather between the clergy educated in our seminaries and those who come to us from Europe, but before long the former will be the only ones. Over here there is but one Catholicism as there is but one nation."

I inquire now, with what resources the parishes are founded. When I was here four years ago there were 130 in the city, now there are 165; besides 131 parishes, 46 mission churches, 6 stations, and 61 chapels outside of Chicago.

"Is it the diocese that advances the necessary funds for the new parishes? I know it is rich."

"Rich? Not so very," replies Mgr. Muldoon. "Forty-four million dollars, perhaps, not more; but no debts. We owe this little fortune to the foresight of the first bishops; the land bought by them has greatly increased in value. The diocese, founded in 1843 and raised to an Archbishopric in 1880, is administered by the master hand of Archbishop Quigley, whom you would have enjoyed seeing if he were not spending a few weeks in the country. We want only small parishes, the parish priest must know his flock individually. Although as a great exception we have one parish of nearly twenty thousand souls for the Poles, who are anxious to stay together, our ideal is to divide the faithful into groups of four or five hundred families. Holding to this principle and considering the constant growth of the population, you will understand that we often have to found new parishes."

"What funds do you allow the priest in charge?"

"Funds? None whatever. It is his own undertaking. Once appointed, he seeks a suitable lot to build his church, school, and presbytery, and he borrows enough to buy it."

"From whom does he borrow?"



“From the banks. First he must submit his choice of a site to us, and the choice being suitable, the archbishopric approves and stands surety. Nevertheless, it is the priest who must find the money and pay it back. He manages as best he can, and usually succeeds pretty quickly; the people are glad to have their own parish and are willing to pay for it. You will see that your friend De Vos will pull the affair through very well.”

Everything the young bishop says is alive with confidence, wisdom, and zeal, and a fine practical knowledge of the present-day needs of Catholicism. Provided the episcopacy in the United States is recruited in the future as it has been in the past, the Church there will succeed as well as, or better than, anywhere else in the world.

Chicago will be, in fact already is, one of the most active centres of Catholic life. The diocese, more than half of which is comprised in the city, counts an archbishop, 3 bishops, 452 secular priests and 191 regular ones, 296 parishes, 115 churches or chapels, 125 parochial schools, and 33 schools; and even these statistics, though the latest I could procure, are not up to date.\* The Chicago priests whom I met at Mgr. Muldoon's and at the Paulists' at St. Jarlath's, St. Malachi's, St. John Berchmans, and at the Catholic Church Extension Society (of which we shall speak at length later), all combined great zeal with a real dis-

\*The Catholic Directory does not give the total number of church members of Chicago, but they may be estimated at a million, the number of children attending Catholic schools being in 1907 97,845.



tion of manner. Indeed, in general, and in spite of what is said to the contrary, the average Catholic priest in the United States is quite as learned and more of a gentleman than the average in our older countries. If priests of great learning are few as yet, as is inevitable amid the intense activity required in the perpetual creating of new parishes and dioceses, there are, nevertheless, already founded several large seminaries of such value as to have but few equals in Europe; as for instance, to speak only of those I have studied, the seminaries at Rochester, New York, St. Paul, Boston, and Baltimore. So far, most of the dioceses are reasonable enough to send their students to some well-organized seminary rather than to attempt to found one at home in spite of the lack of necessary resources. It was with this same idea that Pius X has obliged the small dioceses of Italy to sacrifice their embryonic seminaries, and that in France recently the dioceses of Sens and Troyes gathered their seminarists together in one well-equipped institution.

Chicago gave birth, in 1905, to a work of religious propaganda, which I wish to describe at some length as being perhaps the most remarkable collective effort yet made by the Catholic Church in the United States; at any rate, the one best calculated to set forth and develop its vital resources. I refer to the Catholic Church Extension Society. We must go back to the first centuries of Christianity to find an example of such progress as the Catholic Church in America has made in

the last hundred and twenty years; and yet it is not satisfied. But no time is wasted in wondering where more advancement might have been made in the past; it is sufficient that from now on more can, and therefore shall, be accomplished, and the Church has found a means and has put it into practice; it consists in the organization of a collective propaganda which diffuses over the whole country the influence and resources of the privileged points. The Church is no longer satisfied to see some immensely rich dioceses side by side with others vegetating in squalor, nor to have in the same diocese the country parishes neglected, while the city ones float in a golden flood. She regrets having in some places expended in luxurious ornaments sums that could better have been employed in procuring the necessities for a poorer parish, and she is beginning to look less complacently on opulent chalices and precious monstrances that have sometimes cost the price of a church or a presbytery.

Without losing interest—far from it—in the conversion of the heathen, the American Church realizes that the part she takes in foreign missions must depend primarily on the maintenance and expansion of the faith among her own people. In short, she finds it less urgent to subscribe toward the embellishment of a cathedral in Ireland than toward the building of modest little chapels in the rural districts at home where it is now impossible to hear Mass on Sunday.

Nor can the American Church be accused of egotism on this score, for the home propaganda is of enormous

benefit to the foreign Catholics who come to her by six or seven thousand yearly, many of them more destitute spiritually than materially; and if she be prepared to receive them all, them and their children, in suitable schools and churches not too far apart, with priests speaking their own language; if she but keep them as Catholics and even make better Christians of them, in twenty-five years more than half the United States will belong to the Church of Rome.

Such were the ideas, such the task and the hopes, to discuss which two archbishops, two bishops, eight priests and seven laymen met at the archbishopric of Chicago on the eighteenth of October, 1905. As the fruit of their deliberations, a society of propagandism was founded under the presidency of the Archbishops of Chicago and Milwaukee, under the effective direction of a young and active priest overflowing with practical zeal and intelligence, Father Francis C. Kelley, and with the disinterested but very effective coöperation of several business men, first among whom was Mr. Ambrose Petry, whose name is well known in business circles of New York and Detroit. The appeal was made, and subscriptions began to roll in: \$116 in October, \$917 in November, \$901 in December, \$2,234 in January, \$2,246 in February, and then \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000 a month. In May, 1907, when the accounts closed for that month the Society had taken in \$5,773; and in the nineteen months since its foundation \$46,876 had been paid in, and there were promises of subscriptions to be paid later amounting to nearly a

hundred thousand more. The Pope had solemnly blessed the Society; almost the entire Episcopacy, a thousand priests and twelve thousand laymen, had lent a real coöperation. Mr. Petry had already promised, and has since built, an ambulatory chapel in the form of a Pullman car, which bears the blessings of the Word of God, of the Mass and the Sacraments, to the isolated inhabitants of the mountains and prairies of the West, the Northwest, and the South. Beginning with the month of April, 1906, the Society has been publishing a quarterly bulletin, or rather review, called *The Extension*, which, in the hands of clever editors, has become the most efficacious instrument of propagandism. Under the heading "Between Friends," a sprightly chat by President Kelley, there are set forth in each number, the progress of the work and any facts that may increase the number or stimulate the zeal of its adherents. Tales of heroism are told, and descriptions given of the picturesque life of the pioneer missionaries of the Rocky Mountains, the southern plains, Alaska, Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona. Nothing is neglected that may rouse the reader to a realization of the misery of some country rectories, of the indigence of some of the churches, of the danger of letting settlers deprived of religious consolations lose their faith; in short, of all there is to do, of all that should be done, and, by a noble emulation, of what is being done in the same lines by the Catholics of other countries and the Protestant sects of America.

In fact, *The Extension* has recalled the examples and lessons to be learned from the French society of St. François de Sales and the German society of St. Boniface;\* but what it lays particular stress upon, knowing, no doubt, the efficacy of the argument, is the zeal of the Protestants for the promulgation of their own faith. In the first number the bulletin quoted the figures of Dr. H. K. Carroll on the progress of Christianity in the United States in 1904: of a total gain of 582,878 practising Christians and 2,310 churches, the Catholics count 241,955 faithful and 226 churches; the Baptists, 85,040 and 469; the Methodists, 69,224 and 178; the Episcopalians, 25,381 and 138; the Congregationalists, 7,555 and 79; and the Universalists 462 and 83. Thus the Catholics, who have gathered to themselves nearly one-half of the new Christians, have scarcely built one-tenth of the new churches. The second number of the bulletin quotes other figures even more impressive; it estimates at three hundred million dollars the sum expended since 1798 by Protestant societies for Home Missions. From 1822 to 1905 The Propagation of the Faith distributed seventy-one million dollars, and it may be admitted, according to a rather high estimate that all the other Catholic societies

\*The excellent society of St. François de Sales was founded in 1857 by Mgr. de Ségur, and is now established in all the dioceses of France and many elsewhere. Its object is the defence and preservation of the faith in Catholic countries, and its activity lies in: 1st, the foundation and maintenance of free schools and societies for the protection of young people; 2d, the support of parish libraries, the diffusion of good books and objects of piety, and the extension of public lectures in the parishes. The society of St. Boniface is analogous to that of St. François de Sales.

together gave the same amount; this would make one hundred forty-two million dollars for all the Catholic missions combined, while in the same space of eighty-three years the Protestants have expended two hundred and thirty-two million for their own missions in the United States alone, or ninety million dollars more than the Roman Catholic Church has spent for the whole world. At the present moment half the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Congregational parishes are supported by the various home-missions societies. The bulletin for June, 1909, brings out the fact that in the United States 1,821,504 Presbyterians have built 16,478 churches and support 12,723 pastors, whereas the 14,000,000 Catholics own only 12,762 churches with 15,655 priests.

The zealous promoters of the Catholic Extension are careful not to draw humiliating conclusions or reproaches from these figures. They express deep gratitude for the tens of millions given by their fathers to the admirable work of the Propagation of the Faith; they know that for many years their churches could count but few faithful, and that there were not enough clergy nor enough means to suffice even for the most urgent necessities; they understand how, under these conditions, each bishop became absorbed in the care of his own diocese, each priest in the welfare of his own church, rectory, and school, even each layman in the support of the works of his own parish. But the time seems to them, and quite rightly, to have arrived when in many cities if not in all, the Catholics, being no



longer engrossed as formerly, in the acquiring of the necessities of their religious life, should consecrate at least a part of their surplus to the maintenance of a home mission, to the support of missionaries sent out to any points where they are needed, to the sounding of the call to new churches of those faithful who were being lost from isolation, to the assuring the bread of the Word and of the Eucharist to souls fainting from inanition,—in a word, to preach the Gospel to that ever increasing number of heathen in our midst who call themselves Christians.

It has not taken long for these ideas to take root and bear fruit. Nothing seems to impede the brilliant and rapid success of the new apostolic work; even at the height of the financial panic subscriptions continued to flow in. At the beginning of 1908, the charter members, who had paid \$5,000 each, numbered ten; the life members, who paid \$1,000 each, numbered more than one hundred fifty; and many other subscriptions or collections amounted to more than one hundred dollars each. An Easterner has just promised one hundred thousand dollars if another nine hundred thousand dollars were raised, and it is not improbable that the challenge will be taken up; during a period of only two weeks in the month of December, 1908, ten thousand small subscriptions had been handed in by three hundred priests.\*

\*More recent and complete information as to the development of *The Extension* will be found in the account of the congress held in Chicago from November 15 to 18, 1908, under the presidency of the



Nor is there any delay in applying the funds. At each meeting of the board of governors, of whom the Archbishop of Chicago is the president, and which is composed of four experienced business men, the accounts are verified, appeals are investigated, and all the money remaining on hand is immediately distributed where most needed, taking no thought for the morrow. Such a course seems to me truly apostolic, while on the other hand a typically American trait is displayed: the bishop of the district is applied to for information relative to each appeal; the money voted for a building is never paid until the building is completely finished; and no parish, no matter how poor, is helped unless at the same time it helps itself to the best of its ability, however small that may be; and, finally, the board of directors may not give outright more than a certain part of the funds at its disposal, at least one-half being required to be advanced as loans, and consequently returning at a later date to the Society for redistribution. I see, for instance, that on the twelfth of September, 1907, \$20,875 was voted in gifts and \$36,000 in loans, already a considerable sum to be at the disposal of a work but two years old; and besides this, one must take into account the twenty thousand Masses distributed to priests having no resources, the eighteen seminarists educated to become missionaries,

apostolic delegate, Mgr. Falconio, and in the presence of more than fifty bishops and archbishops. (J. S. Hyland and Co., Chicago, publishers.) In July, 1909, the bulletin of the Society relates that the number of charter members who have subscribed \$5,000 has advanced to seventeen.

and the quantity of church ornaments and pamphlets of the propaganda distributed.

With the steady increase of funds, the power for good of the young society is rapidly augmenting, and it will not be long before the Church of Rome will have nothing to envy the Protestant churches, as far as their home missions are concerned; and if already, even without this means of diffusion, it has developed two or three times as fast as the most prosperous of the Protestant sects, what will not now be its progress! It may in a quarter of a century prevail over all the other confessions combined, it may make of the United States, according to a dream that is no longer merely visionary, the first Catholic nation of the world.

Among the motives for hopefulness which I came across in my last trip, none seemed to me more comforting than the foundation of the Extension Society.\*

\*Another thing that still further increases this happy outlook is the fertile work being done all over the United States by the missions for non-Catholics, since the time when, under the direction of the Paulist Fathers, Elliott and Doyle, the Apostolic Mission House of Washington prepares for this work the young priests who are sent to them by a number of bishops for this special purpose. This excellent work, which is spoken of in "The Land of the Strenuous Life," Ch. XIII, has an organ, *The Missionary*, published monthly in Washington. We may note, too, as an event full of promise, the fact that the bishops of Canada founded there also in 1908 a Catholic Extension Society.

## CHAPTER V

### THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

INTELLECTUAL LIFE — HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO — JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S TWENTY MILLIONS, AND THE EIGHT MILLIONS OF OTHER FOUNDERS — RESOURCES AND BUILDINGS — AN OUTLINE OF THE REGULAR COURSES — THE EXTENSION DEPARTMENT — THE SUMMER TERM — SERMON OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST AT THE UNIVERSITY — THE COMMON CREED OF CHRISTIANS — SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS SCIENCES — PROFESSOR HENDERSON — UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENTS — DORMITORIES — AN ORIGINAL INSTITUTION: THE GREEK LETTER FRATERNITIES — DELTA UPSILON — "THE DAILY MAROON," A STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER — THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

A CITY giving birth to works of such scope has a right to be no longer regarded merely as a centre of production and material riches; nor was this the only powerful evidence of intellectual life that struck me in Chicago.

In the homes of the friends I made during my first visit, who are second to none in the Old World for graciousness or quickness of wit; among the groups of professors, lawyers, and journalists whom I am in-

vited to meet by the young editor of *The Tribune*, Mr. McCormick, as well as by Mr. O'Keefe, a lawyer, and by the Dean of the University, who replaces the President during his holidays; at the Board of Education, where Mr. Megan very kindly explains to me the organization of public instruction, and how either the city or religious initiative supplies free secondary education in seventeen high schools to fourteen thousand young people of both sexes between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one\*; everywhere I found evidence to strengthen my idea, by no means original, that it is high time for Europe to renounce its belief that it is the only part of the world truly deserving of the epithet civilized. We have our glorious past, with the monuments of art which it has sown through the centuries, with the refinement that drop by drop has percolated into our souls as water will wear away a stone; and I do not pretend that the new cities of America or Australia can rival as yet, nor perhaps ever, the wonderful beauty of Sienna, Florence, Paris, or Oxford. But nevertheless this is no reason for despising younger civilizations and looking upon any one who disagrees with us as a savage. On this basis the Chinese could size us up finely, as, by the way, I believe they do.

Certain favorable circumstances, a kind invitation and friendly relations with professors and students,

\*Elementary education, which is obligatory until fourteen years of age is given at 240 schools. It goes without saying that it is free here as well as at the evening schools, which are open to every one irrespective of age.

having given me the opportunity to observe the young and prosperous University of Chicago at closer hand than any other, I wish to speak of it at some length. The conscientious effort made in America to raise the nation to the highest possible pitch of moral and intellectual culture will probably be better set forth in a single detailed description than in mere sketches of several colleges. We have already spoken in this book, as well as in its predecessor, of what is being done for the education of the laboring classes; without excluding them from this chapter (for there is no American institution in which they are not taken into consideration), we shall above all devote ourselves to discovering what young men of means with a taste for study can find to enable them to pursue a higher education.

Illinois possesses several centres for advanced study, and among others, the University of Illinois which is supported by the State. The University of Chicago, like the greater number in America, is absolutely independent of the powers that be. The name at first belonged to an enterprise that failed and disappeared in 1886. Mr. John D. Rockefeller soon afterwards conceived the idea of founding, under the same name, a new institution of which his immense fortune could insure the continuance. Having elaborated the plan with the late Mr. William R. Harper, one of the most esteemed of American professors and educators, he secured the coöperation of the Baptist Educational Society, and had the project approved by it at the annual meeting held in Boston, in May, 1889. He subscribed

at once six hundred thousand dollars on condition that four hundred thousand more be raised before the first of June of the following year.

The new University was incorporated in September, 1890, and Mr. Harper was elected president. It was no sooner opened than another donor, Mr. William B. Ogden, bequeathed it five hundred thousand dollars; two years later Miss Helen Culver of Chicago offered the University a piece of property valued at a million. Shortly afterwards Mr. Rockefeller gave another million, which he has since followed up with many others, — his contributions to date may be estimated to amount to twenty million dollars. Such munificence combined with the initiative he took in starting the enterprise explains the mention added to the official title of the University of Chicago: "founded by John D. Rockefeller." The University pays but little heed to the reproaches heaped upon her as to her origin or to her nickname of Oil University. Without taking into consideration that money made in selling oil might find many worse uses than the encouragement of higher education, it is not true that the young college has given the celebrated millionaire a lien on its independence, nor even that it owes its existence to him alone. Gifts from other sources reach the considerable sum of eight million dollars and the larger among them have won for their donors the honor of having Halls, Chairs, and endowments named after them, and which are not in the least overshadowed by the much-discussed name nor the clean-shaven face of the Oil King.



The sixteen years of existence of which the University of Chicago can boast at the time of my visit, give it, for America, an air ancient and honorable and full of tradition. Judging by the quality of the professors and the number of students, by the abundance and excellent organization of the courses, by the completeness of outfit, and the extent and dignity of the buildings, one hesitates to recognize it for what it nevertheless is, an improvisation—the improvisation, to be sure, of an educator of the first order and of an inexhaustible Mæcenas. The cask of the Danaïdes lost everything that was dropped into it; certain American fortunes seem to keep all that is withdrawn from them.

The University of Chicago has made good use of its thirty millions. It is now almost self-supporting with the normal interest on its investments, so that we see that in the last year its deficit amounted to \$191,345 only, so that the greater part of recent or future gifts will go toward new endowments. Although the state of the budget, under such circumstances, is not what would most surprise the rectors of a French university, still the financial question necessarily affects so largely the other issues, that a few words on the subject will not be out of place. From the first of July, 1905, to the thirtieth of June, 1906, the receipts amounted to \$2,796,791 and the expenses to \$2,988,136. The personal property consists of \$4,400,117 invested in gilt-edge securities and bringing in an average income of 4.17 per cent. The real estate amounts to \$3,889,918, and the value of the University

buildings is estimated at \$4,422,874. There are more than sixty-six acres of land that, with the improvements, cost \$2,761,803.

The last two figures are rather imposing. A university whose buildings and site cost more than seven millions cannot be considered commonplace.

The University of Chicago is situated at the outskirts of the town, on the Midway Plaisance, a superb avenue uniting the immense tracts of Washington Park and Jackson Park, and which, with its broad lawns and many trees, offers in itself a splendid promenade. Here have sprung up in well planned irregularity the twenty-odd buildings in which the intellectual, moral, and material life of the University is carried on. Separated from each other by groves and green lawns, they have done everything possible to recall Oxford and Cambridge; and did they not so patently lack antiquity, they would succeed even better, for they are all built in the English Renaissance style. Thanks, however, to the nobility and dignity of this style of architecture, the newness is not glaring; and one hardly misses, in spite of its picturesqueness, the grayness, or blackness, with which the corroding fogs of England drape her walls. Even now in their solemn youth, some of the buildings such as the Physical and Chemical Laboratories and Mandel Hall, can be compared not too unfavorably with the finest Oxford halls of Balliol or New College; and the Mitchell Tower, seen from Hull Court, is an exceedingly fine replica of the divine tower of Magdalen.

The outlines of the tuition, less rigid than in the Old World, allow American universities to offer a far broader and more varied instruction than can be obtained at ours. Speaking of the University of Chicago alone, there is hardly anything except architecture, agriculture, and engineering that cannot be studied there. Art, literature, science, divinity, law, education, commerce, and administration, form so many distinct faculties, and there is a special one besides, under the name of the United Faculty of Junior Colleges, to look out for the students of the freshman and sophomore years. Any one interested in knowing more details than can be here set forth, is referred to the *Annual Register*, a pamphlet of 484 pages of exact information as to all the University offers. Here, space prevents our saying more than that the faculties are divided into sixty-one departments of special instruction, in which are taught all the regular subjects which are given in the programmes of our French faculties—letters, science, law, medicine, and theology even—and those of most of our large schools. I have not had the patience to count the number of professors, but there seem to me to be no fewer than five hundred, and some give several courses. The necessary implements of work are as plentiful as the professors: in April, 1907, the library contained 447,166 volumes,\* and received 1,500 periodicals; of chemistry, physics,

\*A pretty exact idea of the regular growth of the library can be formed from the fact that during the months of October, November, and December, 1908, 3,141 volumes were purchased, while 1,272 were given, and 237 acquired by exchange.

and the biological sciences each has its own laboratory; just as of geology and orientalism each has its museum, and astronomy has its observatory.

It can be seen that the whole organization is laid out on a magnificent scale, and testifies to an implicit confidence in the future. The rapid increase of students justifies such a faith. The first year 1892-93 the number of students entered in the college and graduate classes was 698. The following years the number increased to 920, 1,347, 1,815, 1,880, 2,307, 2,959, and over 3,000 in 1899-1900. In 1905-6, there were 5,079; of whom 483 followed the graduate courses; 1,737 were there for the summer term only; leaving 2,859 students following the ordinary collegiate course.

To this regular and direct teaching must be added the Extension Department. The University Extension consists, as we have already shown, in shedding the light of higher education outside the University by means of travelling lecturers, correspondence courses, directed reading, and the loan of books. This system has existed for a long time in England, where it originated, and it has even found its way into the practice of a few French universities; it is too democratic not to appeal to, and spread rapidly among, Americans, and we have already seen the system working with great success at Chautauqua. The University of Chicago adopted it from the outset. In 1906-7 there are 6,000 books sent out in circulation and 191 courses of six lessons each were given to 51,772 auditors in 147 different centres. Chicago itself heard 37, the

rest of Illinois 27, Michigan 21, and the 62 others were distributed all over the country, California having 4, and the far-away State of Washington even hearing one. The total number of Extension courses since 1892 amounts to 2,325, which makes no less than 13,950 lessons.

The summer term, which, I believe, exists nowhere else, must not be confused with the Extension. The University of Chicago does not admit of long vacations. The school year is divided into four terms of twelve weeks each. The autumn and winter terms are each followed by a week of rest, and the holidays at the end of the summer term are somewhat longer, but there is no break at the end of the spring term. Each term begins with new matriculations and ends with examinations, as if it constituted a complete year in itself. The principal reason for this custom is the desire to make university education and degrees accessible to more people, while at the same time upholding the high standard. The summer term, without being closed to the regular students, is especially designed for those who are not free at other times of the year, notably for teachers of the elementary grades. In three months, or even six weeks per year (for the summer term has, on their account been divided into halves), these exceptional students will no doubt not advance very rapidly, but they will nevertheless, if they persist, receive the benefit of a higher education. Again, as in the high schools, it is the American idea

of equalizing the chances for those who are truly capable.

The summer term is therefore not the same as a summer meeting, a special and popularized form of teaching established at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of Caen, Grenoble, and even Paris. The summer term forms an integral part of the whole university life, and the schools of law, medicine, divinity, philosophy, and fine arts are open, as during the rest of the year. On account, however, of the great number of teachers, both male and female, who attend this term, the regular educational courses are the favorites.

Furthermore the University takes into consideration the time of year, and offers the students some relaxation in the form of concerts, Shakespearean representations, and free lectures, as many as four or five a day. It was in this last series that I was invited to speak on the political and religious situation in France of today. As may be seen these diversions are far from being frivolous, and the audience, composed of society people, professors, students, and clergymen, did not impress me as different from that attending the public courses in other universities in the midst of the school year.\*

On Sundays there are no lectures, only a sermon, and I had the honor of being once the University preacher; and, trusting that my readers will be willing

\*Most American universities, unlike the French, do not offer free public courses.



to put aside their prejudices in order to appreciate, for itself alone, a situation which has no analogy with us, I am going to recount, with perfect candor, the most touching experience of my whole trip.

When Professor Henderson, who is at the head of the religious teaching and services, invited me by letter to preach the University sermon on Sunday the twenty-first of July, he did not fail to tell me that all the requirements of our Church would be taken into account, and furthermore that they had already listened, under the same conditions, to a Catholic orator, the illustrious Bishop of Peoria; and finally—decisive consideration—that the ceremony would not be held in church, but in the most beautiful concert and lecture hall. I accepted, with the request that all should be conducted as for Mgr. Spalding. Consequently it was agreed that I should not come in until the end of the prayers, and that there should be a marked interval between the service and my sermon.

Providence permitted it to turn out better still, so that, without hurting the convictions of my dissenting brethren, there was nothing that was not Catholic throughout the entire ceremony. The day before, I had no sooner arrived at the house of my dear Paulists than I received a visit from Mr. Henderson. After the first friendly effusions,—for he is a friend of mine, and all who know him will understand that I am proud to say so—he spoke to me of the ceremony. I begged the Superior of the Paulists, Father O'Callaghan, to stay and give me his advice. Being a former

**H**arvard student, and having had to deliver a sermon in that celebrated university, as remarkable for its breadth of view as for its doctrinal and disciplinary soundness, he was the person best qualified to judge of the situation.

“So it is understood,” said Mr. Henderson, “that they will come to get you at the end of the prayers and hymns? Or do you wish to read the prayers, and choose the Psalms and hymns, and conduct the whole service yourself?”

This last proposition tempted me strongly. I acknowledged as much, but added that with my ignorance of the customs and my imperfect command of the language, I would not be able to carry it through properly. “If the Father Superior,” I continued, “would and could come himself —” Mr. Henderson unhesitatingly joined his request to mine, and it was accepted. Father O’Callaghan who was to preach at the same hour in his own church, gave his pulpit to a French missionary to Japan who was very anxious to speak and take up a collection for his work. Everything was working out well, and I left the details to be settled by my two friends.

On Sunday at eleven o’clock, preceded by choristers and professors in cap and gown, we, Father O’Callaghan and I, in our soutanes and birettas, proceeded up the immense nave of Mandel Hall where was gathered a crowd of two thousand persons, sympathetic and a little curious, probably one-third of them Catholics and the remaining two-thirds Protestants. The pro-

cession having arrived at the chancel, hymns and Psalms, given out by the Superior of the Paulists, were sung. Afterwards, he spoke a few words to bring out the touching character of the meeting, and he read in a penetrating tone of voice the seventeenth chapter of St. John: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee . . . And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me. Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am . . . And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."

These divine words, which were in themselves a commentary on such an assembly, caused a sort of current to pass through all hearts, uniting them as by induction, and it became evident that the holy words had produced, with the efficacy of a Sacrament, the very oneness they described. Father O'Callaghan added, translating the common emotion: *O Lord let us never hate one another in Thy Holy Name*; than he began the Lord's Prayer, in which the entire assembly joined.

The time having come to reveal the Word of God, they sang, to draw down the heavenly lights, Newman's beautiful hymn:

“Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on !”

And I recalled having heard this same hymn in London, twelve years earlier in Westminster Abbey, while lost in a throng which my priest's soul yearned and longed to apostrophize; I remembered that, after a cold and solemn sermon, seeing the multitude bow down under a formula of benediction, I myself pronounced the sacred words in an undertone, praying God that they might be fulfilled. And behold the dream is being realized, realized in a broader application; here, in one of the greatest cities of this New World, to which I have always felt myself sent forth, is an attentive, religious audience, desiring of me the words of love and truth. It seemed to me that had I but been sufficiently master of the language, my voice would easily have found the way to their hearts, and I should have inflamed them with the sentiments that were burning in me.

But, obliged as I was to stick to the sermon I had prepared, I at least had the consolation of thinking that it harmonized with the occasion, and, in default of other qualities, it was with deep conviction that the poor envoy of God acquitted himself of his message.

I had taken as a subject *the Common Creed of Christendom*, that is to say the Apostles' Creed, kept in the same terms by Catholics and the various branches of Protestantism. After having clearly declared “that the friendship attested by this meeting rested on no misunderstanding, that there was no question of not

realizing our too real difference (notably concerning religious authority), I recalled the fact that we all, as Christians, held in common the respect of the same holy books, the same moral teaching (that of the Decalogue and the Gospels) and above all, the same formula of faith, the *Common Creed of Christendom*. I tried to set forth the glorious path of this symbol of the Apostles through all the ages, from the times of the catacombs, the conversion of Roman emperors and barbarian hordes, from Saint Irenæus and Tertullian down to our own days. And I added: "At the Cape, at Melbourne, at New York, the Creed of the martyrs of Rome and Antioch and Lyons is being recited; and to-day a Roman Catholic priest comes from the banks of the Seine to the banks of Lake Michigan, from ancient Lutetia to young Chicago, to glorify the same symbol of the Apostles before Christians, for the most part separated from him on many points, but happy to repeat with him, or rather, with the chosen of humanity: I believe in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."

At greater length than I devoted to these external glories of our common Creed, I tried to trace the inner beauty, and to set forth the magnificent synthesis of truths that it affirms: The inward life of God in the Trinity; the absolute elevation of humanity and all creation to this supreme life in Christ, the incarnate God; the communication of this same life to each of us by the Redeemer and by the means of grace which give us the benefit of His merits; and finally the beauty of

the Providential plan which henceforth and forever binds us to each other and Christ by the communion of saints,—which even raises material creation to God through the resurrection of the body,—and which has prepared for us the perfection of unity and happiness in the possession of eternal life.

I expressed the hope that such goodness of God should, as it became better understood, increase our love for Him and our charity toward each other; I prayed “that from day to day our common faith might grow greater in this admirable symbol of the Apostles, which, in spite of so many separations, remains for us all the indelible sign of the fraternity among the disciples of Christ, the star to guide our steps toward our common Home and which gleams so high in the sky that it may be seen of all.” “Honor to you who believe,” I cried in closing, and added, “Honor also to our belief, honor to our symbol, faithfully guarded, the most precious jewel of our ancient patrimony, the touching souvenir of union in the past, the pledge and promise of reunion in the future.”

In concluding, the inspiration came to me to propose that we recite together our Creed, and this was done as with one voice, from one heart with a solemnity and emotion which I shall never forget.

Examples of tolerance, such as the one I have just described, are too easily associated in the minds of Frenchmen with the idea of scepticism, or at least indifference. Faith on one side, unbelief on the other,



usually appear to them under a combative form, and they would be much surprised to learn that the University where a Catholic priest received such a welcome without concealing one of his principles, is one of the few in the United States which are affiliated to a special Protestant sect. It is true that at this University, as at most of the others, a number of masters and students have lost all practical faith; nor does the University require an expression of belief under pain of exclusion; but, apart from the fact that no one within the precincts would be allowed openly to combat religion as such (resembling in this most of the schools of the country), the action of the different churches which desire to look after the students is encouraged, and the University itself, in a positive and official manner, gives religious instruction according to the tenets of the Baptist Church. When Mr. Rockefeller subscribed his first gift of one million dollars he stipulated that the Baptist Theological Union, established at Chicago since 1867, should become the Divinity School of the new University, and that two hundred thousand dollars should be consecrated to this transformation. The Divinity School comprises, besides, an English Seminary, a Swedish Seminary, a Danish-Norwegian Seminary, and finally the College of Religious and Social Science.

Together with the sciences auxiliary to theology, such as Oriental languages, the seminaries naturally hold courses in dogma, ethics, exegesis, homiletics, pastoral theology, and religious history. But the institu-

tion in this group which will seem farthest from our categories, is certainly the College of Religious and Social Science. The students to whom this course is especially offered, we read in an official document, are: (1) those who are preparing themselves to become secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. or to occupy similar positions; (2) those intending to practise medicine in some missionary country, and who are studying in the medical school at the same time; (3) those preparing themselves to enter the parochial missions, and who have been prevented by age or other circumstances from devoting the time usually required in the seminaries; (4) those who purpose to collaborate with philanthropic works, by becoming board members of charity associations, or teaching, either religious or secular subjects, in penitentiaries. We find on the programme of the first two years (with some variations according to whether one wishes to enter the ministry or not, the study of the Old and New Testaments, political economy, social science, history, Greek, modern languages, hygiene, and public speaking. In the higher courses the same subjects are taught in a more advanced degree, and, besides, philosophy, psychology, pedagogy, homiletics, religious history, and ecclesiastical sociology. The professor and director of this department is Mr. Charles R. Henderson, whose investigations in Europe, as well as his publications, notably that on the "Social Spirit in America," have earned him a world-wide reputation. I would not risk wounding his modesty by again naming him apart from his

colleagues, had he not left in Germany, London, and Paris many precious friendships, and shown to what a degree of moral and intellectual supremacy these Americans can arrive, whom we look upon as educated barbarians.

Mr. Henderson bears the official title of Chaplain, and it is he who has charge of the religious agencies of the University. Under this head he gives account, in an annual report, of the Sunday morning services, of the sermons delivered by speakers from all the States; of the Young Women's Christian Association, composed of two hundred and fifty girl students; of the Young Men's Christian Association, which meets every Thursday evening and has organized a Bible Class of a hundred and twenty-five members; of the Band of Voluntary Students, who interest themselves in Missions; and of a more general association known as the Christian Union, which seeks to promote all these religious and philanthropic activities. He devotes the end of his report to the interesting work of the College Settlement, established fourteen years ago southwest of the Stock Yards, and which has accomplished so much, as well for the moral education as for the physical welfare of both children and adults in this the most miserable quarter of the city. Thirty or forty thousand workmen live there, of whom three-fifths, recently arrived from Europe, are ignorant to the utmost degree and completely disorganized. How can one help admiring the young men, and the still more numerous young women, who establish themselves, temporarily

or even permanently, among these miserable creatures, upholding their interests with their employers, with the municipality, even with the legislature, and sometimes with the President of the United States; trying to moralize them, their women, and their children; gathering under their wing unfortunate girls, orphans, and the interesting frequenters of the juvenile courts?

I notice by chance in a newspaper that on the eleventh of January, 1908, the devoted president of the settlement, Miss Mary E. McDowell, received a visit from about six hundred University students of both sexes, in whose honor a *fête* was given by her little charges; but she made a special point of explaining to her guests the good done, and to be done for the education and the civilization of these people, who should be enabled to find, what they have come to America to seek, a life superior to that in which they languished in the Old World. Mr. Henderson in his report for 1906 very rightly says: "One cannot exaggerate the religious and social development gained by our thousands of young men and women in taking an active part in philanthropic work; nothing does them so much good, not even the study of the history or theory of religion and social progress."

Such language sets forth clearly that the University of Chicago does not consider that it has done its whole duty toward its students in setting before them the means of education. No part of their development is indifferent to it. While preaching the faith it be-

lieves to be the best, it invites all other churches freely to express themselves in public lectures, as well as to attend privately to their own faithful. My own sermon sufficiently demonstrated the first point; and as to the second, I have heard representatives of the University state (and they have authorized me to repeat it) that they would be very glad if the Archbishop would delegate a priest to take official charge of the Catholic students. There is ground for believing that this project will be carried out, as it has been at Harvard, at the University of California, and at Cornell in the diocese of Rochester.

It is clear, from the preceding paragraphs, that the University is interested in the religious life of its students. Let us now inquire how it goes about meeting their other requirements and giving them opportunities for development along all lines.

I will not dwell on the sumptuous gymnasiums and grounds for games and physical exercises, all in the University precincts,—these at an American college are the rule and not the exception. But what struck me as being quite characteristic is the way in which the life of the students is laid out so that they should feel constantly responsible for themselves and at the same time run no risk of isolation. The apparent contradiction between a common and a retired life has been overcome by the organization of a number of autonomous groups known by the name of University Houses.

Here, as everywhere in America, comes out the constant tendency toward the development of small and vital, even though complicated, organisms, with a fine indifference for the uniform and imposing effect obtained by the unproductive massing together of many units.

In order to throw more light on the almost inextricable whole, let us divide the students into three categories: those who live in town, those who live in the University dormitories, and those who live in the fraternities.

The first of these are not, as one might suppose, left to themselves. In the University, different clubs are open to them where they may study in common or in privacy, practise speaking, have music, amuse themselves, and take their meals. Two *à la carte* restaurants are open to those who prefer them, one for men and the other for girls, and arrangements have even been made for those bringing their own food. Rooms in town can be had from one dollar and twenty-five cents a week, and board from four dollars and fifty cents.

There are nine dormitories, four for girls and five for men. They are almost like private houses, having a general sitting-room and separate bedrooms whose prices range from twenty dollars to seventy-four dollars a term. The directors or, in the girls' dormitories, the directresses, are chosen by the University; but the students choose their own quarters. The men go to the University restaurant for their meals, but the girls'



dormitories furnish board which costs forty-two dollars a term.\*

I was invited to Beecher House by the directress, Miss Elizabeth Wallace, an amiable and learned pupil in Romance philology of my friend the Abbé Rousselot. There were thirty girls there, and house and hostesses, meals and conversation, all breathed distinction, simplicity, and an unstudied and carefree cordiality.

The house atmosphere is, however, more developed in the girls' dormitories than in the men's. The latter spend more time at their clubs, or, if they care for more intimate relations with some of their fellow students, they join one of the fraternities.

These Greek letter fraternities form, undoubtedly, one of the most distinctive features of American university life. These self-governing societies, secret at the outset, and many of them remaining more or less so still, consist of a small number of students banded together for the enjoyment of social life, and still more for the pursuit of an ideal. Each fraternity bears the name of one or more letters of the Greek alphabet, and never amalgamates with another society, though it itself is divided into as many "chapters" as there are

\*Here is a table of the annual expenses of a student living at the University:

	Modest	Average	High
Matriculation fees and tuition . . . . .	120	120	120
Lodging . . . . .	60	105	225
Board . . . . .	100	126	225
Laundry . . . . .	15	25	35
Books and stationery . . . . .	10	20	50
	<hr/> 305	<hr/> 396	<hr/> 655

colleges where it has branches. The different chapters are united by many bonds such as regular assemblies, periodical bulletins, mutual assistance, etc. The relations between members are continued after the university course is finished, for one is necessarily a life member of these fraternities, which are indeed a good deal on the order of an irreproachable Free Masonry. The reason these fraternities do not amalgamate is quite simple and always the same: with more than a certain number of members they would necessarily lose their intimate character; and when it is a question, as here, of attaining a moral end, the greater the number in each group, the less effectual their work. At Chicago, sixteen fraternities divide among themselves 276 members. Although keeping strictly their own independence, one or more professors serve as intermediaries between the fraternities and the faculty. The latter in the interests of discipline, would ask no better than that the fraternities should establish themselves in houses belonging to the University; but for lack of room, they are obliged to settle just outside the campus, in private cottages, where each member contributes his share toward the expenses of rent, maintenance, and board. Sometimes the house is owned by the chapter itself, and in no case is any one admitted into this little republic without the consent of all its citizens; and those who govern it (to the extent to which it is governed) are chosen by their comrades.

I had the pleasure of being invited to the Delta Upsilon's, thanks to my young friend, Harvey B. Ful-

ler, one of the members, the very man who had piloted me from Jamestown to Chautauqua, and a typical Chicago student. My visit took place after my return from the Pacific toward the end of September, and so only a few days after the opening of the fall term. The pretty house on Woodlawn Avenue occupied by the fraternity was already full, with twenty members who had been brought together by sympathy of character and the same longing for moral development, without any account being taken of difference of fortune, origin, or politics. They acknowledged to me, nevertheless, that no Jews, Japanese, or negroes had ever been admitted to their ranks; but they added that they had never gone into the question, and were it ever to come up, there was no written law absolutely barring such from membership.\*

If the house boasted of no negroes, it at least had a negress, a good old colored mammy, who waited on the table with a maternal air and a broad smile that disclosed her enormous white teeth. She was picturesque in the extreme with her black skirt, her white bodice with blue polka dots, and her red bandana around her head. I do not remember what we had to eat, but I know every one drank water; and at the end of the meal only, the darkey offered us our choice between a cup of coffee and a glass of milk. After luncheon we went into the sitting room and listened

\*To be quite impartial, I must say here that the opponents of fraternities (and what institution has no adversaries?) accuse them of yielding sometimes to a spirit of exclusiveness and showing themselves lacking in true democracy.

to some amusing songs, until I asked for the college hymn, when they all rose and gravely chanted:

“To-night we gladly sing the praise  
Of her who owns us as her sons;  
Our loyal voices let us raise  
And bless her with our benisons.  
Of all fair mothers, fairest she,  
Most wise of all that wisest be,  
Most true of all the true, say we,  
Is our dear Alma Mater.”

They finished the third stanza, and I felt quite moved by these solemn, almost religious accents, when suddenly they let out an unearthly, savage yell: “Chicago! Chicago! Chicago-go!” And I saw Mick, the dog, who had been very quiet during the hymn, begin to frisk about and howl scarcely less humanly than the others: “Chicago-go!”

Delta Upsilon is, with Delta Kappa Epsilon, the most wide-spread fraternity in the East, whereas in the West it is Beta Pi Phi. Delta Upsilon is about equally strong in the East, the West and the South. But I fear these divisions will mean but little to the reader, so I will only say that Delta Upsilon has, in the last twenty-five years, gained more new chapters than any other fraternity. It has chapters in almost all the American colleges, as well as at Montreal and Toronto; it has clubs and associations in most of the important towns; it publishes, under the direction of its executive council, a quarterly review of more than a hundred pages, a statistical annual report, a decennial

catalogue, a collection of private songs, and a report of its annual congresses. At these assemblies, where veterans and new recruits gather together, are often found well-known people, such as Mr. David S. Jordan, President of Stanford University, or Mr. Charles E. Hughes, Governor of the State of New York. These eminent men are not sparing in their exhortations to their younger brethren, who seem disposed to pay great heed to them. The Bulletin of Delta Upsilon for September, 1907, publishes on the first page a few energetic lines in which Mr. Jordan declares that the fraternities can accomplish no good unless they are made up of workers and men of strong character; it is they, he says, who must promote, at college, that true democracy which consists in esteeming a man according to his works, and leaving aside—be he rich or poor—the mediocre and the coward. The little fraternity manual quotes as a motto these words pronounced by Governor Hughes at the New York banquet the ninth of March, 1907: “Happy the young man whose family and college relations bind him to a noble ideal, and whose old friendships urge him to show himself worthy of the talents he has received. This is a blessing that has been withheld from no member of Delta Upsilon. Therefore, may nothing cause us to lose the spirit of fraternity, may nothing destroy in us the bonds of Delta Upsilon.”

With so many elements of personal life and initiative, the Chicago students cannot fail to have their own press; and indeed, they edit and publish a paper, *The*

*Daily Maroon*, whose four bright and sprightly pages give an agreeable medley of scholastic information, humorous articles, advertisements, accounts of the courses, sporting news, plans for holiday trips, and serious descriptions of settlement or other social work. Is it necessary to state that in all the numbers which I consulted there was never an idea, never a suggestion, which might offend the strictest morality? My Chicago friends will even be surprised (to their honor be it said) to have any one remark on such a natural fact. During the summer term *The Daily Maroon* gives place to the *University of Chicago Weekly*, which corresponds to the other paper and is also edited by the students.

Both daily paper and weekly review are published by the University Press. This Press is an important undertaking and turns out no less than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of work yearly, and its total expenses far surpass this sum. But with the enormous number of reports, catalogues, bulletins, and programmes of various kinds, the University finds it greatly to its advantage to do its own printing. Nothing is lacking in the way of type, of Greek, Syriac, Arabic, Hebrew, and Ethiopian alphabets, and the special signs of mathematics and astronomy.

At the end of June, 1906, the University had published, apart from thirteen learned periodicals, three hundred and seventy-five volumes written by its professors, which, combined with what we have been describing, and considering that the institution is but



fifteen years old, gives good proof that it is not suffering from torpor.

Money can no more buy knowledge than it can buy happiness; but if it is true, as is generally conceded, that it can greatly contribute to happiness, how much more can it contribute to knowledge when, as here, it is generously, loyally, and without stint or conditions, applied toward the advancement of learning!

## CHAPTER VI

### VISITS TO PEORIA AND OMAHA

PEORIA FOR FOUR YEARS — THE ILLNESS OF MGR. SPALDING — HIS PHILOSOPHY OF PAIN — COUNTRY CLUB — ALL MY PLANS UPSET BY MR. PETRY — TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED MILES MORE — VAIN PROTESTS OF MY "SEMINARIST" — OMAHA, ONE OF THE "MEAT CITIES" — COMMERCE AND PROSPERITY — \$8,000,000,000 CROPS — CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY — A STAINED-GLASS SAINT IN A ROCKING CHAIR — SPRINGING UP OF CATHEDRALS.

PEORIA and Mgr. Spalding, "a little city and a great bishop," as I called them formerly, for which neither of them bore me any grudge, had left me with such pleasant souvenirs that I could not entertain the idea of not seeing them both again. Besides, my visit could easily be worked in with Chicago as my base, a mere matter of three hundred miles going and returning. How was it that, four years ago, I was so depressed at leaving this Illinois shore, and thought it so much too far from the banks of the Seine? It was easy formerly to count such distance an obstacle.

Peoria has continued to develop normally, increasing yearly by about a thirtieth the statistics of her popula-

tion, business, schools, and all exterior signs of life, and justifying more and more the good opinion of her friends. These love her so as she is, that they rather fear to see her grow too great, and they foresee with dread the time in the near future when gigantic canals will transform her into a way-station between Lake Michigan and Peru, Lake Huron and China, when one will go from Chicago to Yokohama and Shanghai *via* Illinois, the Mississippi, Panama, and the Pacific. Peoria a sea-port! What, La Salle and Marquette, would you have said of that when you were so cautiously sheltering your canoes among the rushes?

The little that remained to me to discover of the town, is obligingly pointed out to me by the newspapers which are always lying in wait for the foreign visitor; one of them says chaffingly:

"Just what the Abbé Klein will discover about Peoria during his present stay is problematical. He was here four years and wrote a very pleasant little description of the city in his book, 'In the Land of the Strenuous Life.'\* He will undoubtedly notice that life here is more strenuous than ever, owing to the increased number and speed of automobiles, the scarcity of hired girls, and the ever rising pile of magazines which must be read each month. Regarding Peoria the *abbé* will doubtless notice the newly risen flock of whiskey warehouses, indicating that the nation is thirstier than ever. He will notice that the owners of downtown real estate are still alive and holding on to their dilapidated shacks with all their pristine vigor. The parks and boulevards are finer, the churches are holding their own, the asphalt pavements are a little more furrowed and de-

\*Cf. "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," Chap. VIII, "A Little Town and a Great Bishop."

jected, Bob Clarke weighs possibly five pounds more, and the Peoria Public Library has passed the one-hundred-thousand mark, the one-hundred-thousandth volume being Abbé Klein's splendid book."\*

Vanity and laziness combined impel me to conclude the account of my observations on the town with the above quotation!

What, as will readily be believed, was far more agreeable than renewing my investigations of the town institutions, was running in a motor car all around the environs and revisiting the ever-growing parks which lie nearly hidden in the midst of semi-virgin forests; studying (or rather noting) the fertile country divided into fields of corn and wheat; gliding along the dusty roads beside the river, and passing by farmhouses, frightening, just as in France, peaceful flocks of chickens, which proves the falsity, caricaturists to the contrary, of the statement that the farmers use automobile horns to call their barnyard fowl at feeding time, and so have trained them to throw themselves under the wheels of passing cars, to the detriment of the owners' purses.

Motoring is the sport of the afternoon; the mornings are given to driving the Bishop in his carriage. Smitten three years ago with hemiplegia, he is no longer able to ride on horseback or to drive, and it is his devoted sister who takes him out driving each day. At first I

\*These lines from *The Peoria Herald Transcript* (July 30, 1907), were written by Mr. Geo. Fitch, the talented humorist, well known for his articles in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, "Seeing New York by Automobile," and "Seeing Boston by Automobile."

feel unworthy to replace her, but thanks to the great good sense of Kitty, the old hired mare, my fears soon evaporate, and at the end of the first hour even my feeling of responsibility does not prevent my talking quietly with my very good friend.

But it is especially in the evening, in the covered gallery that since his illness he has added to the little presbytery, that I enjoy talking with him of the great interests of the Church and of questions of eternity. I will not repeat his philosophy, a *résumé* of which is given elsewhere, nor the broad, simple, and confiding views he has formed of the designs of God and the future of the world; but I cannot refrain from saying how greatly suffering has added to the perfection of this great nature. Three years for such a Bishop without saying Mass or preaching the Word of God! Three years for such a thinker being hardly able to write or study!

In this tired body, the spirit, thanks be to God, has not remained captive, it has risen higher and higher in the regions of light and love; with no loss of strength, it has grown in gentleness; having ruled formerly by brilliancy and vigor, it now dominates by sweetness and tenderness. The Bishop extols the beauties of suffering, as St. Francis of Assisi sang the virtues of his lady Poverty:

“One should love pain,” said he, “as well as the other gifts of God, and as the best one. It is the greatest of teachers. We really learn only by experience. Joy is an experience too, but only a superficial one; it is suffering that reaches to the depths of one’s nature.”

"Yes, Father," I replied, "but tell me what, in especial, it has taught you, and what benefits you have derived from it."

"It seems to me this is its lesson," he replied. "The present world is great and beautiful to those who understand it rightly; but pain and suffering, by preventing us from delighting in it unreservedly, make us aspire after something better; and higher aspirations are the mainspring of life, development, and advancement."

"This something better, shall we attain to it?"

"We are going to God! What more can I say?"

I felt as though I were on a high mountain-peak beside a guide explaining the immense horizons, leading me to guess at glimpses beyond the boundary of vision into the Promised Land. Nor has Providence too severely treated one who has all his life confided in God. He is surrounded by affection and devotion. Not to speak of those at a distance, who live in his thoughts and pray with him, he has near him at Peoria, one of his sisters and his doctor brother, who see him each day; his faithful Auxiliary-Bishop, and all his clergy, who are so proud of him; and notably, in his house, this little house that sheds so pure a light on the world, the four priests who form the staff of the cathedral and the diocesan administration, and at their head the pastor and chancellor, a modest, active, and intelligent collaborator. Nor would I forget the young and devoted Canadian who is reader and secretary, nor Bridget, that model servant who has done thirty years



of perfect work, Bridget forever smiling and, what is still rarer in such a case, always retiring and shy. Happy man, who can make himself so admired of the great and so loved by the humble!

Admired and loved, I could see, by all the inhabitants of Peoria, Protestants as well as Catholics. The last evening of my stay I was invited to dine at the Country Club, which towers sheer above the Illinois at that most picturesque spot where the river, before entering the city, spreads out into a lake dotted with islands and shut in by wooded hills. Each of the two hundred members of the club enjoys, in this spacious and charming country house, all the privileges of ownership of this magnificent property, with neither too great an expenditure, nor much distance to travel. Here he can indulge in his favorite sports and pastimes, spend a few restful days, and entertain his friends. It is the country place within the means of every one, the country place minus its cares, its preoccupations, disillusion, and expenses. Judging by the family whose guests we are, and by the friends they invite to meet us, Peoria is not inferior in graciousness, culture, nor even elegance, to cities twenty times older than itself; and the squaws of Illinois have progressed somewhat since La Salle and his companions saw them threateningly brandish their tomahawks! I can even discuss the *cours* of the Sorbonne with my neighbor, who has conscientiously followed them. Professor at Smith College, Massachusetts, she undertakes to get together an audience of six hundred girls if I will give

a lecture there in French, and I accept the invitation. I derive a great deal of pleasure in seeing the members of this delightful social circle surrounding the Bishop with the same affectionate respect as was offered him by the nuns of the Good Shepherd and their wards, by the sick of the hospitals, and by the school children. The priest, and above all the bishop, should be all things to all men; with the poor fishers of Galilee or in the house of Bethany, Jesus was always the Christ.\*

Now I must return to Chicago for two days to say good-bye to my friends and make my plans and final arrangements. Now the real trip is to begin. So far, along the Atlantic coast and the shores of Lake Michigan, nothing was new to me; but now I am to penetrate beyond the bounds where I stopped four years ago and take the road for the West and the Pacific. But by what route? Alas, I had planned a charming and restful tour, to include St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, Colorado, Arizona, and California, returning *via* the Gulf of Mexico and New Orleans to New York, in short,

\*Mgr. Spalding handed in his resignation as Bishop of Peoria in 1908. At the touchingly insistent requests of his clergy, who had even petitioned Rome unanimously that he be continued in his charge, with an Administrator to assist him, he continues to reside in his episcopal city.

"The announcement of this resignation," says *The Catholic Times*, the great Catholic newspaper of England, "is received with lively regret by the Protestants as well as by the Catholics of the United States. Dr. Spalding is one of those who have earned for the Catholic Church in America the high esteem in which it is held by all classes of citizens, not excepting the President. . . . He has the gift of oratory, and few of his compatriots have done as much as he to raise the American working-classes to a recognition of their duty."

something to correspond with a tour to the *châteaux* of the Loire! But my plans are all upset! On my return from Peoria, I met, at the Paulists', Mr. Ambrose Petry, the business man of whom I have already spoken as one of the promoters of the Catholic Extension, and the giver of the chapel car, the Pullman with all the necessary arrangements for an itinerant church. Mr. Petry is kind enough to interest himself in my study of America, but it seems to him impossible to inquire into the future of the United States without visiting the Northwest. "Do you know Seattle?"

"No."

"Then you don't know America."

Seattle? I heard that name for the first time the year before at Chambéry, at the Chateau de Mont-Rond, pronounced by Baron de Mandat-Grancey, one of the most travelled and most observant men of the present day.

"Seattle is the city of to-day, or rather of to-morrow," said Mr. Petry. "It is activity personified, the paragon of progress; it is the gate to the Far East, it is the future of the Pacific. To treat of the United States without speaking of Seattle would be a good deal like playing 'Hamlet' without the Ghost."

He is so persuasive that I give in and promise to see Seattle. I shall work it out by beginning with Omaha and running up to St. Paul, an insignificant addition to the mileage. From St. Paul I shall have my choice of passing through Canada or *via* the Dakotas, Montana, and Idaho to Washington. From Seattle

it is only a two days' railway trip, through Oregon, or four days by sea, to San Francisco. Once in my room and sobered from the enthusiasm Mr. Petry had communicated to me, I work out how many miles have just been added to my itinerary, and it comes to about twenty-five hundred. At this number my seminarist naturally shies. "Who knows," he objects, "whether Seattle is not merely bluff after all? And any way, can't one learn all about the Northwest, and even talk about it very properly, without having crossed it? Jules Verne did not think it necessary to travel from the earth to the moon in order to write a most convincing account of the journey!" I take exception to the analogy, and peremptorily invite my timid self to keep quiet, to attend to my correspondence first, and to the packing of my valise afterwards. The terrible man from Detroit has decided my fate. Do you, O indolent readers, realize what is done for you when the task is conscientiously carried out? Compared with our nights and days and weeks of railroad-ing what, in truth, do you think of the trouble you are put to, to read in a half doze some twenty-five pages an hour?

Omaha, Nebraska, on the banks of the Missouri, lies about in the middle of this broad continent. Two years earlier, the Bishop of this city, on his way through Paris, had brought me a message from Archbishop Ireland, and we had spent a day together. When the time came for parting I promised to return his visit,

which amused him very much; and now the time had come to show him that Frenchmen keep their word.

Furthermore, Omaha deserves notice on its own account. Mr. de Rousiers, in his "*Vie Américaine*," speaks of it as the most important "meat city" after Chicago and Kansas City; as one of those outlets to which the railroads bring cattle, hogs, and sheep by thousands daily from the great grazing grounds of the West. To the immense corn-fields and prairies there must always be a corresponding number of stock yards, to receive the cattle brought by the trains, and packing houses where they are killed, cut up, cooked, packed, and finally shipped to all parts of America, if not of the world. Omaha ranks third in this industry: in 1879 it received 243,180 head of cattle; in 1906 it handled 6,101,318. And the packing industry is far from being Omaha's only resource. In the total of its commerce, which in 1906 exceeded four hundred millions, and which is furthered by the great railroads, especially the Union Pacific, which has given such an impetus to this part of the United States, account must be taken of its handling of corn and wheat, the railroad shops, the exchange of commodities with the West and Northwest, and the establishments for smelting and refining the ores of gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc, brought here, as to Denver, from the Rocky Mountains. This latter is a formidable work requiring great skill, the sight of which left me with most pleasing impressions, shown me as it was by the kind proprietors of the principal establishment. It is true that the auto-

mobile which had brought us to the blast-furnace bore us off at top speed after an hour's visit, to see the Country Club.

Omaha this year — 1907 — will have beaten all its records in spite of the panic of the last three months. Statistics estimate in round numbers, new buildings at \$4,500,000; manufactured products at \$218,704,000; and the corn crop, for the whole of Nebraska it is true, is estimated at \$72,985,140. Omaha has made \$3,800,000 worth of butter, which heads the list for the world (it ranks third as a corn market, fourth as an oat market, and sixth as a wheat market). Properties to the number of 7,165 and to the value of over eleven million dollars have been sold. The post-office has handled forty-eight million pieces of mail, paid or issued more than eight million dollars in postal orders, and sold stamps amounting to nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. Out of 615 alarms, there have been but ten fires, with an aggregate loss of five thousand dollars! Let us forget this ignominious number, and close our statistics as the newspapers do on the first of January, by giving the birth rate: 2,334, or an increase of 296 over the year 1906, and, which is of greater importance, an excess over deaths by about one thousand. Omaha, which is half a century old, numbers to-day 150,000 inhabitants; but this, I must say, without wishing to wound its legitimate pride, is about the normal growth for the large towns of the United States, although in the Old World it would be looked upon as prodigious.



But since we are in the capital of an eminently agricultural State, I will give the reader, once for all, an idea of what the land produces in the United States. Here is a summary of values, according to the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture, of the crops of 1907, which are \$79,000,000 in excess of those of 1906:

	Size	Value
Corn . . .	2,553,732,000 bushels	\$1,350,000,000
Wheat . . .	625,576,000 bushels	500,000,000
Oats . . .	741,521,000 bushels	360,000,000
Potatoes . . .	292,427,000 bushels	190,000,000
Barley . . .	147,192,000 bushels	115,000,000
Flaxseed . . .	25,420,000 bushels	26,000,000
Rye . . .	31,566,000 bushels	23,000,000
Rice . . .	21,412,000 bushels	19,500,000
Buckwheat . . .	13,911,000 bushels	10,000,000
Hay . . .	61,420,000 tons	660,000,000
Tobacco . . .	645,213,000 pounds	67,000,000
Hops . . .	48,330,000 pounds	2,000,000

Dairy farm products are estimated at \$800,000,000; cotton at \$650,000,000; poultry and eggs at \$600,000,000; animals slaughtered at \$1,270,000,000.

The grand total of farm products amounts to \$7,412,000,000 of which only one-seventh, or \$1,055,000,000 worth, is exported; but when one realizes that this last comparatively small amount is greater than the heavy indemnity levied on France after the Franco-Prussian War, one is enabled to understand how the United States was powerful enough to get the better so quickly of the panic in industrial and financial cir-

cles with which it was seized, as it is almost every ten years, at the end of 1907. The results of 1908 were still more brilliant than those I have quoted, and American agriculture reached the record sum of \$7,778,000,000.

Omaha is not, however, entirely preoccupied with its material riches, estimated at about four hundred million dollars. Like most other cities of the United States, it devotes a great deal of attention to education. It furnishes eleven colleges and sixty-seven schools, public or private, for the use of some thirty thousand scholars. As I was at Omaha in the midst of the holidays, at the beginning of August, I could not see the schools in working order, but favorable circumstances permitted me to gain some knowledge of the most important institution of the city, Creighton University, which is, like those of St. Louis and Georgetown near Washington, in the hands of the Jesuits. It was in the great hall of Creighton University that I gave a lecture gotten up by the Knights of Columbus under the presidency of the Bishop. The consequent intercourse with Father Dowling, rector of the University, and a talented publicist and educator, would have opened the way, had I had more time, to a thorough study of the institution. I was able, at least, to visit the installation of the various schools, and to conclude that the Catholic Faculties of France might, from this point of view, envy those of Nebraska. Science and letters, especially, occupy a regular palace surrounded

by gardens at the outskirts of the town; the law and medical schools (the latter completed by a large hospital), and the schools of pharmacy and dental surgery, occupy separate buildings in the business centre, and are equipped, as to libraries and laboratories, with the most perfect outfits.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of Creighton University, remarkable in many other ways as well, and especially for its maintenance of the standard of classical education, is the fact that so much of its tuition is free: students in the departments of letters and science pay no fees. As will be surmised, it would not be possible to do this, nor even to found so vast a Catholic institution in this part of the country, without exceptional generosity from some one. The real founders and sponsors of the University are Edward and John Creighton. Even in generous America, I know of no other Catholics who have done as much for education as these two brothers. I do not know the exact amount they have given, but it is evident that the founding and building of Creighton with all that it entails, has cost a respectable number of millions. Edward and John, sons of poor Irish parents, are among the number of self-made Americans who have enriched the country at the same time as themselves; they count among the eminent pioneers of the West. Ranching, trading, banking, building the first telegraph lines across the uninhabited plains lying between the East and California, in these ways they accumulated the fortune which they afterwards devoted in so large a

part to the education of their fellow citizens. Edward, the elder and perhaps the greater, at any rate the more simple, lived from 1820 to 1874; the second, John, lived until February, 1907. Though he had received his titles of Colonel, Knight of St. Gregory, and Roman Count, without having gone on any military service or crusade, he showed himself none the less well versed in the wholesale grocery business, and was one of those who started the first slaughterhouses of Omaha.

The palace of the Bishop of Omaha is less imposing than Creighton University, as in many dioceses the bishop lives in the residential quarter, while the offices are in the business centre. These occupy only three or four rooms in a big office building, and even these are shared with that excellent weekly journal, *The True Voice*. The Vicar General, Mgr. Colaneri, who lives with the Bishop, spends his days at the office. Having emigrated from Italy in his youth, he combines his native country's aptitude for ecclesiastical government with the activity, uprightness, and plain-dealing characteristic of American methods. The diocese is an important one; founded in 1885, it counts to-day 180 churches, of which 104 are parochial, and 115 secular and 13 regular priests. The Catholic population, according to the census of 1900, amounted to 65,175 and by now it must have reached the 80,000 mark. An interesting fact, and one which, thanks be to God, occurs in almost all dioceses to the great honor and advantage of the Catholics, is the considerable surplus of births

over deaths. The figures for 1907 are 3,006 baptisms to 1,517 funerals.

The episcopal residence is a small and neat frame villa in no way distinguished from its neighbors, situated on a road from which only a few feet of ground separate it; naturally, there is no enclosing wall, but only a pleasant lawn and a few trees. Simple, good, hardworking, and serious, Mgr. Scannell, with his ascetic face and his love of solitude, would recall our austere Bishops, Mgr. Dupont des Loges, Cardinal Perraud, or Cardinal Richard, if we could picture these venerable prelates in the American attitude, not hesitating to install themselves after lunch at their front door with a cigar in view of all the passers-by — in short, a stained glass saint in a rocking-chair. And every one finds all this quite natural,—and why, indeed, should they not?—even the squirrels, who come down from the trees to nibble at bread and nuts from the hand of the prelate. Is it that men and beasts become less savage in America than in the Old World?

How I appreciate, after the busy weeks of Chicago, these few days of restful hospitality! I do not succumb, however, to this *dolce far niente*, for the obliging Bishop kindly shows me, besides the University and the diocesan offices, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where I find nuns of great intelligence; the Society of the Good Shepherd, which, here as everywhere else, is the admiration of Protestants as well as Catholics; and many other charities; and finally the site where, in a few weeks, the corner stone of the new Cathedral

of Saint Cecilia will be laid. With its broad and harmonious proportions and its double towers nearly two hundred feet high, it will probably be the finest monument of the town.

“New cathedrals” is the most frequent subject of conversation between American Catholics, and it seems as if every State in the Union had at least one that has just been consecrated, that is being built, or for which it is taking subscriptions. Speaking from memory only, those of Richmond, Va.; Newark, N. J.; Covington, Ky.; Dallas, Texas; and Pittsburg, Pa., date from the last few years only. That of Seattle has just been completed, and those of St. Louis, Salt Lake City, Boisé in Idaho, and Helena in Montana, are in process of construction; while the corner stones have just been laid for those of Omaha and St. Paul. Whereas in other countries Catholics are powerless to keep up the Cathedrals built by their forefathers centuries ago, are even unable to keep possession of them, our American brothers are everywhere raising new ones, and those already built are enlarged by the warm rays of energy and liberty like flowers in April and May growing in a generous soil.



## CHAPTER VII

### ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

A CELEBRATED MAN WHO DOES NOT SUFFER BY BEING SEEN AT CLOSE RANGE — SIMPLICITY AND ACTIVITY — A PROSPEROUS CHURCH — FRENCH MISSIONARIES TO MINNESOTA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY — ORIGIN OF THE TOWN AND DIOCESE OF ST. PAUL — THE JUBILEE OF 1901: FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLICISM IN THE NORTHWEST — LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CATHEDRAL (1907): RELIGIOUS AND CIVIC FÊTES — MODEL SEPARATION — FREEDOM AND RELIGION NATURAL ALLIES — VISIT TO A SURVIVOR OF HEROIC TIMES — THE REAL SELF-MADE MAN.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, when I arrived at his “palace” on leaving Omaha, had just laid the corner stone of a cathedral at St. Paul, and he had already begun to collect funds to build another, or rather a procathedral, at Minneapolis.

Whatever may be the interest of the city of St. Paul, its universal reputation is due to its Archbishop; and it was especially the desire to see him at home in the midst of his work and surrounded by his fellow citizens, that led me to accept so heartily his invitation to visit him. I am not satisfied with having met him many times in

Europe, four years ago at Washington, and quite recently at Chicago. I desire—I dare acknowledge it, now that the test has been more than favorable,—I desire to prove that he is as great at close range as at a distance, as devoted to his own diocese as to the general welfare of Catholicism. So many celebrated men have, if I may say so, only a public value, and their fascination, like that of clouds, fades rapidly into a sort of gray fog when one approaches!

Mgr. Ireland is above all an archbishop, austere and laborious, developing magnificently the religious life all around him. As he requested me not to speak of him personally, but only of the history of his diocese, I may not describe his house and modest household, his extremely simple habits, and his strict and frugal life. I should, at least, have liked to picture him, in his soft hat, and worn overcoat, catching the tramway car that runs from the city to his little house on Portland Avenue, hanging to a strap because all the seats are occupied by ladies and workwomen. I should have enjoyed describing the simple and unthought-out fare served at his meals, and how, at the home of this resolute champion of temperance, even his guests must drink clear water. One evening, however, when he had invited people to dinner, I was astonished to see, in front of each plate, one large and one small glass; but the scandal was quashed at the roast, when a second water was served to us with the solemn announcement: “Apollinaris!” Who knows if, on feast days, goblets of soda *frappé* are not served also?

The Archbishop is none the worse for his abstemiousness; from five in the morning to ten at night he wrestles with hard work in spite of his seventy years, and he could not accomplish more if he were but thirty. With the aid of but a single secretary, he governs his diocese and administers vast interests; he regularly assembles his council and seeks its advice, but one can truthfully say that he carries out everything himself.

Nor is his work a simple routine. New parishes and new charities are constantly being added to those already in existence; and the two churches, cathedral of St. Paul and procathedral of Minneapolis, will amount perhaps to the trifling sum of six million dollars! On the plateau separating these two cities, he founded in 1885 a college that numbers 550 students; ten years ago he started an admirable seminary where 150 students receive instruction from fifteen priests, trained in the universities of Europe; and in 1906 he founded an academy for young girls. It would be fair to date his activity from 1875, when he was named coadjutor; but let us only go back to the year 1884, when he became Archbishop: the diocese at that time counted 153 priests, of whom 126 were secular; in 1907 it counted 284, of which number 245 were secular. If the number of active priests is the best sign of religious vitality, what shall we think of a diocese in which the number has doubled in twenty-five years?

This development is but the normal continuation of a relatively ancient apostleship. We shall be pardoned, I trust, for outlining the history of Minnesota:

it redounds so greatly to the glory of France, who comes forth once more as the great evangelizer; it sets forth so clearly the development of Catholicism in North America, by showing what it was formerly and what it is to-day. For once, it is from America of yesterday that we must seek the secrets of America of to-morrow: an inference all the more permissible, all the more incontestable, in that the evangelical tree is planted there in all its strength, nor has the sap of vitality ever flowed more vigorously than now.

We shall not linger over the beginnings, only stopping to recall the interesting date the twenty-ninth of February, 1680, when our great pioneer, Cavalier de La Salle, sent out from Fort Crèvecoeur, near the present site of Peoria, the good Franciscan monk, Father Louis Hennepin, to explore with two companions the vague regions of the North. In their fragile canoe, the three Frenchmen descended the Illinois as far as its confluence with the Mississippi; then ascended the larger river, without other commissariat than luck of hunting and fishing, being always at the mercy of inclement weather, wild beasts, and the tomahawk of the Indian. Pushing on, they knew not whither, they encountered, on the eleventh of April, a hundred and twenty Redskins fully armed and hideous in their war-paint, who threw themselves upon them with blood-curdling death-whoops. Having quite uselessly presented the calumet of peace, the missionary hastened to show and offer to

the chiefs the presents he had brought with him. The glass trinkets caught their eye, and still more an axe which Father Hennepin put to his neck to show the use to which it could be put; this gesture of confidence and courage won the Indians. Guessing by their signs that they were on the warpath in search of a hostile tribe, the Miamis, Father Hennepin showed, by drawings on the sand, that they had sought shelter on the other side of the river. Thenceforth, treated as much like a friend as a captive, he continued on his way with the Redskins, and, toward the end of April, reached the present site of St. Paul. The strange flotilla went no further; after hiding their barque in the rushes, and breaking up the canoe of the three white men, the Indians led the latter to Dakota. Hennepin spent his time there learning the language of the country; but his missionary efforts accomplished nothing more than the baptism of a single sickly child, who died at the end of a few days, first-fruits of a plentiful, but still remote, harvest.

When summer came, bringing buffalo-hunting in its train, our Indians returned to the great river, and, with their prisoners, descended the stream to those beautiful falls which to-day are the fortune of Minneapolis, and which Hennepin named the Falls of St. Anthony. Let free to regain Cavalier de La Salle if possible, or some other group of compatriots, the missionary finally returned in the spring to Montreal, and in the autumn to France. There, in 1683, he published his famous book "Description of Louisiana," from notes which it

cost him somewhat more to collect than those which I am using here cost me!

Until the loss of Canada, whose fortune it followed, Minnesota, with the neighboring country, saw occasionally, through the first half of the eighteenth century, a few Frenchmen, soldiers, priests, or traders. We had no settlement in the least permanent until we came to Fort Beauharnais, near Lake Pepin, where a first chapel was built in 1727. This, like almost all traces of Catholicism, disappeared with our dominion. In spite of the praiseworthy efforts of lonely missionaries scattered among the Indians of Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi, the real establishment of Christian civilization in this country can be referred to the foundation (1820) of Pembina on the Canadian frontier, and especially of Fort Snelling on the Mississippi, five miles from the St. Paul of to-day. Attracted by the richness of the soil and by the protection against the Indians afforded them by the fort, several hundred settlers established themselves between 1826 and 1837 in these parts, to which they rather confusedly gave the names of Mendota and St. Peter. About half of these people were Catholics, and there were one hundred and eighty-five faithful who, in the Summer of 1839, received the pastoral visit of Mgr. Loras, a Frenchman and Bishop of the newly created diocese of Dubuque. The following year he sent a priest, Father Galtier, who settled at first at Mendota, but who may be regarded as the real founder of St. Paul; for it was he who, after long months of searching, chose the pres-



ent site, where, at that time, there were but a few cabins, the earliest of which, that of the Canadian Par-rant, was but two or three years old. At the beginning of October, 1841, on some ground given him by two farmers, B. Gervais and Vital Guérin, he put together a few tree-trunks, and on the first of November he inaugurated the Cathedral, as one can fancy it. It cost no less than seventy-five dollars. He dedicated it to the Apostle of the Nations; and having, shortly afterwards, to marry one Vital Guérin, he declared him in the bans and in the certificate as "residing at St. Paul." The future capital of the future State of Minnesota received then and there a glorious and sonorous name, which brought good luck to it. Close by the church and Gervais's farm a grocery was opened, and this decided the Mississippi boats to make a landing there. Settlers gathered; in 1854 they numbered 3,000, and St. Paul received its city charter. It has now more than 200,000 inhabitants.

Father Galtier, whose nearest colleague lived at Pembina, three hundred and eighty miles to the north, received some interesting visits nevertheless: in 1840, that of Mgr. de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy\*; in

\*Mgr. de Forbin-Janson landed at New York in October, 1839, and visited nearly every part of North America that was then inhabited. He went from New York down to New Orleans and up to Baltimore, where he assisted at the Fourth Council; then on to Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, and up the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony. He visited the Western Indians, went on to Quebec and Montreal, returned to New York and started once more for Canada. Everywhere he preached in favor of stations and retreats, being even more of an apostle and missionary than an explorer. He did not return to France until June 26, 1842.

1842, that of Mgr. Loras, who was making his confirmation tour in the Northwest. In 1844 he gave up the missions of Mendota and St. Paul to Father Augustin Ravoux, who had already for several years been preaching to the Sioux, and who lived on until 1906, venerated by every one as a hero of apostolic times, resting, in some sort, under the abundant shade of the tree he had planted. In spite of his preference for the Indians, into whose language he translated hymns, prayers, and the catechism, he foresaw, and prepared for, the Catholic immigrants of the white race; the land he acquired so cheaply in those days has been of the greatest service since.

During the year 1849, Father Ravoux was still (together with Father Joseph Bellecourt, rector of Pembina) the only priest of what was to become the diocese and, later on, the province of St. Paul. The group of faithful that each one gathered around him numbered no more than five hundred; yet by a bold stroke of wise foresight the Church without hesitation, gave a special bishop to these thousand Catholics, at about the same time that Congress, no less confident of the future, made Minnesota, with its four or five thousand inhabitants into a Territory. All this took place in the very middle of the nineteenth century. The raising of St. Paul to the dignity of an Episcopal See was requested at the Council of Baltimore in May, 1849, and granted by Rome the nineteenth of July, 1850. Four days later, a French missionary, Joseph Crétin, was named titular and consecrated Bishop a few months later,

January 31, 1851, at Belley, the diocese in which he lived. Formerly *curé* at Ferney, where he had brought himself into notice by his zeal and talents, he had, in 1838, at the call of Mgr. Loras, his former professor, left the famous village of Voltaire to come out to convert the Indians of Iowa. He became heartily attached to his new country, and when he arrived at St. Paul during the early days of July, 1851, *The St. Paul Democrat* (towns in the United States have a newspaper before they have a baker) could welcome in him "not only a fine man of great education, but a real American." He brought five priests with him from France; and he found three on his arrival, the two we have already named, and Lacombe, who had recently joined the rector of Pembina. These constituted the entire clergy who solemnly received him in his seventy-five-dollar cathedral. His jurisdiction extended over immeasurable territory, but almost uninhabited, where there were as yet no parishes but those of Pembina and St. Paul. At the time of his death, in 1857, the diocese counted twenty-nine churches with regular services, thirty-five chapels with intermittent services, twenty priests, five convents, a Benedictine monastery, a house of teaching friars, a hospital, several parish schools, and a grand total of fifty thousand Catholics. A fine accomplishment for six years!

The work so well begun by him grew steadily. It was worthily continued by his successor, an American, Bishop Thomas L. Grace, who, after long and fertile work, chose Mgr. Ireland as coadjutor in 1875, and

in 1884 left him his see. When the primitive diocese of St. Paul celebrated its jubilee, in 1901, it could pride itself on having become, since 1888, a metropolitan see, with five suffragans, and on counting six hundred priests in its province, with 400,000 Catholics and a proportionate number of churches, convents, hospitals, and schools. The archiepiscopal city alone had twenty-three churches.

Such a jubilee well deserved being celebrated. It was but right to render thanks to God, who had caused the zeal of his apostles to bear fruit, and to glorify the names of the first missionaries while some were still surviving.\* It was but right also to render homage, without distinction of creed, to the intelligent activity of all those who had broken the ground where the Gospel was reaping such rich harvest, and to the broadmindedness of customs, institutions, and the Government which, far from impeding the progress of the Church, had always favored it as an essential element of the common development. Archbishop Ireland fulfilled each of these duties by organizing religious services at the seminary and cathedral, and civil ceremonies in the streets and public halls, in which the early recollections of Minnesota and the names of her pioneers were remembered and honored in suitable terms.

At the jubilee Mass, celebrated in the seminary grounds under the giant trees overlooking the course of the Mississippi just above the Falls of St. Anthony, which were discovered and named by Father Henne-

\*Fathers Oster, Goiffon, Robert, Buh, and Mgr. Ravoux.

pin in the seventeenth century, the Archbishop himself made an address, in the presence of ten prelates and four or five hundred priests, on "Fifty Years of Catholicism in the Northwest," an address that will undoubtedly stand as a monument of history as well as of eloquence. It would be very desirable to have it translated into French, were it only on account of the homage it pays to the explorers and missionaries of France:

"Ah, those priests of the diocese of St. Paul, above all those of the early days, those who founded it! We are proud to glorify their names. Almost all the first ones were sons of *la belle France*, and most of the first Catholics of Minnesota spoke French. Mgr. Crétin, a Frenchman, brought his clergy over from France: France is the country of missionaries."

Archbishop Ireland himself, is he not in a way also a "son of *la belle France*"?

The first bishop of St. Paul picked him out while still a child to send him to study with us for eight years, and he became so imbued with our national culture that he won the rhetoric prize for a French discourse.

Another child, Thomas O'Gorman, left St. Paul at the same time to study for the priesthood in the diocese of Belley, and this one became, in 1896, Bishop of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He it was who made the address at the afternoon ceremony, when the corner stone of the seminary chapel was laid. We quote from his discourse this wonderful historical summary:

"Wonderful men were the pioneer bishops of the Church in the Northwest, full of faith and hope in God, full of confidence

in the future destiny of their field of labor, broad in view, tireless in energy. Loras comes to a diocese, comprising Iowa, Minnesota, and half of the Dakotas, and finds no priest, no church, a mere handful of Catholics. Quater takes possession of the State of Illinois as his diocese, and there is no priest left there under his jurisdiction. To Henin are assigned Wisconsin and so much of Minnesota as lies east of the Mississippi, and in this territory he finds but six priests. Crétin is appointed to a diocese comprising Minnesota and half of the Dakotas, and what finds he? A few small Catholic settlements in Mendota, St. Anthony, and Stillwater; a somewhat larger congregation in St. Paul, his see-city, and at that time a village; and one priest, lonely sentinel of Rome between the Mississippi and the Missouri,—the Iowa line south and the British line north,—one priest whose form laden with years and apostolic labors stands to-day among us to tell of the trials and hardships of pioneer days, to tell with the eloquence of a living object-lesson of the glories and triumphs of the present day. In the person of Augustine Ravoux we salute the patriarch of this province which was once his parish. He sowed the acorn of this wide-spreading oak, he rocked the cradle of this mighty giant. Let the honors of this celebration be the crown we bind about his venerable brow.

“It is sixty-two years since Loras, the first of these Northwestern bishops I have named, arrived in Dubuque; it is fifty years since Crétin, the last of them, came to St. Paul. Look at the Church as she is to-day in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas; count the bishops and priests and faithful, and tell me, is there anything like this growth in the twenty centuries of the Church’s existence? I know nothing like it, I know not of its equal in the past.”

Willingly would I dwell on the civil part of these festivals, on all the meetings and parades; willingly would I recall the speech of that ancient pioneer of St. Paul, Auguste Larpenieur, who arrived in 1843, at the



time when Minnesota boasted of about a hundred settlers:

"I remember well the day, Monseigneur, it was in 1853, when you and your comrade, little O'Gorman, stopped with your parents behind my shop on Third and Jackson Streets to take the boat to France, where you were to study. You were lost to us for eight years: you came back to us, but you were no longer the boys I had seen running down to the boat. You had fulfilled the hopes of that excellent man who had sent you to the Old World."

But the time has come to describe a more recent and more instructive celebration, which will especially set forth a fresh example of the excellent relations which can exist in a free country between loyally separated Church and State.

When I arrived at St. Paul, in the beginning of August, 1907, every one I met condoled with me for having missed the laying of the corner stone of the cathedral on the second of June. An event which is still discussed two months afterwards must be, in America, something really out of the ordinary; and indeed *The Pioneer Press*, one of the most important newspapers of that part of the country, states that "no more impressive event has marked the history of the Northwest; neither has any event been fraught with greater significance, both religious and civic." *The St. Paul Dispatch* sees in it "the most notable religious demonstration in the history of the Northwest"; and *The St. Paul Daily News* places this demonstration above all those that may have been caused by "no matter what

enterprise, political or private, local or national." For once I do not think the press has exaggerated.

From early morning a festive air pervaded the city. All the streets through which the parade was to pass were decorated with the American and Pontifical colors; and the station, to welcome the sixty thousand visitors who would be attracted by the ceremony, had draped the same yellow and white flags with the Star Spangled Banner. American flags and flags of the Pope mingled likewise on the platform raised on the site of the future cathedral, at the corner of Selby, Summit, and Dayton Avenues, to greet the noted visitors. The clergy, composed of three hundred fifty priests, who had gathered at the Seminary of St. Joseph and from there had gone to the splendid residence of Mr. Hill\* to call for the five archbishops and twenty-three bishops (in a word, almost the entire episcopacy of the West), took their stand on the platform at two o'clock. Noticeable among the laymen in the first row were the Governor of Minnesota, John A. Johnson, Senator Moses E. Clapp, the Mayor of the city, Robert A. Smith, judges and other functionaries, a Rabbi and many Protestant clergymen, all the prominent men of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the architect of the cathedral, a Frenchman, Monsieur Masqueray.

\*Mr. Hill, although a Protestant, has done a great deal for the diocese of St. Paul. To him is due in great measure the seminary, for which he has given several hundred thousand dollars. His wife and children are fervent Catholics. He is known as one of the railroad kings, and no one has done as much as he for the development of the Northwest. (Cf. Chap. X.)

It was past this notable assembly that marched, during an hour and a half, in perfect order, the representatives of all the parishes and all the Catholic societies of the diocese, forming an army of no less than 30,000 men. A squad of mounted police led the way and forced an opening through the crowd. Each division in passing the reviewing stand dipped its flag or banner before the Archbishop and his guests, who applauded roundly. The greatest triumph was accorded to the Old Guard, composed of nine citizens who had assisted at the birth of the town, and who had already seen three temporary cathedrals succeed one another; the first of wood, the second of brick, and the third of stone, awaiting the fourth and permanent one, whose foundations were being laid. These veterans were escorted in carriages to the reviewing stand where they were assigned a reserved portion, whence they might witness the triumphal procession. Other divisions that were enthusiastically received were that composed of the survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic, who had fought in the Civil War with John Ireland, Chaplain of the Minnesota Volunteers; that of the St. Thomas College cadets, who receive in that diocesan establishment an officially recognized military education; that of the Knights of Columbus, marching in the form of a cross; and several thousand members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians following the green flag of the Emerald Isle; several national groups, French, Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Poles, and Syrians, all devoted to America yet faithful to their

fatherlands, symbolizing by the very difference of their language, their customs, their emblems, and their flags, the universal character of the Church whose sons they are.

In order not to prolong the ceremony beyond measure, the benediction and the laying of the corner stone took place during the parade. While the seminary choir chanted the Psalms and the *Veni Creator*, the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick, Bishop of Duluth, as Dean of the Episcopacy, pronounced the sacred words; Archbishop Ireland spread the mortar for the corner stone; and the other bishops and orators of the day in turn tapped the stone with a silver mallet, after which the Archbishop took up his position in the speakers' stand, greeted with prolonged applause. As soon as the cheering died away, he read two telegrams that called forth renewed acclamations; one was from Rome and the other from Washington.

The first read:

"The Holy Father greets, with the brightest omens and the most favorable wishes, the corner stone of the new Cathedral-temple; and congratulating you from the fulness of his heart, on the work you have begun, he most lovingly imparts, to yourself and to your faithful flock, the apostolic blessing.

"CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL."

and the second:

"WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, June 1.

"ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, St. Paul:

"In this fortunate country of ours liberty and religion are natural allies, and go forward hand in hand. I congratulate

all those gathered to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new cathedral of St. Paul. I congratulate those who are to worship therein, and I congratulate especially you personally.

“THEODORE ROOSEVELT,  
“President of the United States.”

Archbishop Ireland, with an eloquence and emotion worthy of the day, perhaps the most brilliant of his long career, recalled at first the humble beginnings of St. Paul and compared them with the present splendor; then, in a still more striking contrast, he brought the changes, material and moral, that, since the pioneer days, had altered the face of all things, into comparison with the superb immutability of the Christian faith, and the eternity of the religion of God. Starting with this idea, he protested, in the name of the great religious people of the United States, against the impious swaggering of those who dare to boast of having closed the heavens, darkened the lighted skies, and concentrated on the earth and material happiness all the aspirations of humanity. He showed what would become of the world apart from faith in God, the desolate sadness of an aimless life, the insufficiency of a foundationless moral code, the inevitable and triumphant revolt of the passions against law and an authority with no support other than physical force. The temple about to be built was to be an attestation of this necessary faith, and at the same time the faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, vainly contested by the so-called higher criticism. The new cathedral would be the house of God, the house of Christ, God made man, where the precepts

of His Gospel would be proclaimed, and the blessings of His redemption applied to needy souls. It would also be the house of the city, of the inhabitants of St. Paul, toward which they could turn in the hours of fatigue, of discouragement, and of temptation, to understand that man cannot live by bread alone; that above this mortal life is offered a more beautiful and a more lasting one, for which it is well worth while to suffer and to struggle against evil.

The Archbishop, in closing, showed the need of America for religion and of religion for America:

“So I speak to the city of St. Paul,—and so I speak to the whole land, to America.

“America, religion needs thee; it needs the sweet liberty which thy flag betokens, the protection that it never refuses to the divine spirit within us, which is conscience, and to the outer exercise of the rights born of that spirit. Founded upon American soil, the Cathedral, confidently and hopefully, uplifts walls and dome, secure that no persecuting edict will wrest it from its sacred purposes, that no sacrilegious hand will loosen one single stone from its appointed place.

“Where to-day is the land, in which the rights of religion are more safely guarded, in which more precious liberties of word and of work are within its possession? Children of the Catholic Church thank America, and call yourselves blessed that you are the citizens thereof. All that the Church needs, all that she asks, she possesses in America—the right to live a life unstunted, and unimpaired; the right to work out unshackled and unimpeded the mission with which Christ has endowed it. Its power of growth is from within; it requires no propping from secular arm; its strength is its own, allow it the freedom of the breezes of the skies, and all is well with it. This



freedom is America's gift to religion; this freedom is America's own honor and glory.

"America, in its turn needs religion; it needs good and virtuous men and women, loyal and trustworthy citizens. Hence we feel that in building this Cathedral we are serving America, we are guarding and fostering good morals, the spiritual power, which far more than armies and navies, far more than courts of justice and legislative halls, holds its people in obedience to the law; we are fostering the life of the soul, which far more than mines and harvests, build up a great and lasting nation; we are lighting the fires of holy patriotism, which is never so holy, never so potent, as when it draws inspiration from the very throne of the Most High.

"America, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, thy name shall be honored and loved; there prayer shall go upward for thy life and thy glory. Cathedral of St. Paul, rise confidently and hopefully to the skies; America guards and protects thee."

After the address of Archbishop Ireland, the civic part of the celebration began, according to the pleasant custom of the country. The Archbishop called on a layman, Judge E. W. Bazille, to speak, and it was he who, acting during the rest of the ceremonies as president, introduced the other speakers: the Mayor, who spoke in the name of the city; the Governor, in the name of Minnesota; and a Senator, in the name of the United States. To appreciate the intervention and the speeches of these various representatives of public power, it should be remembered that they are all elected by the people—Governor and Judge as well as Senator and Mayor,—so there can be no doubt that they gave expression to the common public opinion.

The Judge recalled the modest beginnings of St. Paul, and turned to Madame Guérin, standing near him on the platform, saluting her as the widow of Vital Guérin, one of the donors of the ground on which stood the first chapel. He recounted the progress of the last sixty years, and closed with this homage to the Archbishop's zeal:

"This building is being erected through the efforts of His Grace John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, of whom we are so justly proud, and for whom all have the most profound respect. Coming here from Ireland at the age of eleven years, and having resided in this city for over half a century, he has attained great distinction as a citizen and a prelate, and is known the world over, ranking among the foremost men of the day; at the time of this country's greatest need he volunteered and received a commission as chaplain in the army. It was he who organized the Catholic Total Abstinence Society over thirty-eight years ago, and of which the benefits shall never cease. Ordained as a priest in St. Paul by the late Bishop Grace on December 21, 1861, fourteen years later he was consecrated Bishop, and later, Archbishop; and we trust that the time is not far distant when we shall have the pleasure of greeting him as cardinal."

It is incredible what an influence the Roman purple has over the imagination of Americans. The same wish closed the excellent speech of the Mayor of St. Paul:

"I have lived in the Territory and State of Minnesota for over a half-century, and I am familiar with the growth of the Catholic Church from its small membership to its present magnificent proportions. I knew the early bishops of the diocese and many of the priests, and the many troubles, financial and

otherwise, which they had to overcome, and we can only trust that they are now receiving their reward for the many and noble sacrifices they made.

“Better than all, I have known the present Archbishop, and, as we are dealing with the present time, I deem the occasion a fitting one to express the high appreciation of the people of St. Paul and the Northwest, in fact of the people of the entire country, for this distinguished prelate. He is everywhere admired for his great ability; for his generous toleration of those who differ with him in opinion; for his patriotism, his love of the institutions of this country and his noble defence of them at all the times when needed—all of which have come to be recognized as peculiarly characteristic of the man.

“We trust that Archbishop Ireland’s beneficent life may be prolonged to receive even higher honors in the church, and to officiate for many years to come at the altar of this great Cathedral, which will stand for centuries as a monument to his genius, to his love of his church and his devotion to the doctrines of the Church, which he has so long and so faithfully advocated.”

Governor Johnson, the next speaker, was greatly applauded when he arose, as well as many times in the midst of his speech. He was very popular in Minnesota, even with people of the most opposite political views, and was becoming so in the country at large to such an extent that many looked upon him as a future President of the United States. I had the honor of being presented to him at the Capitol of St. Paul, and I may say that no one in the United States impressed me as having a clearer and broader intelligence or a more vigorous and self-restrained will-power. Being unable to quote his speech in full, as he naturally spoke again of the recollections we have already mentioned,

let us say, at least that he began by associating with the joy of this great Catholic celebration "the people of the great commonwealth of Minnesota, irrespective of conditions or church affiliations," and that he made a point of recalling how much the country owed to the first missionaries, and especially to the nuns. This part of his discourse with what follows, should be quoted in full:

"As long ago as 1727, fifty years before the declaration of our national independence was signed, two priests of the Roman Catholic Church founded a mission where now is Villa-Marie convent at Frontenac in this State. In October, 1841, the Reverend Father Galtier erected the first Christian house of worship in a settlement destined to become the capital city of St. Paul, and in 1839, St. Peter's mission, now Mendota, was established.

"Closely following the pioneer priests came the Sisters of Charity, those dark-robed angels of peace, who are ever found where there is need of the tenderness and piety of women. They were indeed harbingers of education, and to them in no small measure is due the credit for the education of many of the fathers and mothers of the present generation. Working with inspired zeal, the early priests and sisters of our commonwealth did much to insure the permanency of the foundations of our civilization and our citizenship, and to-day Minnesota numbers among her sons perhaps the most distinguished Catholic prelate in the United States, whose life's work finds its expression in this great and wonderful memorial.

"When we contemplate that Minnesota is still less than fifty years old, and when we realize that on this spot is to be erected one of the greatest sanctuaries of the world, we are forcibly reminded that in this section of our great country progress has indeed been swift, and that the Americans of our

generation are making their contribution to the progress of the time and the civilization of the period. Minnesota has just cause to be proud of her great material resources. She has much occasion for pride in the record made by her sons upon the battlefields of the Civil War. She finds greater cause for exultation, however, in the fact that in our educational progress she leads all her sister States; and when this structure shall finally rear her proud spires and dome heavenward, and shall shed a radiance over the great Father of Waters, it will ever remind us and the countless generations which are to come that there are some things which are eternal and do not fade away, and that among these are the religious institutions which have contributed so much to the uplift of humanity."

Decidedly the Republic of the United States is quite foreign to the conceptions that, for the time being, dominate our Republic, and the ideals of the Minister Viviani are not on the point of crossing the Atlantic, as will be still further proved by the declarations of Senator Clapp, who spoke after the Governor, and in the name of the nation:

"While the Inspired Word gave man his first clear, definite idea of Deity, it was not until Christ came that man had a clear view of his relation to God. . . . His simple teaching touched the heart of man as it had never been touched before. God's love for man, man's duty to God, involving man's duty to man; man's fellowship with man, formed the basis of Christ's teaching, while sacrifice was its inspiration.

"As it was the vivifying spirit of Christianity which awakened man to that recognition of his rights which found fruition in free government, so it is the spirit of Christianity which must keep alive that sense of duty which in the function of citizenship we call patriotism, but which in its last analysis

is man's recognition of his obligation to his fellow, which is essential to the welfare and permanency of free government itself.

"View the subject, then, as we may, morals, ideals, sense of duty, and willingness to serve mankind — the essentials of citizenship, historically and presently — have been and are inseparably interwoven with the Christian religion. Thus related to the development of the highest in citizenship, we cannot overestimate its influence over the character of our people and the spirit of our institutions. It is thus fortunate indeed that as a nation the great truths of Christianity are ever deepening their hold upon the hearts of our people."

The series of speeches was terminated by an exceedingly poetic and vibrant address by Judge William Kelly. Unfortunately, in spite of its excellence we can quote only the last words:

"Speaking for the Catholic laity of this archdiocese, I would say: To you, priests of the ancient faith, our obedience; to the teaching Church unmeasured love! To you, Senator, representative of the United States, our best services in times of peace, our best blood should war assail. To you, Governor of Minnesota, and Mayor of St. Paul,—may God bless the land and keep the city where liberty lives and is safeguarded by the law. To you, fellow citizens all, Catholic and non-Catholic, peace and good will!"

The celebration closed with these words of good omen. The State militia gave a salute of twenty-one guns to which all the church bells of the city responded, while the *cortège* of twenty-eight bishops re-formed, and the seminarists chanted the *Te Deum*, accompanied by hundreds of priests and thousands of believers; a worthy climax to a celebration at once religious and



patriotic, in which the Church and the civic power, though separate and independent, each in its own field, had joined to render homage to the Supreme Master, to honor their great men, and to declare their devotion to the Gospel of Christ and to the national institutions.

That the marvellous progress, celebrated in these jubilee festivities and the speeches just quoted, could have been accomplished in the lifetime of a man, and that only sixty years ago these fertile lands of Minnesota were wildernesses where Indians wandered, was something I should have had great difficulty in believing, in spite of everything, but for a happy circumstance that brought before my eyes a living demonstration of it.

I had preached on Sunday morning at the French Canadian church of St. Louis, where our Marist Fathers officiate, and the new parish priest, Father Remy, had invited me to lunch with Mr. Masqueray, the architect, Mr. Willaume, an American manufacturer born in the Ardennes, and Judge Kelly. The latter having placed his motor at my service for the afternoon, it was arranged that I should be driven before vespers to Como Park, one of the most beautiful in America, and after vespers to Mendota itself, where the first of all the Minnesota missions had started. The way there was certainly most agreeable and picturesque along the varying banks of the Mississippi in the gay and pleasant company of the magistrates, the priest, and the manufacturer, but all other recollections of that day

fade before the venerable and original figure whom I am about to introduce to the reader.

At Mendota survives, or rather lives, and very briskly at that, Father Joseph Goiffon, who came to this same mission on the seventh of November, 1857, when it still extended as far as Fort Garry, the starting point of Winnipeg, four hundred and ninety six miles to the north. Of the ninety-three winters he had already lived when I met him, there was unfortunately one, that of 1858 which had left a most painful impression: he lost at that time no less than his right leg and his left foot; but his health is unimpaired, and in the half century since then he has become quite accustomed to his loss. During thirty years he was, in spite of it, parish priest of Little Canada, six miles from St. Paul, and since his retirement to Mendota he officiates as active vicar to Mgr. Oster, another missionary of the heroic times. The latter being absent to-day, Father Goiffon has energetically intoned two High Masses. In truth he appears stronger than I, and with his cassock to help the illusion, as he hobbles on his cane he looks, at most, as though he was suffering with gout. Nothing would be farther from the truth, for his left foot and his right leg are of strong, if not elegant constitution, and made entirely by himself. In vain the Archbishop has offered to buy some in the latest style for him; in vain Mr. Willaume has offered to manufacture them according to his own ideas; always he refuses, preferring, perhaps, to remain a true type of the *self-made man*.

Father Goiffon has but one fault, but that a very serious one to travellers in search of memories. When he has been persuaded, not without some trouble, to tell his story before me, and I take out my pencil to jot down a few notes, he stops short and refuses absolutely to go on, so that I am obliged to write haphazard on my knee, keeping my eyes on him, all the time, that he may not suspect me. So here is what I can make out of my hieroglyphics, after suppressing a few repetitions and bringing it a little into order, but preserving as far as possible his exact expressions:

" Father Ravoux wrote me to go to see him at the end of the winter (he was administrator of the new diocese of St. Paul, between the episcopacy of Bishop Crétin and that of Bishop Grace). I replied that we had received notice from all the Sioux tribes that we should meet them on the great prairie as there was to be war with the Chippewas, so I did not start until the middle of October for Fort Garry and to visit some Indian missions on the way. We were four or five men, with a good tent carried on a cart. As we passed within thirty miles of St. Joseph just before All Saints Day I wanted to go there to hold Mass, but the others would not follow me because there was a blizzard. So I started alone on horseback, thinking they would follow. For the first two days all went well; I slept in the woods; but I wanted to take a short cut across the prairie, and I lost my way. The blizzard grew so violent that I could no longer make headway against it. I wrapped myself in my buffalo skin and huddled close to the horse, my head on my saddle, and went to sleep. Once, I waked up and found myself covered with snow, and then I fell asleep again. When I woke up, my horse was dead; I tried to move and could not, and fell asleep again. I don't know just how long

it lasted; I slept all the time and did not suffer, I did not know I was frozen. Once I tried to take a pencil to note the Masses I had promised, that some other priest might celebrate them in my stead; but I failed and fell asleep again, and the next day I woke up, very much surprised not to be dead.

"Then I prayed to God, 'I do not want to die here,' for such and such reasons, and I promised ten Masses. Then, to my guardian angel I said: 'Go and get someone for to-morrow.' At last I dragged myself to my horse, and with my knife I cut away the skin under the shoulder, and ate a good piece. Then I went to sleep again for nearly the whole night. About eight o'clock in the morning I looked to see whether my guardian angel had accomplished his task, and I saw a young man on the prairie. When I called him, he ran away, thinking it was a wolf, but I called out my name, and he came back with another man. They were two of my companions. They rolled me up in a blanket and sent me to Pembina, and then in a carriage to Fort Garry. Still I did not suffer at all.

"What was so painful was the thawing out. At the end of eighteen days my feet began to split, and then I suffered horribly. The Mission\* sent to get me. At the hospital, they cut off my leg. I did not expect that; I had thought I was saved, and they cut off my leg! They cut off only one, anyway, because they found me too weak.

"I was put up in the house of Monseigneur. At the end of nine days, an artery burst and I lost a great deal of blood. They were so sure I was done for, that the carpenter began my coffin, and the good sister had some candles made for my funeral. Suddenly, the tallow jumped out into the stove and set fire to the place; in an hour the Bishop's house and the cathedral, which were of wood, were burned up. I was in the little room and I heard the cry of 'Fire!' and I saw the smoke. Somebody cried, 'Save Father Goiffon,' and I replied,

\*That of St. Boniface, where there had been a bishop since 1847.

'Save something else.' But they did not listen to me. They set me down on the sidewalk and afterwards took me to the sisters'. Eight days later, I had another hemorrhage. I received extreme unction, and they thought I was dead. Not at all; I got well. Only, a month afterwards, they cut off the toes of my left foot. That is all."

## CHAPTER VIII

### WESTERN CANADA

A PROPERTY OF 360,000 SQUARE MILES — WINNIPEG AND ST. BONIFACE — RELIGION IN WESTERN CANADA — GREAT DISTANCES AND GREAT DELAYS — THE ENDLESS PRAIRIE — A CITY MORE SERIOUS THAN ELEGANT: CALGARY — ADVICE TO YOUNG COLONISTS — BANFF — THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS — FIRST ASIATICS — DIALOGUE WITH A JAPANESE — THE RACE QUESTION — AT VANCOUVER — LANDSCAPE AND PARK — IN CHINATOWN AND THE JAPANESE QUARTER — WHITE AGAINST YELLOW RACE — A SERIOUS NEWSPAPER.

TO go from New York to Quebec — both old cities and within fifteen years contemporaneous with each other — is almost to change planets, or at least to leave the New World for a town in the French provinces. But, arriving, as I did, from Minnesota and crossing the Canadian frontier west of the Great Lakes, the difference is hardly perceptible. The same language almost everywhere, and the same customs as in the United States; the same hurried growth, the same boldness of enterprise; even, if possible, fewer traditions and greater newness. If the American West is



in the fulness of youth, the Canadian West is but a great child, precocious and vigorous, whose growth stupefies statisticians every time they take its measure. It is, in very truth, the "America of To-morrow."

Until 1869 there was a little corner of land there, equal in extent to about half of Europe, of which the rest of the world, and, above all, the Canadian Government, ignored the riches and almost the very existence. Since 1670, or for two hundred years, it had belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, to whom it was granted by King Charles II, and which drew an enormous revenue from its fur trade. It was carefully kept in all its wildness; a few officers in the forts, which served also as stores, and the traders who roamed the prairie in search of Indians from whom they bought pelts at ridiculously low prices, these were the only representatives of civilization, the only instruments of development. A treasure of such a size could not however be kept forever hidden. The missionaries who penetrated farther and farther into the West, taught their savage or half-breed neophytes how to cultivate the ground, and they saw the fertility of the soil and made no secret of it. They were borne out by some explorers, and the Dominion, perceiving what an enormous future lay before these lands, opened negotiations with the powerful Company, which ended in allowing them to retain their forts and trading stations and 7,000,000 acres of land, while the rest reverted to the Government for an indemnity of \$1,500,000—not too big a price for a piece of property containing some 400,000,000 acres,

not to speak of the forests, fisheries, coal and metal mines.

When this memorable act was passed, in July, 1870, Winnipeg, where I found rather more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, could boast of but just a hundred, grouped around Fort Garry, one of the Hudson Bay Company's stations. In 1901 it had 42,340 inhabitants, so it can be seen how rapid has been its growth.\* It may be pardoned for having neither the elegance of Paris nor the poetry of Nuremberg. I would not propose a visit there to the tourist in search of the aesthetic: he would do better to linger at Quebec, or even Chicago! The good that can be said of the appearance of Winnipeg—whose name, it seems, means *muddy water*—is that its streets are broad, its houses well spaced and very hygienic. Its wooden sidewalks enable one to avoid (unless it is necessary to cross the street) the good Manitoba earth which fills the fields with wheat, and the cities with mud black as axle-grease. I quite understand that one of the Indian tribes that trod this ground bore the name of *Black-foot*.

I have, all the same, a very pleasant recollection of my two days at Winnipeg. Arriving there without any letters of introduction, I was nevertheless welcomed with the kindest hospitality. The priests of St. Mary's Church, where I went to say Mass on leaving the train,

\*The increase would have been greater still had not the panic of 1882, which, however, hit speculators only, applied the brake to the growth of the town.

would not allow me to stop anywhere but with them. They belonged to the community of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the same as those who formerly officiated at the sanctuary of Montmartre at Paris, and who stand far ahead of all others in the history of the young Church of western Canada. From their ranks have come the present Archbishop of St. Boniface, the Bishop of St. Albert and New Westminster, the Apostolic Vicars of Athabaska, Saskatchewan, and Mackenzie, in a word the entire episcopacy of the West, excepting the Bishop of Victoria. Six priests gathered around their provincial, Father Magnan, do the parochial work of St. Mary's. As everywhere on this continent, they tell me of the rapid advance of Catholicism. Mgr. Taché celebrated Mass for the first time at Winnipeg on June 15, 1870, in a little oratory of the school opened the preceding year by the Gray Sisters. To-day, the city is divided into six parishes with schools and other prosperous works. In 1817 there was not a Catholic priest in the entire West; two went there in 1818; in 1845, when the first bishop arrived, he found six priests. To-day there are two archdioceses with five suffragans, and in 1907 there were, in the single diocese of St. Boniface, 205 priests, 93 churches, an almost equal number of schools, 16 charitable institutions, and 87,218 believers. In the whole of Canada there were 8 archbishops, 25 bishops, 3,819 priests, 2,506 churches, 14 seminaries, 47 universities and colleges, 263 charitable institutions, and 2,447,639 Catholics. The last number comes to about two-fifths of

the population, as the last decennial census of 1901 places the total number of inhabitants at 5,371,375. The same census gave only 16,000 French Canadians out of 35,000 Catholics in Manitoba, and 7,000 out of 35,000 in Athabaska and Saskatchewan.

The recollections of my hosts have none of the dryness of figures. One of them, preaching a retreat in an insane asylum near Montreal, was walking on his second evening with one of his auditors, more sane of appearance than the others: "How long have you been here?" the inmate suddenly asked him.

"I arrived the day before yesterday."

"And how long do you expect to stay?"

"Not more than a week."

"Oh, don't you believe it!" he replied. "That is what they told me when I arrived, and I have been here twelve years."

It would be more appropriate to retail what the missionaries told me of their work among the Indians, but having taken no notes of their very interesting conversation, I really remember only this anecdote, and have studiously refrained from making up anything.

Another thing I have not forgotten is the reply made me by the superior of a very prosperous convent-school. When she showed me the magnificent dormitories, I asked her if the older girls at least did not have separate rooms. "No," she replied quickly, "the supervision of them would be impossible." Only a few days before, I had visited a similar convent at St. Paul, and as the superior was showing me the charming little

rooms which the girls had to themselves or shared with one or perhaps two others I asked her if she had no dormitories: "No," she replied, "we must train them, young, to make a right use of independence." This detail gives an insight into the differing methods of French Canadians and American Catholics.

On the way to the convent, the amiable *curé* of St. Mary's had driven me rapidly past long rows of smartly commonplace houses where the people of Winnipeg rest from their business affairs. And we had to pass a great many others before reaching the road to St. Boniface. Except that there was more space and more wealth, one might think oneself, as far as the style was concerned, at anyone of our work-towns of Le Creusot, Noisiel, or any prosperous industrial centre in France. The heavy mud did not seem in the least to bother our brisk little horse, but at the end of the town it became so deep that we had to turn out of the road to avoid sinking into it. The people of Winnipeg can indulge at home in the mud-bath treatment of Dax. To be sure, they tell me they have a great deal of rain, and my absence of enthusiasm may be accounted for by the fact that it is still raining.

St. Boniface, on the right bank of the Red River, has but five or six thousand inhabitants, most of them speaking French. The first missionaries settled here, and in 1847 came the first bishop, Mgr. Provencher, who was replaced in 1853 by Bishop Taché, one of the greatest promoters of civilization and the Faith in the Northwest. St. Boniface was raised to be an arch-

bishopric in 1871. Mgr. Lagevin who, in 1895 succeeded Mgr. Taché, is a very active, as well as a simple and sympathetic man. Having been unable to announce my arrival, I was not fortunate enough to meet him. Monsieur Lionnet, who was more lucky than I, has drawn this portrait of him:

"He belongs to the community of Oblates, and is a typical Canadian bishop. Small, but very robust, his movements so quick as to be almost brusque, his commanding air, and something in his manner more soldierly than priest-like, show him to be made for command, and for struggle too. No one more vigorously combated the Liberals in the 1896 elections. A powerful speaker, he treats of secular questions as frequently and with as much pleasure as religious ones. He brings a heroic energy to bear on anything he undertakes. If he were to be compared with any French bishop, one would naturally think of Mgr. Turinaz. . . . The Archbishop of St. Boniface has one great merit: in the Manitoban Babel he upholds his own race; he loves his French Canadians and, without neglecting the other Catholics, he cherishes those in whom he rightly sees the great Christian force of the future, provided they keep their cohesion around their clergy." \*

I see at St. Boniface, as I have so often seen in America, a new cathedral being built; the people are no longer satisfied with the old one, which was built half a century ago, when the wooden church was set on fire by a nun making tapers for the expected funeral of Father Goiffon.

I had the pleasure the next day to meet with Father Goiffon — oh, not in person; he can no longer travel —

\*Chez les Français du Canada, pp. 167-169.



but his portrait and his story in "La Vie de Mgr. Taché," by Don Benoit.\* The historian's account differs but little from that given me by the hero himself, but it adds a few details. He tells how Father Goiffon, priest of the diocese of Belley, charged with the missions of St. Joseph and of Pembina, was returning from a visit to the Bishop of St. Paul† and that, anxious to reach his missions, he separated from his companions on the third of November. So great was the tempest of wind and snow that his horse stopped at nightfall, to move no more. On the morning of the eighth, which makes five nights passed in the snow, Father Goiffon was found by Mr. Printchard, who was on his way to the Red River. He was taken to Pembina, and when he had somewhat recovered, he was moved to St. Boniface, where he arrived on November 28. It was on December 3 that his leg was amputated.

It seems a singular idea to go to Manitoba to study the lives of the bishops. It would undoubtedly be easier to read them at home or at the Bibliothèque Nationale, but it was the fault of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I had planned to start at half-past ten in the morning to reach Calgary, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in the middle of the next afternoon. Thirty hours, including one night, on the train would pass quickly, and then I should be half-way to the Pacific. I was so afraid of being late that I arrived at

\*Vol. I, pp. 443-445.

†Or rather according to his own account, to Father Ravoux, administrator of the vacant diocese. See above pp. 158-160.

the station a little before ten, withdrew my trunk from the baggage-room, and presented it to be checked.

"We don't take baggage more than an hour before the train leaves," they told me.

"Well, exactly, I am leaving by the half-past-ten train."

"Train number so-and-so?" (I have forgotten the number.)

"Yes."

"Then come back this afternoon."

"The train is late?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"But, at what time do you expect it?"

"We don't know yet, but we can let you know later"; and he closed the ticket-window. I returned, somewhat crestfallen, to the house of the good Oblates, who explained to me that these main-line trains (we may say here that they run 3,756 miles) are not very punctual, and no one goes to take one without first telephoning to see at what time it will pass through. When we telephoned in the afternoon, I learned that my half-past-ten train should arrive at half-past four. We are in the country of great distances and great delays: I shall have this brought to my notice more than once, and these six hours will be followed by several dozen others. Thus it was that, feeling no attraction toward the monuments of Winnipeg, I spent several studious hours in the library of the Oblate Fathers.

The rather trying day ended not so badly. In the

environs of Winnipeg (I speak of environs in the American sense), a radius of several miles, the prairies, in these days of early August, is very poetic with its hay-making, and its boundless sea of green corn and wheat. The night in the Pullman car rests me, and I am in a good humor the next morning when I first look out of the window. But I am greeted by a disillusionment that increases hour by hour until it becomes oppressive! The prairie, now that we have left behind the cultivated part and reached the great grazing lands, dried up by the Summer sun, is a desert with grass, without form or color. This desert, like all the others was once roamed over by nomad tribes who, according to the seasons for the grass, went up North in Summer and down South in Winter. But these strange shepherds followed, or rather hunted, only wild herds: buffaloes, providential animals, from which they obtained satisfaction of all their needs, which were reduced to nourishment, shelter, and clothing. Their worship was that of the sun, apparent arbiter of their fate. Their only possessions were tents, horses, and weapons, the latter more for war than the chase. As some called themselves Crees and the others Blackfeet, they fought and scalped each other whenever the occasion offered. Nowadays, those that remain are much calmed down, but the day to which they look forward is that when the white man shall leave the prairie and the buffalo will come up again out of the ground. For the buffalo has disappeared! They were terribly slaughtered, sometimes as many as a million killed in

a year, and now they are to be met with only as curiosities kept in the national parks. Not a single one shows himself on the plains to relieve the monotony of the journey. All that meets our drowsy eyes is, here and there, at great distances from each other, small herds of cattle or horses, a few wooden sheds around a station, or a gang of workmen repairing the road. Everywhere, stretching away to the horizon, the carpet of dry grass, and always at our feet the straight and narrow path that unrolls between the rails like an endless strap between two pullies.

There is no desert, though, without oases. The rare streams we cross are bordered with trees and verdure, and it is here that the small bands of colonists settle. But it must not be supposed that each station represents a town, nor even a straggling village; most of them are nothing but stopping-places, and the greatest distinction they offer is that of their names: High Bluff, Portage-la-Prairie, Melbourne, Brandon, Red-Jacket, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Grand Coulee, Pasqua, Moosejaw, a convenient abbreviation of a single Indian word which means, it seems, "the little stream where a white man mended a cart with a moose-jaw."\*

After passing Moosejaw, *little stream*, etc., the country becomes somewhat modified, it is arable and undulating, one feels the nearness of the Rocky Mountains. A powerful concern, the Canadian Land and Ranch

\*At least, that is the statement made by the author of a pleasant work, "De Quebec à Victoria," A. B. Routhier (Quebec, 1893), p. 155.

Company, has developed immense farms here which it has rendered very productive by irrigation. Near the station of Swift Current, at an altitude of two thousand feet it grazes sixteen thousand head of sheep. Farther on near Kincorth, it has six thousand on a single farm, and on another, seven thousand cattle and five hundred horses. This part of the country that, from now on, attains in places to five thousand feet of altitude, is well watered and becomes more and more suitable for cattle-raising, while the lowlands are cultivated. Medicine Hat, which is only 2,300 feet above sea level, and serves as an outlet for all sorts of farm products, has already 3,500 inhabitants. With its temperate climate, the wood, coal, and natural gas found in the neighborhood and which add their riches to those of agriculture, it looks as though this big market-town with the whimsical name were destined to enjoy a great future. You, my young French friends, who prefer manual labor to arts and letters, go to Medicine Hat!

Do not ask me any more about the landscape. I expected to pass here at midday and we went through at eleven o'clock at night instead. We shall arrive at Calgary at two o'clock instead of three: at two in the morning, of course, instead of three in the afternoon. Naturally, one becomes restless, it is impossible to read all day long; I tried to engage in conversation, but there was no one interesting on board; I fell back on the colored Pullman porter, who talked familiarly with every one, and I asked him which he preferred, the United States or Canada. "The United States," he re-

plied, without hesitation, and when I sought to know why, he gravely added: "Because they play base-ball better there." I pointed out some colonist encampments, and I said to him laughingly: "That is what you will be doing when you have saved up enough." "I?" he replied, "I shall retire to New York and watch the ball games." It is discouraging!

I found some one, though, more unhappy than I: an Ontario farmer, little used to living with what thoughts he has, who walks up and down the car like a caged tiger. He is all the more restive because he undertook the journey as a pleasure trip for himself and his companion, a woman, of unpromising appearance, who must have been his daughter, unless she is (and I would pity him) his wife. She did not open her mouth, but looked at magazines and flirted a bit with a young traveller as stupid-looking as herself. "Come, sir," said I to the sad Ontarian, "don't forget you are travelling for pleasure!" And his sadness made me give rein to such a frank burst of laughter that even he cheered up a bit. And that, with the study of the negro, was all there was to enliven a thirty-four-hour journey!

I had asked the porter to wake me before Calgary; he made me get up two hours too soon. How well worth while! The train stopped there, and conscious of its lateness, decided to put an end to it by mingling with the following train. Perhaps it is the very same I was to take the next afternoon, that day or the next! I did not care any more to know about time, and I let myself be led, like a body without a soul, to some sort



of a hotel where I went to sleep for three or four hours in a diminutive room. The noise in the street woke me early; and had not rain drawn a veil between me and it, the rising sun would have seen me wandering the streets of Calgary on the wooden sidewalks and, as rarely as possible, crossing the rivers of black mud that served as roadways.

It is the typical American town in the process of formation, with its broad streets but half built up. In the centre, monumental banks, cobblers' shops, bars where they sell beer and postal cards, popular restaurants, luxurious shops, Chinese laundries, attractive little wooden houses, all separated from each other at indefinite distances. This inharmonious aspect does not prevent Calgary from being very prosperous, and puffed up with hopes. Situated at the junction of the Canadian Pacific with the lines of Edmonton to the north and Macleod to the south, it is the natural centre of economic distribution between the ore of the mountains and the ranches that border the Saskatchewan. It is the most important town between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Bow River brings down rafts of logs and furnishes the water which feeds the great irrigation canal by which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company fertilizes, to the east, three million acres on both sides of its tracks.

Calgary's rival is Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, which lies due north eight hours by railroad. My readers would do well to visit it in company with Monsieur Lionnet if they care for a striking insight into the

impressions of the colonists who seek and find their fortune there; or, if they would like to go still farther, beyond Slave Lake, I would suggest their following Mademoiselle de Saint-Pierre in her bear-hunt—in which she killed no bears—to the poor monks and missionaries whom her presence consoled, and among the Indians, whom her courage astonished.\* As for me, having been unable to push as far as Edmonton, I have no reason for discrediting Calgary by comparison; on the contrary, I am rather inclined to make up to it by saying that it already has 15,000 inhabitants, and can offer, only a short distance away, pretty walks along the hills from which one can see the summits of the Rocky Mountains; and finally, that it is not its fault if I arrived in the middle of the night, behind time and in the rain.

Besides, I found a cement sidewalk all the way to the Catholic church, situated at the very end of the town, and after having shown a letter from Archbishop Ireland to the Superior of the Oblates, I was welcomed in a very brotherly manner. In conversing with these good fathers, in realizing the heroism required by the first among them to reach this country even before the settlers, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a cart, who would dare complain of the thirty hours that separate Winnipeg from Calgary, or the five or six days that divide the two oceans? What must it have been be-

\*Cf. Jean Lionnet, *op cit.*, and the article of the Comtesse de Saint-Pierre, "En dehors de la Civilisation" that appeared in *Le Mois* for July, 1908.

fore the Canadian Pacific Railway! Yet after all, that road has not been so very long in existence. Of the 2,904 miles to be built between Montreal and Vancouver, the Government had completed 641 from 1875 to 1881, at which date it ceded the rest to the Canadian Pacific, who laid the last rail on the seventh of November, 1885. Contrary to what is usual, a bridge had been stretched this time across a continent from sea to sea.

The first Oblates came from France. France still sends out some, but as exiles. Canada, like other free countries, might rejoice, in a way, at our sad measures of expulsion, since, on account of them, they receive more apostles and pioneers. But such egotism is far from its Christian thought, and would, besides, show a lack of understanding, since it is to be feared that this momentary affluence precedes the drying up of the source. A still sadder impression was made on me by the state of mind of a young missionary who boarded my train for the West to go to say Mass the following day, Sunday, seventy-five miles from there. It was only six months since he had been forced to leave France, which he did, he told me, with the greatest sorrow. Already he would not wish to return, and finds himself better off in Canada. Why? What a warning for our country is this facility her good citizens find in separating from her! In talking with my travelling companion, I was forced to realize that if he had ceased to prefer France, it was not only on account of the laws of expulsion, but because of the numerous

hindrances every one meets with there in his daily life. Admitting that many of these hindrances are but the consequence of a more complex civilization, are there not some, nevertheless, that we would do well to suppress?

Before pushing any further on our journey, shall I set down here a little practical advice to young men who are thinking of going out as colonists to western Canada? I would, considering my incompetence on this serious question, hesitate to do so, had not some conversations with well-informed people given me a clear understanding of a small number of useful facts. The first is that one should never buy land except on the spot, and there only after a careful trial of the country; the second, that farmers have a good chance of succeeding, and others very little; the third, that unless one comes with a large family, it is unwise to settle too far from a centre of population, unless one wishes to die of loneliness; and the fourth, that the openings for an emigrant are greater and greater the farther West he goes, the Province of Quebec offering less free land or new and remunerative situations than Ontario, Ontario fewer than Manitoba, and Manitoba than Saskatchewan or Alberta. To those who do not feel cut out for cattle-raising or farming on a large scale, but who are rather drawn to industry, commerce, market gardening, fruit-raising, or forestry and its kindred sciences, I should advise British Columbia or the American State of Washington, toward which we shall now continue on our way.

I do not wish to make another discovery of the Rocky Mountains. Any one going over them in detail, as one does the Alps, would no doubt find many wonders; but I must have the courage of my convictions and say that to those who have gone from France to Italy *via* Switzerland or Savoie, crossing the Rockies by railroad has no thrills to offer. In saying so, I have no intention of disparaging the interest of the Rocky Mountains as seen from the Canadian Pacific Railway. I can quite understand the sentiments of my fellow passengers and the communicative, and often noisy, joy of the crowd in the observation car attached to the rear end of the train. At Banff, where I stopped for Sunday (there are churches and, for the matter of that, habitations only about every 250 miles), the enthusiasm of my travelling companions burst forth. They very properly admired the arena of mountains stretching around the little village and the company's comfortable hotel; but what especially carried them away is the snow on the surrounding summits as late as the seventeenth of August. For my part, I was not so delighted to find it underfoot when I went to say Mass the next morning.

I finally got accustomed to the western trains. There is one that runs twice a week, so they told me, which is fast and always on time; I missed it at Winnipeg as I did not know of its existence; I missed it at Banff because it goes through so early in the morning, and I contented myself with the daily at whatever hour it might pass. To be sure there is some question of a

connection for Seattle which must be made before reaching the Pacific, but if the train misses it (and we did miss it by five or six hours), it seems the company carries you to Vancouver free. After all, what does it matter? The train is not uncomfortable; at night one can sleep comfortably, and during the day the scenery is magnificent and the speed is not too fast to prevent one's enjoying it; once or twice even beside the stations, we got out to pick flowers and strawberries. Another amusement was to watch the passengers when we went through little tunnels or under sheds protecting the line from avalanches; the whole observation car burst into shouts of joy and laughter. There was hardly any one who was not there for the first time (it was so far, far, far from everywhere), and who did not, therefore, experience new sensations. And Americans are so expansive! I think I have already said they are Southern English.\*

The highest point of the road is Stephen, 6,000 feet above sea level, a little beyond Laggan which is the station for the Lakes in the Clouds, and a little before Hector, the point of the Great Divide of the waters between the Pacific Ocean and Hudson Bay: now we are in quite another world. But it is at Glacier House

\*This passage having appeared in *Le Correspondant* brought forth from an American friend, Charles F. Beach, the lawyer, the following criticism: "You call us *Southern English*. This is surely more than we can admit. We are not English; we are not Anglo-Saxons; we are Americans." Mr. Beach is right as far as the question of race is concerned; nevertheless, at the outset, and perhaps forever, the United States have felt to the depths the predominant influence of English institutions, political ideas, customs, and education.



that one should stop to see the finest scenery; the station is only thirty minutes walk from the Illecillewaet glacier, the largest in the world (of course) above which tower great mountain peaks ten thousand feet high. Is it the better to enjoy the view that the train, on leaving there, amuses itself making corkscrews, drawing figure-eights, and coming back on its tracks in almost parallel lines? The engineers yielded to no such poetic fantasy, but to the stern necessities of the arduous task of rejoining two sections. The line was begun from both ends at once, and owing to an error, excusable in such great distances, the Pacific branch arrived at the point of junction several hundred yards below the Atlantic section. During the night we traverse a country renowned for its splendid salmon-fishing and excellent bear and mountain-goat hunting. Falling asleep in the clouds and the cold, we woke under a warm blue sky. Yesterday we crossed from France to Switzerland, now we are going from Constantine to Biskra. The green and gurgling waters of Thompson River throw in a note of joy, which is, however, stifled by the sombre concert of arid mountains and giant rocks that throw their crude shadows on the sand, strange and almost horrible of aspect, as if they were miser genii who have gloated through the long centuries over the gold of the Columbian mines, and a little farther on over the Klondike and its deadly treasures. They have the gloomy and fatal look of vanquished Titans. Then, little by little, the landscape grows less formidable—although there are still some

terrible gorges — and the Frazer, the principal river of these parts, flowing from the north, swallows the pretty little Thompson in its yellow waters. The land, thus far deserted, grows once more inhabited; around the stations are grouped Indian villages and, what is still newer, Asiatic workmen's cabins. Having come so far West, we had reached the East. Extreme East is West, as the American saying has it. There are Chinamen with pigtails, and even Hindoos with turbans. These interested us particularly. "Hundreds of them are employed on the C. P. R.," said an affable Japanese, who was travelling with us. Some one naively asked him whether he thought they could be civilized, and his smiling reply, "They already think they are," brought down the house. "But can they be Americanized?" a young man persisted. "I don't suppose so," the Japanese replied; "they are too artistic and too childlike; they would buy flowers rather than bread."

The Japanese pleased me, and I passed the rest of the day in his company. Allow me to present him: Mr. Goro Kaburagi, who lives at Vancouver and combines the office of Methodist pastor with the functions of director of a newspaper for the Japanese in Canada. I quickly gained his confidence, and it is no betrayal of it to repeat here what he thought of the dispute between the Japanese and the Americans of the United States or Canada, a dispute one might think settled now in the latter country to judge by appearances, but which at that time was extremely acute. It

was in fact, but shortly before the anti-Japanese disturbances of Vancouver, and at the moment at which the United States had decided to send the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific Ocean. After having confessed my American sympathies, I offered Mr. Kaburagi to publish whatever he told me in favor of the Japanese point of view.

"In the eyes of Americans your crime consists in depressing by cheap labor, the salaries of white workmen, and consequently their standard of life, does it not?" I inquired.

"That," he replied, "comes to the same thing as saying that they reproach us with spending too little. But why? We live comfortably; we are well housed, well dressed, and well fed, as you can see for yourself if you will visit the Japanese quarters at Vancouver and elsewhere. Our standard of life is as comfortable as the American one, though less costly. If I like oatmeal and rice, why should I be obliged to eat meat three times a day? It is not sound doctrine to enjoin an expensive way of living on every one; a simple and healthy life is far preferable. If we spent more, we would become poor and have to be provided for by the Government. Such grievances are not serious; what they really object to in us is our race: they look upon us as an inferior race, and that we won't admit."

"Without in the least looking upon you as an inferior race, which would be difficult, seeing what you have accomplished in the last forty years," I replied, "the Americans may still see in you a race funda-

mentally different from theirs and one they are unable to assimilate."

"Why?"

"I am not undertaking to justify their idea; but, as a matter of fact, they have it, and whatever the theory may be—"

"Yes, Herbert Spencer and his famous letter."\*

"Practically, you do not assimilate."

"What? Why we learn everything Americans can teach: we imitate them in everything; we import, not only their machinery but their methods of work; we speak their language; we attend their schools, in spite of them if need be; we graduate from their universities. We love the Anglo-Saxon civilization, we really love it; it is it that has taught us, has made us what we are, and we are grateful to it. Corea now, and Manchuria suffice for our emigration; we come to Canada and the United States because we like them. Many of our leaders, of our merchants, and political men were

\*This letter, which made a great stir, was addressed to Baron Kaneko Kentaro. In it Spencer said, not without brutality: "To your question about marriages between foreigners and Japanese, and which you say 'is at present much discussed by our professors and politicians,' and which is 'a most difficult problem,' my reply is that, logically, there is no difficulty. These marriages should be forbidden. It is not a question of sociology, but of biology. Proofs are not lacking, taken from marriages between the human races as well as cross-breeding in animals: as soon as the varieties to be brought together diverge somewhat, the result is inevitably bad in the long run. . . . Take different varieties of sheep: if two quite different specimens are crossed, the result, above all in the second generation, is bad; it is an incalculable mixture of physical traits and a chaotic constitution. It is the same with human beings. . . . Therefore, by all means, forbid the marriage of Japanese with foreigners."

trained here. How many have filled subordinate and disagreeable positions, not always to earn their living, but the better to learn! I know a Baron who worked on the C. P. R. for a dollar and a half a day." (I thought of the quiet and active little Jap who had swept our Pullman car on the journey.) "Three of our present deputies have worked with their hands in America for seventy-five cents a day. I myself have followed some college courses. So I repeat, sir, we are fond of America."

"I am sincerely glad of it," I replied, "but to tell you the truth, I am afraid you do not love it as it wishes to be loved."

"How do you mean?"

"You see in it a school, not a fatherland; you don't come to stay, but only to acquire, according to your station in life either ideas or money. The European emigrants come to live here, and almost the only ones who leave again are those who did not know how to succeed here. You, you return to Japan as soon as you are sufficiently rich or educated."

"That is no longer true at all. A great many Japanese live here. Women are coming now; we are founding families, we are having children."

"Yes, but still without amalgamating with the rest of the inhabitants. You live in separate quarters; all your tradesmen, and if you are employers, all your employees are Japanese. You don't become American citizens."

"Is that our fault? When we ask for this title, it

is refused us, on the fine pretext that, according to the Constitution, two races have the right of naturalization: the white and the black; so we, the yellow race, have not! Mr. Roosevelt, in his message of December, 1906, recommended to Congress a special measure that would grant naturalization to the Japanese coming to the United States with the intention of becoming American citizens. We are still waiting for the bill to be passed."

"But even if you were naturalized, would you not still be Japanese? The Germans and Italians in the United States cease to consider themselves subjects of William the Second or Victor Emmanuel, but would you ever cease to look to the Mikado as your real sovereign? Would you really belong to the United States, or would you not rather be merely a part of the New Japan, the Japan of the Hawaiian Islands and the Pacific Coast, the *Shin Nihon* of which your writers and politicians are constantly speaking and dreaming? Hence, is it not natural that Americans should refuse to see as strong an Empire as yours establish in their midst sort of half colonies, what they call to-day, spheres of influence? I don't blame you for your fidelity to your native land, your memories and traditions; but you must acknowledge that this fidelity does not harmonize with the American spirit, which is to admit no one to permanent residence except those enamoured of their ideal and capable of becoming more attached to America than to their native land."



"They would have to prove first that their ideal is higher than ours."

"Not at all! It is sufficient to see whether they are essentially different and incompatible."

"To go into that would take too long," he replied. "What is clear, is the text of the treaty concluded between Japan and the United States on the twenty-second of November, 1894: 'In all that touches the rights of residence and travelling. . . . the citizens and subjects of each contracting party shall enjoy the same privilege, liberties, and rights on the territory of the other, and shall be subjected, in these respects, to no taxes or charges beyond those imposed on the natives, citizens or subjects of the most favored nation.' Now, the right of instruction proceeds from the right of residence; our children, therefore, have a right to the same schools as German or French children. But we are not in the United States. Let us speak of Canada, and especially of British Columbia, since we have been travelling there since this morning. Is it admissible that Canada, which is after all, an English colony, should refuse to admit Japanese laborers, now that Japan and England have signed a treaty of alliance?"

Mr. Kaburagi explained to me that at that time (the middle of August, 1907, the nineteenth to be exact, for one must give dates here in America where changes occur so quickly) the Canadians on the Pacific coast were much more irritated against Japanese immigration than the Americans of California and Oregon. Without dropping the exterior calm typical

of his race, he expressed himself forcibly against the claim of the Canadians to be sufficient unto themselves.

“Canada for Canadians! is their cry: I wish they could be taken at their word for a few years, and we would see who would double-track the line of the C. P. R., who would build their new railroads, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern? What would Canada be, left to itself? Not only are the European immigrants necessary to it in the eastern and central parts, but it cannot get along in the West without the Asiatic immigrants without being cut short in its development, and so outstripped by the United States, even by the South American republics, that it would be impossible for it ever to catch up with its rivals. Canada for Canadians! Just count the Canadians at Vancouver, at Victoria, or in the whole of Columbia!”

I was courteous enough to let the discussion drop, at this idea of the West's need of labor hands. This is indeed the strongest argument in favor of the Asiatics, the one imposed by circumstances, to which most of the great corporations and important enterprises of Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and California must bow of necessity, albeit with regret. The whole problem is there: from the social, moral, and psychological point of view, Americans would drive back the yellow immigrants; from the material, the purely economic point of view, they cannot get along without them. The whole problem? No! One of the factors that

is far from negligible, is Japan's firm intention to have her subjects respected everywhere.

Pleased to see the discussion ended to his advantage, Mr. Kaburagi enlarged on considerations of a more general nature as to the services that Japan can render America as client and middleman; on the commercial disaster that would be entailed by an unfortunate war, and the slim advantage to be gained by victory; and lastly on Japan's mission in regard to Asia. He closed his peroration somewhat sententiously: "It is not only a question of a community of material interests. It should not be forgotten that Japan is the key to the Far East, the pillar that supports Asia, and without which it would fall back into chaos. If Japan were weakened, or even destroyed, if it were sunk to the bottom of the ocean, what would be the advantage to the United States and Canada? Who would control China? Who would be on hand to tame that sleeping lion when it awakens?"

We are approaching Vancouver, and the landscape diverts our thoughts. On our left, toward the south, an immense dome of snow stands out against the blue sky, resembling Mount Blanc: Mount Tacoma, the people of Tacoma call it; Mount Rainier, those of Seattle, who will not give it the name of a rival city; the Tacoma-Fuji of the Japanese, to whom it recalls the highest mountain of their islands, Fuji-Yama. To our right are arms of the sea and the river, difficult to distinguish from each other so cut up are they into complicated fiords, and so equally deep do they seem under

the heavy-tonnage boats to which they offer either a highway or harbors sheltered from all peril. To the left the track skirts the unfenced virgin forest, the reality as called up by this poetic name, and no longer only the mediocrity of stunted trees, clumps of heather, and dried-up marshes, which covers the lonely plain to the north of the Great Lakes, but the magnificence of gigantic trees, tangled bindweed, and old trunks falling to dust in the impenetrable thickets. In spite of the latitude, the neighboring waters of the Kouro Shivo, the Gulf Stream of the other hemisphere, raise the temperature sufficiently to develop, here, under the fiftieth degree north, an almost tropical vegetation. The city of Vancouver has but cut a few paths in a corner of the great forest, along the banks of a natural lake, and it has a park finer than those of any capital. I saw a clump of pines nearly two hundred feet tall and each measuring 25 or 30 feet around. They tell me that on the mountain sides some reach a height of three hundred feet and a circumference of a hundred.

The greatness, energy, and fearlessness expressed by nature, animates here, equally though less poetically, all human enterprises. Docks, ships, sawmills, all things, seem gigantic, although the town has perhaps not more than 40,000 inhabitants,—gigantic and unorganized. The mind wanders amidst this confused mass of wharfs and tracks, shops and villas; one is at a loss to know whether a certain column of smoke rises from a factory chimney or the funnel of a steamer leaving for China. The mixture of races adds to the

incoherence; I meet the most dissimilar types in the street. In the tramway cars that take me out to distant suburbs and bring me back by a different way, I hear all sorts of languages spoken, and the conductor informs me that we are going through Chinatown, and farther on, the Japanese quarter.

Besides, I was fortunate enough to be able to visit both of them later.

Immediately after supper Goro Kaburagi came for me to the modest hotel near the station to which he had directed me, and which, I may say in passing, shows that the unpretentious emigrant can live cheaply enough, for to my great surprise they charged me only a dollar and a half for supper, a room and breakfast. We went first to the Chinese quarter, where I felt very bewildered. Everywhere I saw silk jackets and pig-tails. In many of the tiny shops we entered no one understood English, and without my friend Goro (whether he spoke Japanese or Chinese to them, I could not say), I should have presented a rather foolish figure. This short visit to a few Asiatic streets in an American sea-port town may have interested me, but it taught me little, and I shall wait until I have seen China before forming an opinion of Chinese customs.

Nor did I become, in one evening, more competent on the subject of the Japanese. But at least, with them I felt less disconcerted. They wore our costume and spoke English everywhere. As I was introduced by one of their countrymen, I was received most cordially.

They told me about the recent visit of Prince Fushimi and sold me post cards portraying the enthusiastic reception he received at the hands of his compatriots. They showed me their shops, their homes, and their families, and in spite of exoticism, I must say that these Japanese seem to me, judging from the outside, to be but little different from Canadians, Americans, or even Frenchmen. Kaburagi was right: they know how to adopt the manners of the country they have come to; and if to assimilate a people, it suffices to invest them with the externals, then Canadians and Americans should treat the Japanese as brothers.

But we are farther than ever from this state of affairs in this month of August, 1907. The Vancouver press is full of threats against Orientals in general and the Japanese in particular; it calls to mind the fact that in a single day, the twenty-sixth of July, twelve hundred Japanese landed in Columbia; it announces in large type the fantastic news of still more numerous arrivals; it calls on the interest, the pride and even the honor of the whites, to stop, by fair means or foul, this invasion that is submerging them, ruining them, and degrading the country of their choice; it even calls them to arms, and begs them to throw into the sea all these baleful yellow men. The Japanese consul whom I call on with an introduction from Kaburagi, assures me that all this is very superficial, that matters will arrange themselves, that his compatriots like Canada, and that the Canadians, as a people, appreciate



them. He declares his confidence in the authorities of Vancouver and Ottawa; and adds that, for the rest, he has requested his Government to abate the emigration. This last fact shows that he is less confident than he would wish to appear; and circumstances will soon show that he was more than right to be alarmed. Less than three weeks after our conversation, on September 7 and the following days, after a meeting of the anti-Japanese and anti-Corean League, Vancouver became the scene of violent disturbances. The whites attacked the shops and even the persons of the Chinese and Japanese; but the latter defended themselves with great courage, making weapons of everything; they threw themselves on the mob, which they drove back with cries of *Banzai!* Nevertheless they had two men seriously wounded and several houses sacked.\*

The Anglo-Japanese alliance prevented the affair from going any farther. Japan did ample justice to the efforts of the Canadian authorities to maintain order. On the other hand the Canadian Minister, Mr. King, on the fourteenth of October, opened at Vancouver an investigation at the expense of the city. This resulted in its having to pay the Japanese an indemnity of \$9,036. A second investigation was begun in November, on the ways and means of Asiatic immigration. The result made it clear that the Canadian

\*On the first of January, 1908, a fresh struggle took place at Vancouver between the Japanese and the whites; but the latter, inferior in number, were worsted and lost three men. The riot of September, 1907, followed a week after the movement against the Hindoos at Bellingham, in the contiguous frontier State of Washington.

and Japanese companies had violated the spirit of the treaty of January, 1907, conferring on the subjects of both countries the reciprocal right of entrance, traveling, and residence. The abuse was shown by the very figures. The Japanese emigrants having, in the first ten months of 1907, already reached the number 8,125, of whom 77 had been sent back; 3,169 had crossed into the United States; and 4,429 had remained in Canada; whereas there had been received into the country only 2,930 for the twelve months of 1906, and 785 for 1905. Mr. King consequently recommended restricting the entrance along the Pacific coast, admitting fewer Japanese, even coming straight from the mother country, and refusing admittance to any arriving from countries not subject to the Empire of the Rising Sun. This last applied to those Japanese who had stayed in the Hawaiian Islands, which are the first natural step from the yellow world toward America.

The Canadian Minister of Posts, Mr. Rodolph Lemieux, went to Tokio about the end of November to come to an understanding with the Japanese Government as to the best means of avoiding a recurrence of such unfortunate incidents. He obtained the promise that the Mikado, while asserting the maintenance of his rights conformable to the treaty, would consent in the future not to enforce them to the utmost, and that in consideration of the special condition prevailing from time to time in Canada, he would restrict the emigration of his subjects to that country. A letter written December 23, to Mr. Lemieux by Count

Hayashi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, confirming this courteous arrangement, was read to the Parliament of Ottawa in January, 1908, and since then Japan has indeed tried to limit the number of its emigrants; it has reduced the number of its emigration companies and forbidden the departure for Canada of contract laborers, unless they are called by the Canadian Government itself. A decree from Ottawa has, besides, forbidden the landing of any emigrant not arriving from his own country with a through ticket, which excludes Japanese workmen arriving from the Hawaiian Islands, and Hindoos coming by way of Hong-Kong or Shanghai.

So the difficulties are solved? Yes, for a time, and between the Governments only. And in what vague terms at that! What does Japan understand by "not to insist on the complete enjoyment of the rights"? and how long will it find conditions sufficiently "special" to conclude that it must "restrict the emigration" of its people? And these subjects, if they continue to be driven by necessity, for how long will they incline to the wishes, no matter how sincere, of their sovereign? And, on the other hand, if the Central Government at Ottawa is loyally decided to enforce a proper respect for the rights of the Japanese emigrants admitted to its territory, can it control the hostile sentiments of a province like Columbia, as independent as, and farther off than, all the others? Can it always quell the anger of the white laborers, who see themselves, or at least, believe themselves, ruined by the competition of the

yellow race? Did not members of the Trade and Labor Unions of Canada, met together in a congress at Winnipeg but a few days after the Vancouver troubles, the eighteenth of September, 1907, demand the abrogation of the treaty admitting the Japanese to Canada, and on the twenty-fifth of the same month, did they not hear Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Columbian opposition, declare that the immediate interests of commerce and material prosperity itself should give way before this consideration: "British Columbia must remain a province of Canada, ruled over and governed by men in whose veins flows the blood of English ancestors!"

It seems to me, as it does to the author who has most studied the conflict between Americans and Japanese,\* that the "workmen of British Columbia will not lay down arms," and that, if the Government is unable to fulfil their wishes new disorders will soon occur.

The danger, though real, is not extremely urgent, and the "yellow peril" may fade away from the whole of North America, as the negro question has faded from the United States, by a more rapid increase of whites under the influence of immigration. In the newspaper I bought to read on the train, as I had to go back on my tracks for some distance, I read that the Dominion, in 1908, received 252,038 immigrants of

\*Monsieur Louis Aubert in his book, "Américains et Japonais." Nowhere are the great questions now agitating the Northern Pacific set forth with greater clearness and competency. The worst that can be said of the book is that there are some repetitions, as though the different chapters had first served as separate articles. (Cf. especially, for Canada, pp. 230-249. Published by A. Colin.)

the white races, and official statistics tell us that of this number 120,779 came from Great Britain and Ireland; 52,652 from Europe and Iceland; and 74,607 from the United States. The figures for 1903 were 128,364; for 1904, 130,330; for 1905, 146,266; and for 1907, 189,064. All this shows that, for a number of years, the few thousand Japanese, Chinese, and Hindoos arriving by the Pacific, can be relegated to a second place.

The same newspaper that I bought at random\* deals seriously with other economic questions. The first article treats of the "All Red Line" (in other words "all English"), a project that designs to give quicker and more regular communication between England and Australia by way of Canada, "to bridge over the vast distances between the various parts of the British Empire." Further on it speaks of irrigation, and announces that the Provincial Government of Columbia has engaged Professor Carpenter, State Engineer of Colorado, and "chevalier du Mérite Agricole" of France, to devise a system of irrigation to fertilize the arid provinces. A long article is devoted to the reports which the Dominion Government has recently issued on the different fisheries in Canadian waters, especially on the danger of exterminating the salmon. I realize that all that is not worth a few vigorous discussions of patriotism, the dangers of clericalism, the last resignation of Monsieur Claretie, and the crimes and good deeds of the old *régime*!

\**The Vancouver Daily News Advertiser*, Aug. 20, 1907.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE MOST AMERICAN OF AMERICAN CITIES: SEATTLE

A FORTUNATE CORNER OF THE GLOBE: THE STATE OF WASHINGTON — ITS CHIEF CITY, SEATTLE — MATERIAL AND MORAL PROSPERITY — DISCONCERTING ACTIVITY — A BUSY BISHOP — MOVING OF CHURCHES AND MONUMENTS — HOW A HASTILY BUILT CITY IS MADE REGULAR — A HILL BY THE SEA — AMERICAN PUSH — FRENCH BUSINESS — SOUNDNESS OF THE WEALTH OF SEATTLE — A PRIVILEGED SITUATION — ONE OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF THE PACIFIC.

AFTER having passed some stations with ambitious names such as Hastings and Westminster, we changed cars at Mission Junction and crossed the Frazer to enter the United States by the Northern Pacific Railway, which extends along the whole coast as far as San Francisco. Between the frontier and Seattle the landscape changes many times, and we pass from distant views of snow-capped peaks to the foreground of fiords and rivers, or long stretches cut in the virgin forest, but everywhere is the same impression of power, freshness, and fecundity, the young and vigorous attitude of Nature fearlessly awaiting the hand



of man, like a betrothed who is aware of the value of her fortune and the worth of her charms.

Man, in our days, has known how to respond to the destinies calling him to this fortunate corner of the globe. If the shortness of time during which it has been exploited be taken into account, I believe that nowhere in the world has man exerted so much initiative, nor attained to such success. Washington became a Territory only in 1860, and a State in 1889. Before 1845 it had not a single village, and its population, which in 1860 was 11,594; in 1870 was 23,955; in 1880 was 75,116; in 1890 was 349,390; in 1900 was 518,103, and is now estimated at a million; and former President Theodore Roosevelt has been able to announce, without apparent exaggeration, that before many years have passed it would take its place immediately after that of the States of New York and Pennsylvania.

Its chief city, Seattle, has been in existence only thirty years; it had 5,333 inhabitants in 1880; 42,870 in 1890; 80,671 in 1900; to-day it has between 250,000 and 300,000, and rivals San Francisco itself in the commercial dominion over the American coast of the Pacific Ocean. This city, but just risen from the earth, and which is not as yet shown on all maps, is reached by seven main railway lines bringing in all the riches of the United States and Canada, and numberless navigation companies which, from Australia and Alaska, Asia, and even Europe, send their merchant vessels to this harbor capable of sheltering all the navies

of the world. In 1906, 869 large vessels of 1,442,405 tons entered the port of Seattle, and 849 ships of 1,388,950 tons departed from it; 1,613,981 passengers either came or went; \$32,000,000 worth of merchandise was imported, and \$49,000,000 exported. Many vessels of the merchant marine appointed to the special service of Seattle, and which, like the *Minnesota*, are of some 23,000 tons and measure 830 feet over all, never make a trip without being filled to the limit of their capacity. According to statistics made up at the end of 1906, the total amount passed through the clearing house during the year reached the sum of five hundred million dollars. During this same year 1906 the sales of real estate amounted to \$98,282,502, and new buildings were put up to the value of \$11,920,488.\* The municipality had expended \$579,232 for seventy-five miles of streets and sidewalks; \$499,005 for nine miles of paving; \$22,869 for a sewer system; and \$218,317 for water-mains; it kept up twenty parks; made its own electric light, amounting to

\*This figure which was surpassed in 1907, was greater still in 1908, amounting to \$13,770,000 in spite of the panic of that year. By way of comparison, taking Montreal as an example, certainly a very prosperous city and, with its suburbs, twice as populous: in this same year 1908 the building enterprises there reached only \$5,062,326 or two and a half times less than Seattle. To keep the figures quoted here up to date, they would have to be increased at least 10 per cent a year, and on some points, more. The buildings just mentioned as worth nearly \$14,000,000 in 1908, came only to \$5,000,000 in 1898. In the same interval the exports grew from \$4,021,000 to \$21,390,000, and the imports from \$1,170,000 to \$17,384,000; the sales of real estate rose from \$8,500,000 to \$70,000,000. In 1900 property was assessed at not quite \$50,000,000, in 1908 at over \$175,000,000. These figures suffice to indicate the growth of Seattle.

\$650,000 worth, and furnished drinking water from a plant that had cost \$4,250,000.

Far from neglecting moral welfare for the material, Seattle possessed 39 public schools, amounting to \$2,217,000 worth of property, and had expended \$375,000 for a library containing 90,000 volumes; \$150,000 annually was devoted to the maintenance of the University, already attended by 1,194 students, and to which the city had donated 30 acres in the business quarter of the town and 100,000 in the country, besides allotting it the income on \$600,000 to continue its building operations.

This long series of figures (for which I trust I shall be pardoned), proves, and would prove still better if it were complete, that this city, born of yesterday, has expended, without stint, hundreds of millions for the intellectual progress of its citizens, as well as for their well-being. Nothing is lacking to the effect of our demonstration but a glimpse at the lavish private gifts, side by side with the public contributions: already the former had sufficed to build one hundred and twenty-five churches. In 1909 a director of the Savings Bank founded at his own expense a Carmelite convent, attracted by the beautiful thought of establishing the contemplative ideal in this, perhaps, the busiest city in the world.

Charity has shared in building many large hospitals, and although most of the patients pay their way, charity has also had to take charge of the indigent, who are not entirely lacking at Seattle. One meets there some

poor waifs and strays unable to earn a living on account of weakness, illness, extreme youth or old age, or perhaps a lack of knowledge of English; and the chaplain of the hospital told me the touching story of some Breton sailors whose boat departed before they were well enough to ship again. One scarcity is orphans; they told me of an asylum which I was unable to visit, built in the suburbs at great expense and for which they had so far been able to find only one recruit!

This is natural enough in view of the fact that there are still very few families in Seattle; one meets with infinitely more men than women; young girls or old maids wishing to marry would have a better chance of finding a husband there than any other place in the world. They might even find several in succession; for the laws of Washington, so wise in other respects, grant divorces with such facility that it may almost be said that they favor it. It is, I believe, one of the rare countries where, to obtain a divorce, it is sufficient to have the consent of both parties. In this there is a principle of moral ruin which, if it be not corrected, will in the long run, compromise as well the material future of the State. The surprising degree of activity and prosperity which has reigned so far at Seattle strikes the traveller from the moment of his arrival, whether he land, past the forests of masts, on the wharfs crowded with merchandise, or enter the town, as I did, by the great marble station which is the terminus for most of the railways. On emerging from this foolishly luxuriant palace, I asked my way to the central post office where

I was anxious to get my mail, which I had not received since leaving St. Paul. In spite of the distance, I was able to reach my destination in a few minutes by boarding one of the tramway cars which followed each other in such close succession that those going in the opposite direction seemed to pass almost continuously, while at each block others streamed by us at a right angle. Caught up into this maelstrom I had time to catch only glimpses of the extraordinary but inharmonious avenue along which we were running. The buildings, almost all alike in their richness of material, differed really too greatly from each other in their proportions, here piling up twenty stories, there forming only a hall, or stopping at a second row of colossal windows; sometimes surmounted by graceful towers, or ending in a terrace with slender columns; but at others stopping short with a flat architrave supporting the name of a hotel in letters fifteen feet high. At the post office, before each of the twenty-four windows at which the mail was distributed, I found a long line of applicants awaiting their turn. It was the first time I had seen such a thing anywhere. It is here that the number of new arrivals is such, that no matter how many new houses are erected, there are never sufficient to enable every one to engage his rooms ahead; so that the current saying that there are always twenty thousand inhabitants of Seattle living in their trunks, is not far from the truth. When the building of a new apartment house is announced, so many tenants present themselves that, before the foundations are laid and the scaffolding set

up, all the rooms are already rented. As, after, erecting the steel framework, the top stories are finished first, it is not unusual to see these inhabited (they are reached of course, by elevators) before a brick or a stone of the lower stories is laid. I will not say that this feverish haste, as well for buildings as for means of transport, has not something to do with the many broken arms and legs that are brought to the hospitals. The chaplain told me that they treat many more accidents than illnesses.

After allowing myself the pleasure of half an hour's leisurely walk in the midst of the busy and silent crowd, I telephoned to the Bishop, who, I knew had been written to about me. I had, indeed, sent him a telegram, but it had been stopped without my knowing it by the unbearable strike of the telegraph operators (the telegraph lines all belong to private companies). The Bishop told me he would expect me in a quarter of an hour; and two tramways took me, in this short space of time, to the little villa he occupied, beyond the business quarter, on Ferry Avenue, a street pleasantly bordered with trees and lawns and as quiet as the quietest at Versailles or Fontainebleau. The tramway that runs out there scales an incredibly steep hill that in Europe we would scarcely dare to suggest for a cable railway.

After the most charming words of welcome and a warm eulogy of Father McCorry, the dear Paulist of Chicago who had brought us together, Bishop O'Dea kindly invited me to take all my meals with him, and apologized for his inability to offer me more complete



hospitality, as he was but camping out in a rented house scarcely large enough for him and his three vicars; for he is rector of his own cathedral. His own residence is just being finished, like everything in this flagrantly new country, the cathedral included. The latter is admirably situated at the summit of the town overlooking a broad and lively landscape; its simple lines and elegant proportions, and its two tall towers, can be seen from all parts of the town, and it is undoubtedly the monument the most in evidence in Seattle, and does honor to its architects, Messrs. Heinzie and La Farge, the latter of French origin. The altars and the stations of the cross also come from France; they are but half unpacked and the nave is blocked with cases, of which it required not a few to bring all these sacred furnishings from the rue St. Sulpice to Puget Sound *via* the Isthmus of Suez, the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific.

Bishop O'Dea cannot complain of his diocese where churches are springing up like wheat: "I had three at Seattle when I came here four years ago; now, I have fourteen." But he thinks they are a bit overworked, all the same. "I spent this afternoon with representatives of the railroad discussing the removal of one of our churches. They declare that we always take the best sites! But they set it all up at their expense, give us three acres for one, and are not stingy about indemnities. Recently they moved the cemetery with a church." This transplanting astonishes no one any longer. At Spokane in the same State of Washington,

Gonzaga College, a three-story brick building measuring a hundred feet by fifty feet deep, was moved to four blocks away, and they took advantage of the opportunity to turn the northern façade toward the south. In order to simplify the growth of the city it has become a common custom at Seattle to send old houses out to the suburbs to make room for the new ones. But it is not only these material temples that are moved from place to place. The diocesan see has been three times removed. The first bishop, Mgr. Blanchet, who was consecrated in 1846, for the few Indian Catholics of this region, settled in the midst of their largest group at Wallawalla; he moved to Nesqually in 1850. His first successor, Bishop Junger, bore the title of Bishop of Nesqually, as well as Bishop O'Dea who was consecrated in 1874. The latter lived at first at Vancouver, Washington; for Port Nesqually, where formerly the Hudson Bay Company's ships landed, has now gone out of existence. "You would not find a hen there," said the Bishop. After seven years, tired of bearing a title become so soon *in partibus*, he asked of Rome the permission to live in Seattle and to found his see there. "Establish yourself there," was the reply he received, "and when your cathedral is built we will change the name of the diocese." To build a cathedral in America is not so slow an affair as to change the names on a diploma in Europe; and the cathedral was finished too soon,—in two years. It is not the members of the committee of initiative who would hold it back; they are all business men and like prompt and clear deci-

sions. "They help quickly and actively in the beginning," says Bishop O'Dea, "but later, it is almost impossible to get a quorum; some are in Chicago, others in Europe, and they all go to New York three or four times a year."

The Bishop took me to see his chancellor, who is chaplain of the hospital, and in whose room diocesan matters are informally discussed. I could not have fallen into better hands. Father X, who forbade my mentioning his name (An American! though as a matter of fact, he was born in Belgium), is the most popular man in town. His arrival at Seattle dates from the beginning, and his memory goes back to the time when "there was not anything." Every one has given over the sick into his care, every one loves his goodness, his modesty, and his shrewd smile. He loved to surprise me, and showed me the novelties of Seattle, adding each time, "Nothing is more simple."

He selected a room for me at the Hotel Stander, "supposing I would prefer one already built." Nevertheless, he called my attention to the fact that they were cutting away part of the ground floor to make an arcade which was to serve as sidewalk, as on the Rue de Rivoli. Last year's sidewalks were to be thrown into the roadway to enlarge it to that extent. It is more usual to cut off several yards from top to bottom of the façade. Building was undertaken too quickly at first, without enough consideration for the whole, as no one could foresee such rapid growth. One of the principal necessities now before the City Council is the

widening and levelling of the streets. In order to widen them, they either cut a slice off the front of the abutting buildings or, if there is room behind, they are moved back as a whole. To level the roads, to do away with the hill, they dig in front of the foundations, and as the street itself is cut away they add below one or two stories as the case may be. The proprietor received only one dollar legal indemnity, but he comes out even by seeing his house enlarged; besides which, he can sell the earth that has been removed to those who wish to gain a few yards on the seashore. A certain house was left by the levelling process, suspended forty feet in mid-air on piles which held it until new foundations had been dug and a new ground floor and first floor built for it. "You see how simple it is, don't you?"

But the climax of simplicity is the following operation, of which I witnessed the last phases. Mr. Dennys, one of the pioneers of Seattle, had bought, at the outset, a whole hill, which was soon surrounded by buildings. He had transformed it into charming gardens and had built at the summit a superb hotel, the Washington, where Mr. Roosevelt stopped when he went to Seattle. It was undoubtedly the best there was in the city. One day Dennys, or rather his successor, Mr. Moore, reflected that he was not getting any return from his hill. Instead of wasting the entire hill for one hotel, he decided that it would be far more profitable to clear away the whole thing. The base being much broader than the summit, he could build

a great many buildings: four blocks of theatres and new hotels. As to the earth that lay between these two extremes, he would carry it to the shore, where he would buy a cheap bit of land, fill it up, and so have some fine and spacious building lots.

What objection could be made to this plan? The work? The expense? The time? At Seattle no one takes such obstacles into account. The first step was to demolish the Hotel Washington. In a single night an opportune fire did the job with admirable rapidity. The hill would seem more difficult to destroy, but it did not prove much harder. Mr. Moore, who was undoubtedly a travelled man, remembered how the Creator had carried out, on His own account, the erosion of His mountains. It was but a question of hydraulic pressure. Powerful artificial streams were set to fulfill the functions of torrents, avalanches, and glaciers in disaggregating the soil and baring the rocks condemned forthwith to destruction; caverns were thus formed, whose walls were easily knocked in, a little canal was dug to carry the debris quickly and easily to the spot they were to fill in; if some blocks were too big or too hard, dynamite quickly solved the question. In a word it was a recurrence of the inundation that almost destroyed St. Gervais when the dykes broke, but in this case the catastrophe was held in check. What could be simpler? — as my guide always repeated smilingly. It was one evening after dinner that he took me to see this strange work. Only a few bits remained to be cut away, and a workman,

directing the stream of water, washed into the fiord, all by himself, what remained of the hill. On the way home, I saw the two fine hotels that the ingenious Moore had already built on a part of the levelled ground, a hundred feet below the Washington.

American "push" has often been spoken of, I do not believe there is another spot in the United States where it bursts forth as it does at Seattle. And this to such a degree that in spite of the manifest richness of the buildings, the shops, churches, and schools, in all domains of public and private life, one wonders if one is not the victim of a mirage, and if there is not a good bit of bluff concealed under this brilliant appearance; but a detailed examination only confirms the first impression, and one is constrained to acknowledge that the real prosperity is in no way inferior to that which is superficially evident.

The wonderful development and projects of the banks furnish an undeniable proof of this. My ignorance in such matters is counterbalanced by the exceptional competency and indefatigable willingness of Mr. Auzias-Turenne, one of my compatriots, who has lived for a long time in the Northwest, and is vice-president of one of the foremost financial establishments of Seattle. The city, in 1906, had seventeen banks, all paying concerns of the highest standing, having deposits aggregating seventy million dollars, and whose transactions, none of them speculative, amount for the one year to \$486,220,021.

That such establishments are successful in the whole



State of Washington, is shown by their number alone; there were 221 in 1905; 265 in 1906; in 1908, in spite of the panic, they numbered to 272 and received twenty-five million in deposits, or one-seventeenth of the total for the United States (\$331,562,680). In new countries especially, the prosperity of banks is closely connected with affairs in general: agriculture, trade, the development of forests and mines, commerce, commercial navigation,— nothing can get along without the banks; and, for their part no matter how clever their directors, they cannot succeed permanently unless they inspire confidence by the honesty of their methods and the solid foundation of wealth on which they are established.

And it is indeed a solid foundation of wealth that is being developed by Seattle, a wealth that rests on a remarkably favorable situation and on natural resources of which one can see no end in the future.

The geographical position of Seattle makes it not only the centre of the young State of Washington, but the natural meeting point between the whole Northwest of the United States,— that rich reserve of mines, pastures, forests, and fisheries, which has only just been opened up,— and the over-populated regions of the Far East, where five or six hundred million producers and consumers stand ready to make commercial exchanges. Even when the Panama Canal will have been completed, the trade between America and Japan, Siberia, China, and Indo-China will be advantageously carried on by way of Puget Sound. That fiord is, in-

deed, very close to Asia, and offers, over a surface of more than six hundred miles, all the advantages of an inland sea, while, thanks to its relative narrowness and many windings, it is protected from all storms. It is on a wide bay of this marine river that Seattle is extending to the west the overgrowing line of docks and wharves. Behind, and parallel to them, run the busy streets of the business quarter. Farther along to the east on the hillside or on the banks of transparent lakes,\* residences surrounded by lawns and flowers are being built along tree-shaded avenues; and just as the sea offers an interminable shore line for the spread of wharves, so, inland, lies boundless land, as yet unoccupied, awaiting the development of suburbs and parks.

But the favors lavished by Nature do not stop here. Together with commercial wealth, the waters of the fiords, warmed by contact with the ocean current of Kouro Shivo, give Seattle a soft and temperate climate. Nor does the earth restrict herself to useful gifts. When the wearied inhabitants of Seattle retire in the evening to their hillside villas, their charmed eyes see the sun set over glancing waters and verdant isles, while at all the other points of the compass, to the north, east and south, mountains, more than ten or twelve thousand feet high, outline their giant profiles in deep shadow, or tower with glistening domes of snow above the darkening landscape.

\*These fresh water lakes are three in number: Union Lake, in the midst of the city; Green Lake, to the north; and Lake Washington, to the east.

In very truth, it requires an effort not to let oneself be won over by the enthusiasm of the happy citizens of Seattle, and one will gladly grant them that, the world having always seen its most magnificent cities grow up on the shore of an inland sea,— above all one that is joined to an ocean and is surrounded by fertile ground, — one will grant them that there seems no limit to the future greatness of this metropolis of the Northwest, the latest born and most active of all the cities of America, the young and beautiful sovereign beginning to stretch out her sceptre over a good half of the greatest of oceans, and at whose feet already lie heaped the tributes of New Zealand and Alaska, Australia and Japan, the East Indies and Siberia, South Africa and the Chinese Empire. Christopher Columbus, like many before and since, risked his life to find a way to the treasures of the Orient. Many passages give access there to-day,— the Trans-Siberian Railway, the Suez Canal, and soon the Panama Canal. The western coast of the United States already had one, the Golden Gate of San Francisco; it now has another, of which the whole world must take account.

## CHAPTER X

### THE NORTHWEST. TACOMA. PUGET SOUND

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE NORTHWEST — AUDACIOUS  
RAILROADS — PROSPERITY OF THE YOUNG STATE OF  
WASHINGTON — THE CITY OF TACOMA: ORIGINS, DE-  
VELOPMENT, DESCRIPTION — A MISSIONARY OF PRE-  
HISTORIC TIMES — ALPINESQUE HORIZONS — AN  
INTERVIEW *à l' Américaine* — EXCURSION ON PUGET  
SOUND — THE BREMERTON NAVY YARDS — NAVAL  
RELIGION — WELL-PAID CREWS — A SUNSET.

THE American people realize the importance of the Northwest to such an extent that they have given the name of Inland Empire to a part of this region\* referring to the riches to be put to account, the territory to be populated, and the unlimited development they foresee for the future of the nation. It was a magnificently bold stroke by which the business men, captains of industry, and engineers, built across apparently insurmountable obstacles the interminable railroads, costly and unproductive that opened up these undeveloped and uninhabited lands as a field for human endeavor.

\*This name is applied rather vaguely to eastern Washington, northeastern Oregon, and western Montana.

The faith of even the most confident people of the world did not go so far as to believe in such an adventurous project. Seeing them push their line hundreds and hundreds of miles, here across arid deserts, there over torrents, bridges, lakes, tunnelling or skirting gigantic mountains, the directors were accused by every one of ruining their credulous stockholders; and, in attacking the man who was the brains of the enterprise, words could not be found strong enough to blame the folly of James J. Hill.

But he went on his way unheeding. In 1879 he and his associates had reorganized the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad, which then owned only 657 miles of rails; in the following years he extended it toward the West and added to it the most important adjacent lines, so that by 1890 he had 3,300 miles of road. But the Rocky Mountains still blocked the way. Without asking the State for either subsidies or land concessions, as other companies had done, Mr. Hill, with his personal resources and those of his friends whom he had inspired with his own hopes, attacked the giant barrier. His engineers climbed around summits, pierced tunnels, followed or bridged torrents, and finally came out on the Pacific slope; from then on they pursued their way through virgin forests and across empty plains until, in 1893, they reached the coast. Although it was a panic year, returns began at once, and from then on the stockholders have received dividends all the larger from the fact that, in their superb confidence, they faced all the expenses of build-

ing the road and buying up other companies without issuing bonds. To-day the Great Northern stretches its network of rails from the Great Lakes to the ocean, from Chicago to Seattle, covering twice the distance from Paris to Constantinople; besides which, the company has built a line of steamers that ply between America and Asia, thus extending its dominion to the shores of the Chinese Empire.

Thus communication with Asia and Oceanica is established by way of Puget Sound, with its sixteen hundred miles of sheltered coast line, where a hundred seaports could be built capable of harboring vessels of heaviest tonnage; and also with the old and prosperous Eastern, Central and Middle-Western States by means of the Great Northern, and by other lines as well. Such are the magnificent highways, the one opened by Providence and the other by the genius of man, that permit the inhabitants of this new and favored land to ship all over the world the riches surrounding them, accumulated throughout the ages in the forests, the mines, the pastures, and even the waters; and to raise themselves, with a rapidity disconcerting to the imagination, to a degree of prosperity so solid and brilliant that one wonders if the history of the world knows of another such striking example. It is true that these natural treasures fell all at once into the hands of the most energetic and best prepared portion of the human race, since most of those who are to-day developing the Northwest come, not from the Old World, but from the other States of the Union (especially those of the



Middle West,— Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Iowa), where they have benefited by the recent discoveries of science, and are already imbued with the rapid methods and conquering spirit of America. If one stop to consider that these regions, two or three times the size of France, have as yet but three or four million inhabitants, one is thunderstruck by what the latter have already accomplished, and one wonders how far they will go when, as will certainly happen before long, they will have increased their number threefold or tenfold.

In the broad sense in which we have been considering it, the Northwest would include the States of Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Washington; and several exceedingly prosperous cities, such as Helena and Butte, should be mentioned; and above all Portland, the chief city of Oregon, on a tributary of the powerful Columbia River, which is navigable for large ships, and forms a highway between the interior and the coast. Portland, which in 1890 had 50,000 inhabitants, now has 140,000; the total of its transactions amounts to one hundred million dollars and increases yearly by sixteen million dollars; it mills enormous quantities of flour, and its sawmills cut up a thousand million trees annually into lumber, principally for exportation. But since the State of Washington is the only one I visited, I will restrict myself to it.

Its soil, very rich in most parts and capable of becoming so in others, is equal in extent to half of France.

About three hundred thousand settlers, who might be twenty times as many, exploit the resources which nature offers spontaneously or yields to their labor: according to figures, which on an average, increase 10 per cent yearly, the lumber trade produced eighty million dollars in 1905; agriculture, including cereals, fruits, dairy products, and hay, seventy-six million dollars\*; coal mines, \$5,500,000; fisheries an equal sum; and mining a million. In the first five years of the new country the investment in manufactures increased 190 per cent at Seattle, 145 per cent at Spokane, 95 per cent at Tacoma, and 69 per cent at Portland. The customs of Seattle took in two millions and a half more in 1906 than in 1905. The average of salaries, which in 1905 was five hundred and twenty-three dollars in the eastern and central cities and three hundred and sixty-eight in the south, reached, the same year six hundred and fifty-two at Tacoma, six hundred and seventy-five at Seattle, and six hundred and eighty-six at Spokane.

Seattle, the "Queen City"; Spokane, the "City of the Inland Empire"; and Tacoma, the "City of Destiny," are the three principal towns of the State of Washington. We have dwelt sufficiently on the first. Spokane will not detain us, for the excellent reason that I had not time to go there, although it is only four hundred miles from the coast. To give an idea of its

\*In 1908 the cereals alone were estimated by the Bureau of Agriculture at \$29,728,000; the hay crop at \$9,229,000, and potatoes at \$3,055,000.

progress it will suffice to say that it had 500 inhabitants in 1880, and more than 100,000 in 1907; that its property was estimated at thirty millions, and its bank transactions at one hundred and fifty million dollars. Besides other products for which it is the economic centre, it ships each year twenty million bushels of wheat and eight thousand carloads of fruit. Having had the good fortune to see Tacoma, which is only twenty-five miles from Seattle, I shall speak of it at greater length.

For Tacoma also the prodigious growth translates itself naturally into fantastic figures, the accumulation of which may perhaps fatigue the reader, but which, it must be acknowledged, gives the best idea of the rapid progress made in this part of the world. I may say that it had 1,093 inhabitants in 1880; 37,714 in 1900; 84,910 in 1906, and has by now undoubtedly more than 100,000; that in a single year, from 1905 to 1906, the bank transactions increased from 140 to 187 million dollars, and the customs receipts from \$249,211 to \$414,273; that its ocean trade rose from \$22,800,000 in 1900 to \$50,084,000 in 1906, an increase in six years of 120 per cent. I could tell of the millions spent on embellishing the streets, parks, and public buildings; speak of its flour mills and saw mills and railroads; of the number of steamship companies stopping there and connecting it directly with all the Pacific ports; in short I could explain, in the epic style of the official report: "Tacoma, the electric city of the Pacific coast, makes more boards, laths, and beams than

any other city in the world; refines more ore than any other city west of the Rocky Mountains; mills more flour than any city west of Minneapolis and Kansas City; it has the most important factories of the Northwest for building and repairing cars and locomotives; it furnishes cart-wheels for the whole Pacific coast; has the largest fisheries in the United States; the biggest furniture factories on the coast, and the largest coffin factories west of the Missouri.”\* But because I feel the reader getting bored (very foolishly) by this kind of account, I shall beg of the intelligent city of Tacoma to permit me to speak of her no longer as a business centre, but merely from the standpoint of the ingenuous traveller; restful, agreeable, and picturesque indeed, are the impressions I have of her as seen through the veil of memory.

It was early in the morning that I boarded the little electric train that connects Tacoma and Seattle, and of which the station is near the big totem pole of Pioneer Square, the only historical monument of Seattle. Totem poles are a sort of funeral columns, playing the same role as the Pyramids, which the Indians raised in memory of their ancestors. On them they carved and painted symbolic heads to recall their great dead, and it seems they worship them. One meets with quite a number among the Northwestern Indians. The Seattle totem pole was stolen from Alaska by some traders and excursionists, who gave it to the city. The

\*Very abbreviated extract from an official account.

despoiled tribe objected vehemently, and was not appeased until the Government paid it a large indemnity, — I hope that it was not entirely consoled thereby.

The three cars of our little electric train quickly traverse the thirty miles between the two cities. At first the plain is covered with factories and workmen's houses; afterwards come isolated farms; then, about half way, untouched nature, a thicket of trees and vines, ponds, and undergrowth. But one realizes that from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, all this is disappearing before the farming machines, the plough, the hay tedder, the reaper, and the thresher, if not before the iron skeletons of new buildings and the commonplace cutting of streets at right angles. This thought gives a more pathetic look to the flowers and verdure that one can reach as one passes; one greets and caresses them before they die.

I arrived at Tacoma full of the picture drawn of it five years earlier by M. Urbain Gohier:

"At the foot of the incline (of the railroad coming from the Rockies) lies Tacoma, curious and ugly: it is the American city at birth. All built of boards, the stations, the houses, the churches, the sidewalks, the roadways; no provision yet for comfort, but everything required for work: electric cars and electric light everywhere, rails, trains, wharfs. Wealth gushes from the soil; in twenty years the ugly village will be a pretty town; in place of cowboys galloping on the slippery boards between cows and hens, there will be clerks and girls in the latest New York styles."\*

\*Urbain Gohier, "Le Peuple du Vingtième Siècle," p. 285.

In twenty years! Yet Mr. Urbain Gohier is one of those who have best understood American activity. How could he assign it such a long delay? I went to Tacoma five years after his visit, and the "ugly" village is one of the most elegant cities I have seen on my travels. The business quarter is no uglier than those of the East, and the residences would not disfigure any city of Europe. Many of the private houses would be quite appropriate around the parks of our capitals; and the High School, finished in 1906, is so beautiful that it recalls the *châteaux* that our kings built for themselves along the banks of the Loire. Tacoma already lays claim to the name "City of Homes," like Philadelphia, and it looks so finished that one would almost credit it with the fabulous antiquity of half a century!

I have plenty of time to appreciate the venerable aspect of things at Tacoma. Our tramway is stopped in the lower town by a circus parade, an American circus with herds of wild animals and armies of human performers. The street is crowded with women and children, who watch or follow the procession; traffic is at a standstill, and to my astonishment no one is annoyed by the delay; we might almost be in the French provinces. I walk up the pretty street leading to Yakima Avenue, lined with villas, with rustic columns, dormers, and cupolas, all of new-looking wood, that are surrounded with lawns and shrubbery; and I enter the Church of St. Leo the Great, just as they are trying a new organ that had arrived that very morning.



The priest, Father Hylebos, exercises also the functions of Vicar General. He and Father Kauten of Seattle are the oldest priests of the diocese, and it seems very strange from the summit of this great and beautiful city to hear him tell his recollections of the time when the whole region was inhabited by only a few savages. This is about what he told me.

“I came as missionary to the Indians. It was in 1870, and Tacoma did not exist then. There was no road except the Indian trail. The branches were so low that I often had to dismount. Once my horse stopped suddenly, trembling in every limb; we were face to face with a mountain lioness and her cub. I shrieked so that it frightened even her, and she took to flight. I found along the bay about five hundred aborigines, who lived by salmon-fishing. Three miles from here was the Puyallup Indian mission. The missionaries had chosen this site as being the best centre of communication; the aborigines reached it easily by Puget Sound or the mountain path. They met around a cross planted in 1840 by the first missionaries, the Canadian priests, Father Demers and Father Blanchet, who became the first Bishop of Oregon City. When he had received his Bull, he ingenuously started for Mexico, and afterwards went to France to be consecrated; in this he did not succeed, having no means of establishing his identity. ‘His Bull?’ you say. He might have stolen it. He returned to Canada, where he was known, and was there consecrated in July, 1845, after a year and a half of peregrinations.

“But to return to the mission. There was Mass, of course, then instruction that must be repeated by heart. Next followed a banquet in the wigwam of the chief. Only the men took part, the squaws squatting around on the ground, their papooses on their backs. Both men and women wore long hair, long and unkempt. The children picked up the insects that dropped

from it and carried them to their mothers who killed them between their teeth and then threw them away. 'That is dirty,' I said to them at first.

" 'They are not dirty, since they live on us,' they replied.

" 'Why do you bite them ?'

" 'Because they bite us,' they answered.

" 'There are now but three hundred and fifty savages; all the rest are dead, either from abuse of the liquor sold them by the whites, or from measles, which is fatal to them, as they go out in the cold even when the fever is at its height.'\*

After lunch we went out on the boulevards above the city, and while I admired their extent and activity, while at our feet stirred trains and ships, while there rose to our ears the dull noise from the docks, the saw-mills, the flourmills, the foundries, and the factories, the aged missionary told me fabulous tales dating from day before yesterday: how the Northern Pacific having crossed the estuary of the Columbia River in a ferry-boat, had reached salt water in 1875; and how the population, now numbering more than 100,000 souls, consisted then of twenty-six workmen building a wharf to connect the trains and the boats. He explained to me the name Tacoma, which comes from the Indian syllables *ta*, the sign of the superlative; *co*, frozen; and *ma*, mountain; and which signified with the aborigines the majestic chain of the Cascade Mountains. These mountains which with their snowy summits shut in our horizon to the south and east, offer as fine excursions to

\*There remain a great many Indians in the States of Montana and Washington. A few tribes are converted to Catholicism or Protestantism; others are still pagan.

the tourist as the most beautiful ones of Tyrol or Switzerland. Lakes, forests, torrents, waterfalls, and glaciers,— nothing is missing that makes up the splendor of Alpine scenery; and the view from the summit of Mt. Rainier at a height of 14,363 feet\* is surpassed by but few in the world. From it one sees stretched at one's feet the blue meanderings of Puget Sound, and the green forests of Oregon and Washington; in British Columbia, to the north, rise the peaks of Mt. Scott, and Mt. Baker; one overlooks, to the west, the chain of the Olympic Mountains, and through some of the defiles one catches glimpses of the Pacific melting vaguely into the azure of the sky.

I might as well admit, though, that I did not make this ascent, but contented myself with visiting the already beautiful parks of Tacoma, and the Chamber of Commerce, more useful than picturesque, but where some of the data of the preceding pages were graciously furnished me. But, without having scaled any heights, crossed any glaciers, or been buffeted by snow storms, on my way home to Seattle in the evening I kept longing for rest, and it never occurred to me that before I went to sleep, I should give the finest interview of my trip.

“What do you think of Mr. Roosevelt's speech?” a reporter of *The Post Intelligencer*, the most im-

\*The exact altitudes of the peaks of Washington are: Rainier, 14,363 feet; Adoma, 12,470; Baker, 10,827. Mt. Olympus rises to 8,250 feet.

portant newspaper of the city, asked me immediately on my return.

"What speech?" I asked.

"The one he delivered yesterday at Provincetown."\*

"But I have n't read it. I have just arrived at Tacoma, and the Bishop expects me to dinner," I objected.

"The newspaper sent me to ask your opinion; and the Bishop will tell you how important *The Post Intelligencer* is," he returned.

"I don't doubt it in the least; but I don't know the speech, and you will understand."

"The paper wants this interview."

This was said in such a decided tone that it was clear I could not escape. "Have you the text?" I asked.

"I will see," he replied quietly, and he hunted in his big portfolio. The speech was there; we were saved! I had still ten minutes: I spent five reading up the subject; one, wondering what I thought about it; and four, telling the result to North America! The next day,—but I am leaving my readers in the same ignorance as mine was, instead of telling them that it was a question of the proceedings against the trusts,—the next day, after having put into my mouth that I wished to avoid personalities, the reporter set forth in my name, in two hundred well written lines, the general idea that I had indeed fallen back on, and of which I was thoroughly convinced: namely that, should the

\*An old Massachusetts town, where the *Mayflower* landed on November 11, 1620.

people of the United States suffer materially from the investigation into, and application of, the letter of the law to citizens or even the most powerful trusts, this loss would be but temporary and secondary; whereas it would be a wrong of far greater consequence to lower, by culpable compliance, the public ideal, and to attack, perhaps fatally, the conscience of the nation. The way in which the reporter developed this theme brought me, I must confess, more congratulations than most of the pages I have written with my own hand. It is true that, by way of compensation, in other papers they made me make more mistakes than I ever should have found alone. This is the common lot of the traveller in the United States, and perhaps elsewhere: an interview gives the right to judge none but the reporter.

As I had, up to that time, the intention of going to San Francisco by rail and so passing through Portland, I expressed to my friend, the chaplain of the hospital, my desire to make an excursion to Puget Sound, if only to be able to say I had been on the Pacific — one would know the Atlantic in the same way by venturing out on the harbor of Arcachon! The plan was not displeasing, and it was arranged that I should be taken to Bremerton, where the Pacific Navy Yard is. We set sail gayly on a fine morning, the chaplain, a vicar of Spokane, and I; once more it will be seen that in America the cloth is quite the opposite of an obstacle to having the *entrée* everywhere. Boats, about corresponding to those making the tour of the Lake of Gen-

eva, run regularly along the coast and among the islands of Puget Sound. If the atmosphere were clear, one might imagine oneself on Lake Lemán; the chain of the Olympics would take the place of the Jura, and the Cascades that of the Alps. Thanks to Mt. Rainier, nearly 15,000 feet high, one would not miss the eternal snow of Mt. Blanc. The view, as described to me, must be splendid on clear days; what I see charms me exceedingly. I love the softness of this bluish mist which floats vaguely in the air and softens down the contour of the nearer hills, blending to almost the same tint the great forest trees and the deep waters of the Pacific. Close at hand, however, the colors can be discerned, and in the sea itself tall pines are reflected here and there along the coast, in splashes of dark green. The scene changes continually; on the shore, sometimes flat and sometimes abrupt, salt-marshes follow on the heels of rich prairies or, more often, of forests; farms or elegant villas emerge from the solitude; we pass in front of Luna Park, entirely devoted to amusements for Seattle as is its namesake of the East or Coney Island to those of New York. The impression of diversity is accentuated by the unforeseen windings of the fiord, the caprice by which it curves suddenly as though to come back on its tracks, and sometimes shrinks to the dimensions of a modest river, or again spreads out into bays that seem to call for fleets; it is a sort of compromise between the sublime indentations of the Hardanger in Norway and the graceful intricacies in which the Baltic indulges before Stockholm.



The Navy Yard of Bremerton is situated at the end of one of the longest arms of Puget Sound, and it really seems as though one need fear no hostile surprise there any more than at the other parts of the fiord, protected as it is both by the natural arrangement of the land and the forts that command all the important points. Father Allain, the priest of Bremerton, who came down to the dock to meet us, had prepared a sumptuous reception for us at his rectory. A French Canadian from Acadia, and cultivated to the point of having read some of my works, he welcomed us most heartily, and had arranged to accompany us back to Seattle after keeping us with him as long as possible. Every one who comes near him is charmed with his affability and when, after lunch, he took us to the Yard, all doors were opened to us and all hands extended. Rear-admiral Burwell received us in his office, and Admiral Swinburne on his flag-ship, as though they each had nothing better to do. Yet, Heaven knows, they work hard. The Japanese question was far from being settled; and the Government, having decided to send its whole fleet to the Pacific, a project as yet hazy to the mind of the average outsider, was preparing for any eventuality that might occur if the Mikado would not see the disinterested motives of this little journey. We visited two cruisers and a torpedo boat in dry-dock. Being of an incompetence that should recommend me as under-secretary to Monsieur Pelletan, should he ever be recalled to destroy our navy when it shall be put on its feet again, there is no danger of my betray-

ing any of the secrets of American defence. The worst I could do would be if Bremerton were Toulon, to compromise the future of one of the two admirals — Swinburne, to complete my information — by revealing that he keeps on full view in his stateroom a portrait of Pius X himself. It is true that it is a souvenir of the painter, a friend of his; but some faults admit of no excuse!

Give clericalism an inch and it takes an ell! The same navy that does not worry over the presence on a flag-ship of a portrait of the Pope, provides for the religious needs of its crews. There are now twenty-four chaplains of the fleet, and an increase of the number is under consideration. At present, five are Catholics; five, Episcopalian, and the rest belong to various denominations. All consciences must receive satisfaction, and everyone helps toward this end. Here, for instance, the chaplain, the Rev. Arthur W. Stone, belongs to the Episcopal Church, but he not only sends the Catholic sailors to our friend the priest of Bremerton, but he invites the latter to come to visit them on the flag-ship, to confess them, and better still, to celebrate Mass and give the Holy Communion. The most amiable of men is this chaplain, anyway, and we carried him off to dine with us at the rectory of Bremerton after he had taken us all over the Navy Yard, shown us everything of interest, and introduced us to all the officers we met. I have not forgotten the commandant, who received us with his family, who were visiting him that day, and who had a pretty little black

bear that surprised me by putting his paws on my knees and nibbling my fingers by way of affection.

The sailors of the United States, although I have read something to the contrary, appeared to me to be a very happy set. As is well known, they are all volunteers; and if the independence natural to Americans may, from time to time, cause some of them to regret their enlistment, as a whole they seem very well satisfied with their lot; which is not surprising when one considers the conditions.

From the moment of their enlistment as naval apprentices they receive a forty-five-dollar outfit, thirty cents a day for rations, and sixteen dollars a month pay. At the end of from six months to a year they become common seamen at nineteen dollars a month; almost always the next year their pay is raised to twenty-four dollars with increases of one, two, or three dollars according to their capacity. Often after the end of his first period of enlistment, which is four years, the seaman becomes a petty officer of the third class with thirty dollars, or even of the second class with thirty-five dollars per month. If he reënlist his pay is increased and may reach at the end of a year, as that of petty officer of the first class, the handsome sum of seventy dollars a month. With intelligence and good conduct there is nothing to prevent him from becoming, at the end of seven years of service, a commissioned officer, with an annual pay which begins at twelve hundred dollars and increases every five years until it reaches eighteen hundred dollars. But it is still

a far cry to the top rung of the ladder, for every year nine petty officers are promoted to the grade of ensign. All seamen may leave any part of their pay they please with the Purser, and the Government allows them four per cent interest on it. Furthermore their future is secured. On receiving an honorable discharge after ten years' service they can easily obtain, if they wish, a position in an arsenal or navy yard, or as instructors; if they are declared physically unfit for service and are recommended by their officers, they receive a pension. After twenty years they have the right to choose either a permanent retreat in the Naval Home at Philadelphia or retiring on a pension equal to half their last pay. If they have served for thirty years, this pension will amount to two-thirds their last pay. In all this lies the reason that, so far, the United States has gotten along without conscription, although their navy is today the largest in the world after England's, outnumbering Germany's by a little, and France's by a great deal.

On the steamer going back that evening we talked of this naval strength and supposing that the fleets of the two oceans could be brought together in the Pacific, what the chances would be of overcoming the Japanese squadrons. The question then was the burning one of the day, though it seems now to be about settled by the notes exchanged at the end of 1908 between the Governments of Tokio and Washington, guaranteeing both the integrity of China and the principle of the Open Door, and agreeing to undertake

nothing against their respective possessions on the Pacific Ocean. May the ingrained conflict between economic interests and racial differences not arouse the threatening problem too soon again!

The thought of the dangers it harbored threw a melancholy glamour over the end of this beautiful day; or perhaps it was the landscape that made us pensive. I have never seen one like it; the sky, serene and without clouds or fog, was nevertheless hung with strange mists, which, I learned, came from the forest fires, those scourges that burn for weeks every year devouring all before them, and sweeping away towns as well as any other obstacles that lie in their path. The orb of the sun set blood-red behind the Olympic Mountains, in the direction of far-off disquieting Asia. Then I felt the magic spell of the sea and its secrets grip me so strongly that my plans for the overland journey faded into thin air, and I resolved to abandon myself for several days to the inspiration of the mysterious ocean waves.

## CHAPTER XI

### ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN

ACTIVITY OF THE PORT OF SEATTLE — DELAYED DEPARTURE — A FALSELY PACIFIC SEA — MEETINGS ON BOARD: LITTLE JAPS; STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES — “EUROPE, IF YOU WISH; BUT AMERICA FIRST” — ALASKA, THE NORWAY OF AMERICA — UNCLE SAM’S GOOD INVESTMENT — THE EXCELLENT CAPTAIN — STORY OF A FIRE AT SEA — CORDIAL SIMPLICITY OF WESTERNERS — A WORD ON THE JEWISH QUESTION — ON MOONBEAMS.

THE next day but one, August 24, instead of leaving for San Francisco by rail, which would have allowed me to stop at Portland, and afterwards to cross the wooded mountains of Oregon, and then the alternation of snowy sierras with rich plains which makes northern California so picturesque, I went on board a pretty little steamer of 2,036 tons, the *Spokane*, belonging to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, whose service extends from Mexico to Behring Straits. I had to go only eight hundred and four miles of which fifty-four lay between us and Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, on the Island of Vancouver. We were to



make a two hours' stop there in the middle of the afternoon, and I was rejoicing at the prospect of having a glimpse of its beach, its parks, its residences, and its Parliament House,—so many marvels of elegance, I had been told, reproducing in this distant English colony all the achievements of the mother country. But I was counting without the delays, the inevitable delays! I am not complaining; I am merely stating that we left at eleven o'clock in the morning instead of nine, and that we put in to Victoria at about eight o'clock in the evening instead of three in the afternoon. The stop was just sufficient for us to answer to the invitation, "Cars to city," by taking the tram to the town, buying a few post cards, and rushing back as fast as possible for fear of missing the boat and being stranded there, our hands in our pockets, while our valises were borne away. A little more delay and we should not get to San Francisco until Wednesday instead of Tuesday; but as I was not to speak there until Thursday it would make no difference. Still, it is evidently prudent to allow a bit of leeway on these little journeys in America, and it is just as well when one is going to California not to telegraph ahead from Paris or even from New York to order one's lunch at a certain hour.

The two hours that I had to wait in Seattle harbor for the departure of the *Spokane* were not too much to enjoy for the last time the company of the good chaplain, who, profiting by the delay, almost made me sign a contract to return for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Ex-

position\* of 1909. At the same time as though to perfect and impress my recollection of the activity of Seattle, on every side I saw cases of merchandise piled up, even on the decks of the ships crowding the harbor yet not half the goods awaiting shipment were loaded. It is true that it was the moment of departure for the North, and the advanced season imposed a good deal of haste. The shippers of flour, dairy products, poultry, potatoes, onions, preserves, and provisions of all sorts, contested for stevedores at greatly increased wages; night and day the loading was carried on, each one trying to outstrip the others in getting his merchandise on board.

So great were the demands of Alaska and the Yukon in their preparations against winter, and so numerous the offers of the Washington producers that both greatly exceeded the capacity of the available vessels. Nevertheless, there were no more fresh eggs to be had at any price, and the East was shipping what had been kept over from the Spring before. Perhaps nothing illustrates better than this little detail the prosperity of the country we have been describing, where the settlers

\*This exposition, where every one could take account of the progress made in this part of the New World, lasted from June 1 to October 15, 1909. The inhabitants of Alaska took the initiative. The State of Washington, so interested in the prosperity of this immense district, gladly adopted the plan and appropriated \$1,000,000 toward it, of which \$600,000 was for buildings to serve afterwards as the State University. The municipality of Seattle appropriated \$750,000, and (a characteristic detail) the private subscriptions of its citizens, the very day the project was put forth, reached the sum of \$650,000. The buildings and grounds in the suburbs of Seattle given up to the Exposition alone cost \$10,000,000.

find at will not only fertile and undeveloped land, but ever growing and easily reached markets for their output.

All our first day out, on Puget Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca as far as Cape Flattery, where we look to the open ocean, the sea stretched, calm as the estuary of a river, between the banks and around the slopes of verdant islands; and this quiet sailing might have been continued, had such been our plan, for another whole day before we could have reached the end of Columbia and the beginning of Alaska, and then have begun again as calm as ever, along the sinuous coast of that Territory.

But that we were no longer steaming in quiet fiords was but too evident to me the next morning, when I tried to leave my berth. I may say without boasting that I lay there for twenty-four hours transcendently disdaining all things that appeal to man here below, and especially nourishment. The captain, whom I shall introduce when I am in better condition, but whom one can already appreciate by his kind attention, brought me two apples, and whether it was suggestion or a real property of this fruit, the most celebrated of olden times, I ate them with no bad effects. But except for this pleasant incident, what a long, long, I may even say, tedious and irksome day! Never in my life have I spent such a Sunday. Mark Twain, the disrespectful, in his "Adam's Diary," shows that ever since the time of our first father, this day has been

difficult to spend. On a Monday evening he gives this entry: "Discovered to-day why God created the week; to rest us from Sunday." This recollection was my only amusement. All the rest of the time passed in the deepest melancholy, and my poor half-unconscious soul was abandoned to the most preposterous imaginings. I was angry with this enormous ocean for its name of "Pacific"; I upbraided it with its hypocrisy in displaying a calm surface while beneath it gave itself up to the worst of turmoils, and rolled us from right to left, from left to right, until the boat was almost turned over and over like a chicken on the spit, of which the passengers would have been the little lardons. This outlandish comparison did not inflict itself long on my perturbed brain; but the simpler idea constantly recurred that our boat was decidedly too small for such a big ocean. Thus was expiated my desire, born perhaps of the wish to astonish the reader, to entitle one of my chapters "On the Pacific."

The third day was better, and it is not without pleasure that I recall the morning of convalescence which I passed stretched on a steamer chair on the upper deck of the vessel, watching with gradually decreasing concern the peaceful and monotonous sea where, from time to time, a little variety was furnished by a few whales shaking their smooth backs and applying their energies to spouting, through the blow holes in the top of their colossal heads, two tall jets of water over the stretches of empty sea.

That afternoon and the next day I had many op-

portunities of meeting pleasant people. One's attention was not distracted from the people on board, for the ocean remained as lonely as when it bore, in old atlases, the beautiful name of "Silent Sea," and when the intrepid Magellan, after being the first to double Cape Horn, ploughed the awful spaces of the "furrow-faced sea" for ninety-nine days without discovering anything.

I remember meeting a Seattle merchant who had often been to Japan. But the subject of our conversation, which bore on the relations of this country with America, deserves being treated in a separate chapter. I prefer to speak here of two little Japanese brothers of fourteen and sixteen years, whose small stature made them appear at least four years younger. They had been in America two weeks and were on their way to Los Angeles to study at the college there. Nor is there anything exceptional in this; one can see a dozen of their compatriots at Harvard, and as many more at Chicago who have come to follow the university courses from their fifteenth to their twenty-second year. The older of our two scholars already knew a few words of English and was only too glad to practise them. I can hear him still, saying very slowly, when I had acquainted him with my nationality: "France and Japan," and after hunting in his dictionary, "are friends." The younger could speak, or rather keep silent, only in Japanese. He did not find a word, nor even a cry, to express his regret when a breeze blew his cap overboard; but he followed it with his eyes,

smiling so sadly that an American girl in our group took off her own and set it firmly and with graciousness on his head. He accepted the present without ceremony with an air, pleased no doubt, but still more astonished. Every one was kind to these brave children, but they soon disappeared, perhaps confined to their stateroom by sea-sickness.

The young girl who had so kindly given her cap to the little Japanese belonged to a group of students of Stanford, the university founded in the environs of San Francisco by the Senator of that name in memory of his son, and endowed by him and his wife with the enormous sum of thirty million dollars. There were on board twelve men and four girls, students hastening there for the re-opening, those arriving late not being admitted. I greatly enjoyed talking with them and (why should I not acknowledge it?) sharing their games, and even teaching them some French ones that had considerable success. To repay me, they sang their university hymn in chorus, and this led to an improvised concert, each one doing his share. Our circle grew, and the captain himself, who had drawn near, gave us a comic lament of a vessel lost amidst the Polar ice. The fictitious song borrowed from him an amusing air of reality, for we knew he had many a time sailed as far as Nome at the entrance to Behring Straits, and it was not difficult to imagine him being carried away by the ice floes of the Arctic Ocean. His company organized a regular service for the different ports of Alaska, and each year this Norway of America



receives crowds of visitors attracted there, as to the real Norway, by the marvels of capricious fiords, mountains encircled with multicolored clouds, glaciers bathed by the sea, great pine forests, and the midnight sun.

And apropos of this, we must get accustomed to the fact that henceforth Americans, though continuing, happily for us, to seek in the Old World their impressions of history and art, will find at home the magnificent scenery that used to contribute toward attracting them to our shores: they now have their Alps in the Rocky Mountains, their Côte d' Azur in southern California; they have in Arizona a desert, surrounded by prodigies, that is quite equal to the North of Africa; in Alaska they have a Scandinavia as beautiful as ours, and over which waves their own flag. Without leaving home they can journey from the polar regions to the tropics, and choose between the land of ever-changing flowers and that of unmelting ice. The travelling agencies who boom all this picturesqueness are justified in their energetic appeal: "Europe if you like, but America first."

Let us dwell a little on Alaska, the most recently known of these interesting lands. Since the ocean offers so little that is new to describe, we must fall back on its surroundings. Pretexts are not lacking either, and Alaska will seem in no way foreign to the purpose. My stateroom companion is a good-natured artist who has just spent the summer there and who is bringing back some very pretty canvases, recalling those of Nor-

man by their dreamlike, yet natural, coloring. I had, besides, the good luck to meet on board the talented writer Mrs. Lily Mary Norton, who was also returning from Alaska, from whom I obtained, not only all the accounts I could wish for, but photographs, pamphlets, and even a review, *The Boston Alaskan*, founded by her the foregoing year to make known to Easterners the opportunities open out there to American initiative.\*

Alaska, which is but just beginning to be developed and which for that very reason deserves a place in this study of America of to-morrow, has, nevertheless, belonged to the United States for the last forty-three years. It was bought from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000. Perhaps this sum was the equivalent of what its first possessors could make out of it; but it stands in no proportion to the profit Americans have realized there: already in 1903 Alaska had yielded, in pelts and salmon alone, one hundred two million dollars. Even without taking into account the gold mines, which it was impossible to foresee would prove so rich, but which in the ten years from 1895 to 1905 have produced the handsome total of \$80,650,000, it is evident that Uncle Sam made a good bargain for his nephews when he acquired for such a sum this territory equal in extent to one-fifth his old domain. He has gotten his

\**The Boston Alaskan* appeared at Boston from August, 1906, to October, 1907, when it had to suspend publication on account of the financial panic. All friends of American expansion hope to see it come to life again; and we hope that some among them will do what is necessary to that end.

money back many times over. Present statistics are not quite complete, yet they show that, though the fur trade has fallen off because all the labor goes to the gold mines, and though the influx of settlers has driven the game back into the inaccessible forests and mountains, other profits, on the contrary, have risen enormously; the gold mined in 1905 amounted to \$14,500,000, and salmon fishing yields some ten millions annually; besides which it is expected soon the codfish so abundant on these coasts will be exploited.

The results will be still more striking if compared with the small population. The decennial census of 1900 accounts for only 63,592 inhabitants of Alaska, of whom about half are indigenous and half immigrants; but the latter since then, must have increased by about fifteen thousand; for the increase in 1905 was three thousand five hundred. They are certainly splendid pioneers. Of course the State has helped them; it has developed the post and telegraph, the trails, roads, and all means of communication; but they help themselves too; and when one thinks of what Alaska was under the Russian rule,—nothing but almost unexplored shores bordering a desert devoid of all resources,—one cannot refrain from admiring the initiative of the companies and individuals who have already built so many charming little towns, opened up so many accessible harbors, organized such productive fisheries, developed the art of forestry and created that of mining, attracted crowds of tourists, constructed hundreds of miles of railroads, and launched a fleet of

as many as thirty-two steamers on rivers like the Yukon and the Tanana that are frozen three-quarters of the year.

One must not think of Alaska as peopled only by gold-hunters, though one may admire their heroism against the terrible cold, and their spirit of organization, which has replaced the violent disorder of the early days. The greater part of the colony is made up of fishers, traders, foresters, pelt-hunters, and even farmers. At the St. Louis Exposition of 1904 the seeds and hay grown in Alaska received an award; during the Winter of 1907 the restaurants of Rampart, which is one degree below the Arctic Circle, furnished potatoes grown in the vicinity; an effort is now being made to improve the pasturage and develop market gardening; Scotch cattle have been introduced and have done well, they can be left six months in the open after having been stabled for six months and fed on home-grown hay. Some of these experiments are due to the initiative of the Government; but the settlers do not let themselves be outdone, and some are known to have earned large profits from poultry, market gardening, and fruit-raising, and the sale of milk and butter. And it is clear that agriculture in Alaska is in its infancy. Conservative estimates recognize 100,000 square miles of arable land, and arable under the same conditions as Finland. The two regions lie in the same latitude and both are submitted to the influence of a current of warm water; there are some islands, such as Middleton, where whole winters pass without

snow, and it may be said in general that the cold is but moderate on the coast, and sharp but bearable for a good distance inland. Admitting that Alaska is much less favored than Finland, which easily supports its three million inhabitants, it must not be forgotten that its coast line, which would, if straightened out, be long enough to go round the world at the equator, abounds in valuable fish, and that its mines, not of gold only but of all sorts, would alone assure it a brilliant future. Business and work progress at such a rate that from June, 1905, to June, 1906, in the exchange with the United States, importations increased 28 per cent, while the exportation of gold and silver rose 39.3 per cent.

This information is not given to the end of sending young Frenchmen, anxious to settle on new ground, all the way to Alaska; it is a bit too distant, and they would feel far from home there. But are not these the very reasons to recommend the trip to travellers in search of new impressions and of scenery that is not found in every album? Nothing could be easier than this fine excursion on the comfortable boats of the Pacific Coast Company, and our pleasant *Spokane* has crossed from Seattle to Sitka several times this year. The price is not exorbitant, one hundred dollars for the round trip; and different combinations permit one to start from San Francisco or Los Angeles, with a choice of sea or land as far as Seattle. Almost immediately on leaving Victoria the scenery is enchanting, and the charm increases the farther north one goes.

There is nothing to fear from the waves, as one never leaves the fiords or straits, which are inaccessible to the heavings of the open ocean. The temperature is continuously delightful, protected against heat by the sea, and against cold by the sun which, even when it has dipped for a few short hours below the horizon, leaves a glimmer sufficient to unite twilight and dawn. The landscape is ideal, and ever varied by the shifting coloring of the different moments of the day and night. How could it ever be monotonous, since it goes from the depths of the sea to the highest summits? And from the sea to the snow-clad peaks it multiplies green forests, and mountains, gray, violet, and blue, fantastic rocks that resemble cathedral bell-towers or the turrets of a stronghold, entwined with clouds as with a scarf; cascades so high that they are lost in spray, the giant glaciers that allow the vessel itself to approach close to them or that send little fleets of icebergs floating down to it. And amidst all this dream there is life everywhere: fishes playing in the limpid waters, birds singing in the trees; and sometimes, flying from peak to peak above the deep channel, an eagle in whom, with its majestic wings, the Americans salute the symbol of their sovereignty. Night nevertheless holds all things enclaspèd in sleep in spite of the persistent lustre of day, and one discovers that night consists rather of silence than of darkness.

No less striking and varied is the image of itself that humanity has drawn in this marvellous region. The primitive rubs elbows with the latest progress, and



former ages meet together with the future; a totem pole stands beside electric lamps, and wireless telegraphy stretches forth its antennæ by the wigwam of an Indian chief. At such ports as Treadwell and Skagway, one admires the activity of the Americans who are loading the precious ingots on cargo boats; at a town like Sitka, founded more than a century ago by the Russians, one enjoys the picturesque buildings, and one reverently visits the Orthodox church where a Madonna by St. Luke is venerated. It is impossible to decide whether one is among Byzantines, Yankees, or Eskimos. Centuries lose their perspective, and in history as in this boreal Nature, all distinctions seem effaced between dawn and dusk.

Perhaps my readers will think that for a man who has never been there, I do a great deal of talking about Alaska. But, apart from the fact that a visit to Norway had predisposed me to understand it, it was so well described to me by Mrs. Norton, both in her conversation and in her review, and so well sketched in the water-colors of my artist companion; and finally, our captain, who returns there several times each summer, told about it so strikingly, that I have not felt incompetent to speak of it as I have done.

Allow me to present my friend, Captain N. E. Cousins; for we have become friends. The sea is calm, the weather clear, and the Pacific the least crowded of highways; so the *Spokane* troubles its commander but little. I see him, not only at table, where he had the

kindness to place me, as a priest, on his right, but I met him on deck, and often we talk in his stateroom where he wishes me to make myself at home; it is there, in fact, that I take down part of these notes when he leaves me for an inspection. I told him that I would sketch his portrait; although he did not look as though he believed it, I shall not play traitor. He is the ideal type of gentleness and strength. As good-natured as a child he goes around everywhere with a broad smile on his clean-shaven face, finding a pleasant word for every one. Tall and broad, enormous, a regular giant, he often jokes about his size. Meeting a lady cut out on the same pattern, young enough and pretty enough to take it all in good part, he said to her: "We had better not both stand on the same side of the ship, for fear of the equilibrium." Every time he comes up to me and places his hand on my shoulder I am afraid he is going to crush me. I have already said that, one morning, when passing a group where I was amusing myself with the students, he stopped and unceremoniously sang us a comic lament. But his good nature is far from diminishing his prestige; one can see from the attitude of the sailors in his presence that he has his crew well in hand. His men know what confidence they can place in him; for this overgrown, gentle child, is at the same time a brave captain, and if need be, a hero. Chance one day called on him for first-class qualities, and he showed them to the applause of all United States sailors and to the enthusiasm of public opinion. The affair deserves being described; it was a

question of nothing less than a fire at sea, the most appealing perhaps of all disasters, for it leaves no alternative but the flames or the waves, two scourges equally disdainful of puny human efforts.

The steamer *Queen*, leaving San Francisco for Seattle February 25, 1904, was opposite the coast of Oregon and about thirty miles from the mouth of the Columbia when, at half-past four o'clock of the twenty-eighth, the officer of the watch signalled to the captain, our friend Cousins: "Fire aboard!" In less than half a minute the captain had jumped from his berth, rung the alarm, and commanded: "All hands on deck!" The fire had started, no one knew how, in a stateroom near the saloon. Yet the watchman between decks, as well as the lookout on the upper deck, had signalled at four o'clock that all was well, and at five minutes past four an officer had passed there without noticing either fire or smoke. The sea was running high, and a stiff northwester was blowing, which so fanned the flames that in a few moments they were escaping by the port-holes of the saloon and pushing their terrific tongues thirty feet high into the darkness. The captain issued his commands with so much calm that he imparted his sang-froid to the others. In spite of the invasion of the smoke into the engine rooms the engineers worked at the pumps with the same regularity as though it had been a simple drill; but it soon became apparent that they were wearing themselves out in vain effort and that there was no chance of saving the ship. Aft, it was a blazing furnace. The captain distributed life-

belts to the hundred and forty passengers, and let down four of the eight lifeboats; three seamen took their places in each one, to starboard in the lee of the steamer. They lowered the women and children, about sixty of them. The fourth long-boat was knocked against the poop and broken, but all but two of its passengers were saved by the other three boats. The other victims, who amounted to twelve, were all members of the crew, so much self-denial did they show. The same unselfishness was shown by the passengers themselves. "Among the hundred and forty persons of all ages and conditions," the captain told me, "not one, man, woman, or child, tried to save himself at the expense of any one else, nor gave way to fear, folly, or egotism. Men were to be seen carrying their wives and children to the lifeboat, giving them their last instructions, and quietly returning to take part in fighting the fire."

So much courage and coolness deserved a reward. The wind having died down, they succeeded, after four hours of superhuman effort, in mastering the flames; and at half past eight the siren called the long-boats back to the ship. At half-past ten all the passengers, except the two already mentioned, were once more on board, and the *Queen*, looking almost like a wreck, continued, with difficulty but without further accident, on her way to Port Townsend which she reached that evening. The captain, who had held out until then, had only enough strength to explain the accident in a couple of words, and he fell exhausted; but his power-

ful will had sustained two hundred human beings, during nearly fifteen hours, at the highest degree of heroism. The *Queen* was towed to Seattle the next day, and then repaired at San Francisco. The eighth day of June, of the same year, she was relaunched.

It is unnecessary to add that the passengers were unanimous in their expressions of admiration and gratitude. As for the investigation committee that was appointed to examine into the case, it decided that the conduct of Captain Cousins and his crew was beyond all praise. He alone in telling of that terrible day, seemed to think what he had done was quite simple. The emotion which his recital had aroused in me seemed to touch him nevertheless. Seeing tears in my eyes, he said without hesitation: "Look at the picture above my desk that they gave me of the rescued ship. You will do me the favor to take it with you to France. It will recall to you America and our friendship." As may be imagined, I did my best not to accept such a present, it seemed to me a cruel profanation to separate the man and the souvenir. Seeing the unsuccessfulness of my refusal, I went so far as to plead the material question of lack of room in my little valise. "That is true," he said, "I will have it taken out of the frame." He gave the order, and, a quarter of an hour later, I found the valued painting wrapped up in my stateroom. And I did not dare to return it to the hero, who should have kept it, for fear he would misunderstand my feeling; but never, from any journey, have I brought back a more precious object.

I begin to catch glimpses, on board the *Spokane*, of the more agreeable characteristics of Westerners. [He has his faults, the Westerner, and generally does not offend by excess of refinement; but refinement is not a synonym for goodness, cordiality, nor even for delicacy. I know of no place in the world where, under a somewhat rough exterior, hearts are more sympathetic and generous. You are admitted there without introductions, and if it is seen that you reciprocate his sympathy, there is nothing he will not do for you, or say to you to express his confidence. Every one shows himself as he is, from the very outset, taking as small pains to conceal his good qualities as his bad ones. He is indeed, in the best sense of the word, a man of nature, or if this sounds equivocal, let us say at least a natural man.) Unless one be too surly oneself, one can easily become acquainted with whomsoever one will. No doubt this characteristic is much less pronounced in the large cities of the Pacific coast than in the new-fledged villages of Arizona, where one man accosts another with: "I am So-and-so, who are you?" But it may be stated as a fact that [from the point of view of simplicity of manners, there is, between the West and the East, the same difference, as between the latter and the most ceremonious countries of Europe. There is no denying that most of these have their charm, but the simple way has its advantages too, — and it is so restful!]

For instance, nothing commands greater respect than reserve, reticence, and the exquisite modesty of the



proud heart that keeps its fine emotions to itself. But it is not bad either to let them expand irrespective of every one and everything. The wife of a fellow traveller, speaking of the San Francisco earthquake, described to me, with no regard for false modesty, the courage of her compatriots and her own coolness throughout the great catastrophe; but she added with equal ease: "Yet when I saw my beautiful St. Mary's on fire, where I prayed every Sunday, I could not keep from crying"; and so saying, she began anew. I told before Captain Cousins the story of the sinking of the *Lyon*, the steamer running a few years ago between Dieppe and Newhaven, and which collided in a heavy fog with the one coming in the opposite direction; I told how the captain, after having, in a quarter of an hour of splendid work, transferred all the passengers and the crew to the other vessel, arrived there himself the last, just at the moment when his own was foundering, and stoically saluted it in its death. The hero of the *Queen* disaster listened to the end of my tale and silently wiped away two big tears that were rolling down his bronzed cheeks.

This facility of acquaintance and intercourse greatly favors the task of the traveller in search of instructive observations. These come to him from all quarters, and even when he is the least on the look-out for them. I was talking with a young girl from Seattle on her way to Stanford, and she was telling me of her home life. I learned that they had for cook a well-educated Japanese who is here to study the English language

and the customs of America; he also intends to earn enough to go to Harvard. He is already a graduate of the University of Tokio. He writes for Japanese papers and magazines.

"Is he a good cook?" I asked.

"Not very," she replied, smilingly, "he reads and writes too much." And this small detail, and not such a rare one, says volumes on the energy with which the little Japanese are raising themselves to the height of our civilization.

From quite another quarter I gathered some data that cannot be put aside while discussing the question of the assimilation of the Jews. When one considers that the United States receives annually as many as all France possesses, one will realize the vitality of the question. It would soon be solved if all Jews resembled the one I met on the *Spokane*, and if the proof of patriotism of which he told me could be made general. "During the war with Spain," he told me, "two hundred and fifty-seven Jews enlisted in a single volunteer regiment at San Francisco." He himself is from Baden, and served in the Franco-Prussian War, but he bears us no malice. He emigrated shortly after, and is now, like all his family, thoroughly American. Nothing would have given me the least suspicion of his origin, had he not told me all about himself with the confident frankness that reigns among us all.

It would be a great exaggeration to state the Jewish question in the same terms as the problems of the black and yellow races. Although the sons of Israel already

number eight hundred thousand in New York, and perhaps two million in the whole country, they have so far given rise to no special difficulties; and though it may seem too short a time to have formed a definite and legitimate opinion, still the experiment would seem to justify the hope of a slow and peaceful assimilation. An incident occurred, nevertheless, at the end of 1908, which should impress on the Jews the necessity for a little modesty and moderation. Going on the principle of the religious neutrality of public schools, they did not hesitate to demand (and the School Board of New York had acceded to their request) the suppression of the Christmas hymns sung by the children in honor of the birth of Jesus Christ. Coming, as it did, at the moment when the religious feelings of Americans had already been wounded by Mr. Roosevelt's recent measure to cut the motto, "In God we trust," off the national currency,—a measure repealed a few months later by the House of Representatives with an overpowering majority of 255 to 5,\*—the suppression of the Christmas hymns excited the greatest indignation among Christians of every denomination; it provoked excited meetings, protests in which threats were not spared; in short, such an expression of opinion that the board hastened to recall it, and American children continued in all the schools, to sing the birth of the Saviour of the World. The more intelligent Jews got around it

\*Mr. Roosevelt had protested that he acted thus purely from respect for the sacred formula, which was quite appropriate on the pediment of national monuments, but not at all on coins.

by saying that, after all, it was rendering homage to one of their race.

But if I remember rightly, we were steaming on the calm waters of the great ocean. Already on the evening of the fourth day, our vessel had set her course slightly inland, and we could distinguish little by little a line of blue mountains, while behind us the sun set into the sea. It had risen over the Far West, it was setting toward the Far East, as though it were harder to change words around than the things of Nature herself.

Slowly, since it will be impossible to land before tomorrow, we advance toward the continent. It is nearly ten o'clock. On a level with the horizon the moon, at first hidden behind black clouds, gradually soars free; brighter and brighter she gleams, like a rising fire, and someone from Stanford said to me, "It reminds me of the great catastrophe. We could see it, sixteen miles away,—at first the sky growing red, then the clouds of smoke, and at last the flames. A friend of mine who arrived from Yokohama the very day of the earthquake described in moving terms the terrible spectacle that met his eyes when his ship approached the city: the din of explosion, the pungent odor of smoke, the blinding blaze of the immense fiery furnace, and, more terrible still, the downcast silence of his travelling companions seeking in this nightmare the place of their homes and their families.\*

\*"Paysages et Silhouettes Exotiques," by George Roulleaux, Dugage. (Plon, 1908, pp. 240-248.)

How different from the vision before us! While we glide slowly into the beautiful bay, the moon has risen above the city, and with its velvet light illumines all the vast horizon. And as it is just ahead of us to the east, it actually happens that its reflection, a long wake over the water, crosses the entrance to the Golden Gate, and comes to the very prow of our ship, a silver cable to draw us to the fairy city. Yes, we literally glide through the serene night on the moonbeams. Around us the pale blue of the peaceful hills; before us, San Francisco, so beautiful and so desolate with the splotches of light that indicate streets preserved or rebuilt, and blotches of darkness marking the traces of death. At last the ship comes to a standstill as if, like us, worn out with so many impressions, and, motionless, it sleeps at anchor.

## CHAPTER XII

### SAN FRANCISCO

INVITATION TO A DESTROYED CITY — SAN FRANCISCO  
AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE — CATASTROPHE AND RES-  
URRECTION — A CALIFORNIAN MONK — TOO MANY  
LECTURES — THE FRENCH COLONY — CATHOLIC  
SECRET SOCIETY: THE “KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS” —  
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. RELIGION AND  
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION — THE ENVIRONS OF SAN  
FRANCISCO — SAN RAFAEL AND MENLO PARK —  
MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION — ARREST OF THE MAYOR  
AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE — LABOR ORGANIZATION  
— LABOR DAY — EMPLOYERS AND THE UNIONS —  
SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

OF all the readers of these notes, I am perhaps the only one that remembers what was said in the second chapter about the dual personality I brought from the other side of the Atlantic: a former seminarist, who fears the unknown and great distances; a traveller too anxious to know the universe and always disposed, if it depended on himself alone, to go round the world to observe a fact that might throw light on the social or religious progress of humanity.

It was certainly the spirit of the seminarist which



won out, without debate, one April morning in 1906, when I was quietly enjoying the Easter holidays with some good friends in Touraine. The postman came with a Paris paper and a letter from San Francisco, which threw the situation completely into confusion, to the benefit of the spirit of travel. The newspaper announced that the day before, an earthquake, followed by frightful fires, had destroyed the greater part of San Francisco, and that the inhabitants, without loss of courage, were already planning to rebuild on the ruins. The letter, posted two weeks before in the unfortunate city, invited me in pressing terms to pay a visit there. My correspondent was one of those unknown friends whom all writers have the privilege of possessing here and there in the world, and the discovery of whom would, if necessary, console them for the prejudices they may unintentionally have aroused. The letter was signed "Henry Stark," and came from a young Paulist who, having read "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," was very anxious that the author should, in his next book, speak of San Francisco and the splendid land of California. The affectionate confidence breathed throughout this invitation was in itself tempting and, added to the news of the disaster, daily more poignant, it promptly triumphed over my timidity; it is far from commonplace to be invited to a city no longer in existence. I replied to the letter saying that, already inclined to return to the United States the following year, I had allowed myself to be persuaded by this friendly advance, and had inscribed San

Francisco on my itinerary; I added that we could arrange later the date and other details.

But to make arrangements one must correspond, and it was quite possible that the home of my new friend, if not he himself, had disappeared in the catastrophe. He, happily, had survived, although his quarter had been quite wiped out. Yet my letter was not lost. Posted on the twenty-third of April, it was delivered on the fifteenth of October. It had before that found the temporary asylum where the Paulists had taken refuge; but Father Stark had undertaken a tour of missions and retreats in Alaska, British Columbia, Illinois, and New York State. On returning from this little trip of ten or twelve thousand miles, he wrote me that the Bishop of the Hawaiian Islands having asked him to come there to preach, his address for the next few months would be at Honolulu. It was by conversing in this strictly American manner that little by little we came to an agreement to meet at the end of August and even to give a lecture on the twenty-ninth for the rebuilding of the Paulist church. And that is why I was landing at San Francisco the very day before the date set, at an unearthly early hour.

Immediately I received the impression — to be confirmed by everything I saw — of a city, so to speak, in a state of resurrection. The sleep from which I saw her arising, was not that of a night, but of death itself. The docks and warehouses on the harbor were but shells, temporary shelters from which here and there, arose the beginnings of new walls. Leaving the sheds,

the wooden storehouses, the piles of merchandise stacked in the open air, I crossed a part of the business section where fields of rubbish and dust alternated with smoky ruins, trenches dug for new foundations, iron framework already being covered with bricks and cement, and often new twenty-story buildings, audaciously placarding themselves as "earthquake proof."

In the soft fresh air, beneath a clear sky, I next arrived at the foot of a hill which I scaled in a quick-running street car along California Street, which had been completely repaired. At first I met with nothing but empty lots still covered with ashes, and white frame houses, which one realized were put up temporarily. Overlooking the desolate setting there was nothing but a superb and scarcely finished hotel and, to the right a cloven tower clinging to some roofless ruined walls. It was the former church of the Paulist Fathers. Under its shadow they had raised a poor little wooden chapel and a still poorer house, wishing to husband all their resources for the final rebuilding. The only luxury consisted in two marble statues that had arrived shortly before the fire and that the Custom House had fortunately detained. Over the High Altar, was a photograph of the Sistine Madonna, and I must say that in this wooden church, the inexpensive reproduction of Raphael's masterpiece produced a more artistic and religious effect than many a modern picture or statue in basilicas rolling in wealth.

It was there that I stopped and that I was welcomed

with perhaps the most modest, but certainly the most sincere hospitality offered me anywhere on my trip, Peoria excepted. It is certainly true that the legendary splendor of California fruits would have remained a beautiful myth to me had it not been for the few meals I had to take in town, but this would certainly have been a small price to pay for the privilege of living in brotherly love with the three Paulists of the house, as though I had always made one of their community.\*

Father Stark called me his friend at the end of five minutes, and I saw how much can be expected from religious gentleness and modesty united to the vigor and expansive frankness of the Westerner. Quite humble in regard to himself, he was superbly proud of his city and his State. He was born in California, in San Francisco even, and he would not allow that there was anywhere else in the world a place as beautiful, and I myself, charmed as much by his personality as by the blue skies and soft climate, was far from contradicting him. To be native born, even of foreign parents, is a rare nobility in these new countries, and those who rejoice in this privilege form clubs and societies to which a "new man" would no more be admitted than a ruined parvenu to the aristocratic salons of Paris or

\*The Superior, Father Henry H. Wyman, was away travelling at this time, and it was a great regret to me not to meet this saintly missionary. He was born in 1849, in Massachusetts, and took his degree at Brown University, Providence. He wrote an excellent book of apologetics, "Certainty in Religion." Admired by every one, he was chosen in the beginning of 1909, chaplain to the State Senate of California, the first Catholic priest to be appointed to this post.

Rome.\* If many Californians resemble physically and morally this tall young priest with the black hair, and powerful muscles, the voice of liquid gold, the soft heart, and the open mind, then the race developing here by the mixture with so many others, will be a strong and beautiful race.

Father Stark wanted me to be happy because, he said, he loved me; because, besides, or especially, my next book must speak well of San Francisco; and finally, because the receipts of the lecture would help a little toward the rebuilding of his church. Nor did he neglect anything that might contribute toward the success of the meeting. It was posted everywhere. Prospectuses were handed around in profusion, giving a list of eminent patrons, headed by the Archbishop.

Ladies who were interested, and the principal merchants, consented to sell tickets for a commission. Reporters crowded our tiny parlor to photograph the lecturer and to ask his opinion of our Separation law, of America, and of the vine-growing crisis in the south of France. If to all this be added that a few visits were considered indispensable, and that I wished in spite of all this bustle, to adapt my notes to my next day's audience, it will be evident that by the evening of such a day my nervous system had not retained much of the restful and pacific effects of the crossing.

The walk on which Father Stark took me, after dinner, along California Street was certainly not designed

\*There is the Society of Native Sons and that of Native Daughters of the Golden West.

to calm me, and I do not remember a more impressive one. Our house was half-way up the hill, and hardly had I left our door when I had before me literally a diagram of the catastrophe. Compact islets of light marked the rare quarters that had escaped; great black voids, the parts completely destroyed and still in ruins; and a few sparse and irregular lights, the new buildings arising from destruction. My companion pointed out to me the vast expanse where, for four days and four nights the fire had raged. Beside us rose the broken walls of the Paulist church with two or three windows outlined against the dark blue sky, and the crumbling tower which seemed a ruin of the Middle Ages, and which preserved on its sundial the timely words of Ecclesiasticus: "Son, observe the time, and fly from evil." Yet night, with her soft light — I was going to say with her velvety hand — tempered the horror of the spectacle and enveloped it in melancholy. I found it far more heart-rending the next day, when early in the afternoon we climbed by ladders to the flat roof of the house, and before me lay stretched out, under the crude light of the blazing sun, the ruins of the city in all the nakedness of destruction, with their dusty yards and daring scaffoldings which seemed wildly reaching out toward the sky in their attempt to flee from a too dangerous land.

But to return to our first evening. After having read me the prophetic inscription on the tower, and described their emotion on seeing, out of that whole quarter of the city, it alone, the fearful warning of



God, still standing on the morrow of the catastrophe, Father Stark led me quickly in the tramway to the other end of California Street and proposed our returning on foot. For nearly an hour we walked straight ahead through this gigantic Pompeii, treading on the upheaved and disjointed flagstones of what had been splendid pavements, admiring a few sparse columns, or counting the new houses which broke the monotony of the heaps of stones and ashes. From the top of the street, my friend pointed out on the horizon the hill from which, during four days, powerless like the others, he had watched the destruction of his city.

"We were an immense crowd there," he told me, "all of us fleeing before the fire, gathering up in haste provisions, souvenirs, precious belongings; we priests, the consecrated vessels. The earthquake itself caused but a small part of the disaster; but besides the houses it overthrew, it burst the electric light, gas, and water mains; it started the fire and at the same time cut off the means of extinguishing it. At certain hotels, they poured all the wine of their cellars on it, but to no purpose. Every one had to flee, to abandon everything, to give over immense quarters that were doomed to death. And so it happened that five hundred thousand persons camped out in the cemeteries or on the mountains, awaiting, some in tears, some with prayers, some in mute fear, what seemed to them the end of the world; for we had no means of knowing that it was not the same thing everywhere, and, cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, we could see in

it a universal catastrophe. All were preparing themselves to die; there were not enough priests to hear the confessions and to reassure the frightened souls. When, on the evening of Friday, the third day, two columns of thick smoke met high in the sky in the red glow of the flames and formed the four arms of a huge cross, the people fell on their knees, awaiting the Sovereign Judge."

Humanity has known since then, in the south of Italy a disaster even greater than the one I have described. But if the consequences of the earthquake of Reggio and Messina surpassed in horror all that history has ever reported, they were so sudden that they annihilated in less than a minute almost the whole population in the midst of its sleep, and the survivors attained at a bound the extreme limits of anxiety. At San Francisco it was but little by little that the extent of the disaster appeared. Except in one of the most important streets, Market Street, the shocks which, at dawn, had driven the half-awakened dwellers from their abodes, did not at first seem very dreadful; and, natural light-heartedness regaining the ascendant, some were already smiling at the costumes of the fugitives or ridiculing the rapid collapse of the municipal buildings. The anxiety was not serious until several fires started, and even then, it was at first thought that they could be easily mastered. But it soon became evident that the water with which to fight them was lacking, and that they were springing up on all sides at once; as many as fifty-two distinct centres could be counted.

When streets and whole quarters disappeared, the gravity of the disaster was realized. Then it began to be exaggerated, and the reality, terrifying in itself, was aggravated by the fear of the unknown; people began to talk of they knew not what; of thousands and thousands of dead; that New York had been submerged and Chicago had disappeared into Lake Michigan; that there was not a city left standing along the whole Pacific coast. And hour after hour dragged by through four mortal days before anything presaged the end of the horrors.

But the scourge died out like all things, good or bad, in this ephemeral world. It had completely destroyed the business quarter, the shops, the churches, clubs, theatres, and hotels, everything that forms the nucleus of an American city. It had destroyed all the material factors of civilization, leaving behind it no lights, no water, no telephone, no means of transport. Half even of the residence quarters had been the prey of the flames and two hundred and fifty thousand persons found themselves homeless; four hundred and ninety blocks had been completely burned, and thirty-two others partially so, a total of two thousand five hundred and ninety-three acres, or more than four square miles, devastated. Lined up facing each other, the ruined houses would have covered both sides of a street a hundred miles long. The buildings that were destroyed were insured for three hundred million dollars and they were probably worth double. As to their contents, how can the value be estimated? How can

material losses be calculated? Above all, how appreciate losses of a moral order? Think of all the objects that surround our daily life and that give it part of its individuality; think of our furniture, our letters, our portraits, and what is so well named, our "souvenirs." Imagine all these things disappeared, suddenly and forever!

Yet all this was nothing compared with the human victims, the four or five thousand dead, among whom most of the inhabitants could count some friends or relations. Some were left crippled for life, and some had lost their reason.

During the first days every one suffered with hunger, the provisions having been burnt with the rest, and people found themselves without shelter and almost without clothes. When calm was restored, two thousand persons had to be lodged in tents or sheds; and at the time of my visit, seventeen months afterwards, some of these refugee camps were still in existence, a sure proof that they were not too uncomfortable.

A strange thing, yet one that will astonish only those who are not well acquainted with the United States, the most poignant loss was that of the beloved city; the deepest grief was to see her thus profaned and humiliated, deprived of her beauty, her riches, even of her people. Sometimes they wept for her, sometimes they extolled her! Never for an instant could there be a question of abandoning her forever. They sang her praises in these lyric terms:

If we thought we loved thee formerly, it was but

a dream. I call on God Himself to witness that we begin to-day to love thee. Girded with the purple mantle of its grief, kneeling at the altar of mourning, our love cries to thee amid the flames that glow on the towers, in the noise of the crumbling walls. We are the descendants of the builders of peoples; we swear by the souls of our ancestors that our mother shall once more be seated on her throne as of yore, clothed in garments as rich, and crowned with the same crown; she shall be seated at the gates of the world where the nations assemble; the East and the West shall bow down before her, awaiting her commands!

But the elegy is not the most natural expression of the sentiments of a Californian. At San Francisco, temperaments are lively, happy, and ready to laugh at everything, no one can be entirely disconcerted. The heavy rain of the fourth night had no sooner extinguished the fire, than good humor began to reappear. The police, who had never been able to cleanse, either materially or morally, the Chinese quarter, were accused of organizing the earthquake to have done with this den of pestilence. I have before me a song composed a few days after the fire; one would take it for an extract from a Montmartre review, and the catastrophe is hit off to perfection. The text is surrounded by caricatures in which one sees the fugitives dragging trunks surmounted by parrot cages, society ladies cooking over lamps in the open air, masons furiously attacking their work, and finally a jolly fellow playing leap frog over the globe and, convulsed with laughter,

jumping on the site of San Francisco with the motto, "I am here to stay."

But in order to stay, it was necessary to rebuild. They set to work with incredible energy. At the end of a month twenty-five thousand workmen were engaged in rebuilding the city. Help had arrived from all the States of the Union with as much promptitude as generosity; nor has the city's stand been forgotten, proud perhaps but in a way grand too; the absolute refusal of foreign subscriptions. But the \$6,213,000 national subscription was wholly applied to temporary shelters, distribution of food, clothing, medicines, and the expenses of first aid; and it was the city itself which had to reestablish all its annihilated departments of service; it was the inhabitants who had to put, not only their business but their homes on their feet again. So actively did they attend to it, that, less than a year and a half later, I found the life of San Francisco similar to that of any other large city; materially in as easy circumstances, and as well provided for in things of the spirit. The business quarter recalled somewhat the appearance presented for a number of years by our Boulevard Raspail; but they did not wait to let cars and carriages use the street until every window was curtained! I learned in walking round the lumber yards that the work undertaken already amounted to about seventy-five million dollars. To quote more exact figures, from April 18, 1906, to November 3, 1908, official permission has been given to



build 18,422 houses of a recorded value of \$120,866,948 which with the 15 per cent that must be added to make up the real value, brings it up to \$138,997,090 in nineteen months. In October, 1909, when magnificent festivals, in which the people of the whole United States took part, celebrated the completion by San Francisco of her rebuilding operations, it was estimated that the cost had been more than two hundred millions. The new houses are finer than the old ones and represent an average value at least twice greater. Not only elegance and comfort, but great safety, has been sought; plaster has been replaced by brick and stone, and above all more solid foundations have been laid.

But the greatest improvement is that of the water supply; if the former one had worked after the earthquake, the damage done would have been a hundredth part of what it was. The new system is planned to insure, in times of great disaster, the possible use of sea water by means of fire tugs and immense reservoirs built above the city.

That part of the population which, on account of the number of camps being insufficient to accommodate everyone, was forced willy-nilly, to emigrate, and which as a rule moved to other towns along the bay, has by now almost entirely returned. The approximate statistics which give five hundred thousand inhabitants before the fire and one hundred and seventy-five thousand after it, have already risen to four hundred and fifty thousand. If these figures be com-

pared with those of 1900, which were three hundred and forty-two thousand, it will be seen that progress has not been stopped. The total exportations alone dropped about seven million dollars on some fifty millions; but, on the other hand, the importations have increased by the same amount. The tonnage of maritime trade still lacks one-fifth of its former amount.

Along the whole line, the city of to-day, though somewhat behind its record before the great disaster, is decidedly ahead of where it stood in 1900, both as to population and prosperity. To mention only one example, but one that summarizes the others: the total clearing-house transactions were, in 1907, \$2,133,882,626, whereas in 1900 it was not quite half or \$1,029,582,595.\*

Such, apart from the figures, were the explanations given me by the young Californian Paulist, while taking me around the ruins and the new constructions, and showing me far off in the night the shadows of death,

\*The clearing-house transactions for 1907 gave the following results for all the cities of the Pacific slope, that newest part of the United States, perhaps the part of the world destined to receive the most substantial development in the next generation or two. Nothing gives a better idea of the relative importance of these cities:

San Francisco . . . . .	\$2,133,882,626
Los Angeles . . . . .	577,569,639
Seattle . . . . .	488,591,471
Portland . . . . .	350,933,525
Spokane . . . . .	301,419,017
Salt Lake City . . . . .	292,158,324
Tacoma . . . . .	245,969,795
Oakland . . . . .	137,681,207
Helena . . . . .	48,177,437
San José . . . . .	28,889,386

and the lights of resurrection. The most impressive thing of all in these memories of the catastrophe was hearing them evoked on the spot by someone who had lived through them, and whose spirit still quivered at the recollection. I must acknowledge, too, that I felt a little of that morbidly pleasant emotion one has when feeling oneself within reach of a great, but improbable, danger: "The ground here is not settled," Father Stark remarked to me in a perfectly natural manner, "and shocks are somewhat frequent. There was rather a severe one while I was preaching last month, and there was a panic among the women and children. I hope we shall not have an earthquake to-morrow evening; there would be fewer people at your lecture." He spoke in the same tone as the Bishop of Omaha when he said to me three weeks earlier, "If only it does n't rain at the last minute!"

Too disturbed to go to sleep, I sat down to write after our walk, in spite of the lateness of the hour, and I wrote these lines, which I leave in all their *naïveté*, not daring to judge, at this distance, whether they represent reality or auto-suggestion:

"This evening in taking down my notes I feel something like a light breathing of the earth; the table sways imperceptibly, and the reflection of the light shimmers in my inkstand. One would think oneself at sea in a profound calm, but nevertheless at sea. It is, in the midst of the ruins of this great city, so far from home, in this land of danger and of beauty, a somewhat intoxicating melancholy. But it is not frightening, no,

certainly not; just a clearer vision of our frailty, a louder call toward the things that endure."

To demonstrate that this state of reverie did not last, it will be sufficient to state that my stay at San Francisco was diversified by four lectures. The first took place, as I have said, on the evening of my second day; I was very grateful for the kind forbearance of the earth in sparing us any shocks, and highly appreciative of the beautiful singing that was heard both before and after the lecture. Nor could any audience be more keen, more attentive, quicker to seize, even before fully expressed, the least shade of thought, irony, or sentiment. It was indeed, for me, a most agreeable surprise to meet with such a thoroughly Parisian understanding away out on the Pacific coast. This lecture, on "The Present Situation of the Church in France," was the only one asked of me in advance. Besides this I was to speak on an analogous subject, the history of the separation, before the French of San Francisco, for the benefit of their church. In this cosmopolitan city, Archbishop Riordan, the better to preserve the faith of his flock, has tried to have each nationality find its own church; the parish of the Nativity assembles three thousand Slavonians, Bohemians, and Croats; the Germans and Italians have two churches, and the French and Spanish, one each. Apart from the restfulness of at last being able to express myself in a language in which I was at home, it was a great pleasure to see compatriots, though disagreeing in opinion, here as everywhere, admit with one accord the

facts, loyally set forth, of our recent history, and at the end unite in an ovation to that France, sometimes cruel but always beloved, that outlasts all our passing quarrels. It is, besides, an acknowledged fact that the French element in San Francisco is not only more numerous, but also more *distingué* than in most other cities of the Union. Monsieur Jules Huret has, in his precise and lively style, clearly set forth how "they have appropriated, from America, its genius for organization and its enterprise"; he has described their hospital, better arranged than those of Paris, and he has praised, as it deserves, their society of mutual assistance, to which four thousand nine hundred members pay annual dues amounting to twelve dollars.\* They are kept in touch with each other by a well-edited newspaper, and those who have preserved or returned to the faith of their forefathers, find satisfaction for their spiritual needs from the excellent Marist Fathers in the French church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

Another lecture no less interesting (to the lecturer) was that which I was invited to give by the Knights of Columbus. It was by their request that I had already spoken at Omaha, but at a public meeting; and when in New York, later, I had the honor of being received by a delegation of their officers, everything took place as at an ordinary club. At San Francisco, I was admitted to a regular meeting and ushered in, not without ceremonial, to the accompaniment of clap-

\*Jules Huret, "De San Francisco au Canada," p. 73, Fasquelle, publisher.

ping, which, I imagine, resembles the greeting of the Free Masons. I must say that in spite of this mysterious solemnity, the hundred or so brethren who were present differed by little from the rest of mankind; and I received the impression that in this secret society as, no doubt in many others, the fundamental secret was that there was none at all. But a few very high dignitaries are the only ones to know this: the crowd of adherents must be held by a reverence for what they know not, and by the hope, forever postponed, of at last being initiated into the mystery of mysteries. But this does not prevent these societies exerting, for good or evil, a very real influence.

Founded by a priest and sanctioned by the Church, to the extent that she forbids no one to belong, not even the clergy, the Order of the Knights of Columbus labors for the spread of religion and the advancement of Catholic works; one of its most obvious services is to preserve its adherents from any temptation to be ashamed of their faith, as they are in the habit of showing themselves in all festivals and celebrations of public life for what they are, members of an openly denominational society. They are not let or hindered by the civic power, as tolerant in this as in other things, nor by public opinion, accustomed to respect the ideas of every one, nor even by other societies, secret or not, that swarm all over the United States. All these societies have their special ends in which the dominant idea is that of mutual assistance. But they do not interfere with each other, and their efforts are, if I may



say so, of the positive order; and, in conformity with the general spirit of Americans, each one minds its own business, and allows the others to do likewise.

The organization of the Knights of Columbus is uniform throughout the whole country: every State has a corps, formed of delegates from private groups, who meet together every year to elect the members of a national committee; these last meet annually also, to elect the directors who hold the real power. At the head is a Supreme Grand Master. Each group has its chaplain elected from among the priests who are members. Heretofore the bishops have exercised no control over this choice, but some are talking of submitting it to the consent of the Bishop, or at least, of giving him a power of veto; others speak even of putting an end to this sort of office. It is evident that a bishop always has the right to control his priests in the exercise of their ecclesiastical functions; but there is no reason to believe that the episcopacy of the United States wishes to thwart the activity of an association that has thus far rendered indisputable services to Catholicism.

"Why," I was asked, "don't you start an analogous society in France, in order to defend your religious interests? You need it even more than we do." I was quite put to it to reply. I should have had to speak of our intestine discords and of our mutual intolerance; I should have had to explain that fatal habit, which sterilizes all our efforts, the habit of never seeing in our brethren the numerous bonds we have in common as to

fundamental matters, but instead, of dwelling almost exclusively on the differences that divide us on non-essentials. The French Catholics who would organize themselves into Knights of Columbus or Knights of Jeanne d'Arc would probably soon get into trouble with those of their co-religionists who did not belong to the order. These last, for their part, would certainly not rest until they had had the others condemned as members of a secret society or as being tainted with heresy. As to wanting either these or any others to devote themselves to a positive work, seeking their own good or that of the Church, without setting as their special aim to combat something or someone, without proclaiming themselves at the outset anti-anything at all, would be an experiment which would fall of itself beneath the ridicule of men of experience and the protests of its overzealous adherents.

The fourth lecture was delivered at Berkeley, at the University of California. Let me reassure the reader: it was the last, for I was forced for lack of time to decline the kind invitation of Stanford. I should like to call attention in passing to the freedom with which priests are invited to speak at non-sectarian universities. That at Berkeley is, furthermore, an official establishment, founded by the State of California. I spoke on literature, and as I had been asked, in English, or rather in my English; but French lectures are often given there, and it is one of the few places in the United States where an audience can easily be found

to understand our language. The assembly took place in the magnificent hall that bears the name of Hearst; the mother of this millionaire-politician and journalist is one of the great benefactresses of Berkeley. But let us speak of the excursion, interesting in itself, apart from what I could say.

Berkeley is but one of the numerous towns around the immense Bay of San Francisco. It has often been said that all the fleets of the world could easily perform their evolutions there. This is no exaggeration, and it was a beautiful sight to see, in the Spring of 1908, that great American fleet which arrived from the Straits of Magellan on its way to those of Gibraltar, manœuvring there. Inside the narrow passage that serves as an entrance, San Francisco Bay is in reality an inland sea, a hundred and fifty square miles in extent, of a width varying from seven to twelve miles and a shore line of a thousand miles; or almost as much as all the rest of the coast of California. The principal city on the bay is Oakland, which has more than a hundred thousand inhabitants; but there are others which also deserve attention, and which are growing incessantly: Berkeley itself, opposite San Francisco, Alameda, San Mateo, Richmond, and San Rafael to which we shall return. They are like suburbs, some fashionable and some common, of the great metropolis with which they are in constant communication by seven lines of huge ferry boats, each one of which can carry two thousand passengers. The whole forms an agglomeration of nine hundred thousand inhabitants, whose prosperity

can perhaps be judged from the amount of their bank deposits, which are in the neighborhood of three hundred million dollars, or by the assessed value of their property, exactly \$672,848,462. But what fate is it that wills that every American description should end up in dollars? It is perhaps that, underlying it all, there is something prodigious and poetic in this very material prosperity, which everywhere, and especially in the West, has followed so rapidly on the heels of solitude or savagery? Once again I felt it clearly while crossing from San Francisco to Berkeley on one of those immense steamers that, by themselves alone, without speaking of the railroads, or the tramways, carry each evening five thousand city workers back to their rural homes. To tell the truth our boat did not land us at Berkeley itself; it put us off on a pier where an electric train was waiting and we ran across the water for three miles along this railroad built on piles. We arrived a little before sunset; and when we had driven to Mr. Wheeler's, the president of the University, the view that met my eyes from his villa was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Before us blue islands rose from the smiling sea, recalling, said our host, who is a fervent Greek scholar, the panorama of the *Ægean* Sea. Above the beautiful sheet of water, where there was now no more than a shimmering golden light, we caught far off glimpses, on the left, of the great city fringed with a host of ships; on the right, of the tall summits of Tamalpais; in front and opening on to the largest of oceans, the magnificent strait of the

Golden Gate, like a royal road drawn there at the end of inhabited land to make a way for the setting sun. The landscape on our return, by moonlight and in the warm air, was less splendidly brilliant; but I believe, I like it quite as well, and I remember that under a pretext of rest, I stayed alone on deck during the whole crossing, sometimes watching the far-away lights that dimly outlined the circle of sleeping towns, sometimes contemplating the sky or the sea, each as mysterious as the other in their deep peace.

But I must not leave the University of California without recalling two facts of which I was a witness. The first is that during the dinner that preceded the lecture, President Wheeler received the farewell visit of one of his students who was leaving for Oxford, a beneficiary of one of the scholarships founded by Cecil Rhodes for the most distinguished young men of the English-speaking countries. And here, in the departure of a Californian for the oldest university in the United Kingdom (thanks to a South African pioneer), was set forth, almost symbolically, what is, in spite of everything, the consummate unity of those who share, from far or near, directly or indirectly, in the advantages of that powerful Anglo-Saxon civilization which is to-day mistress of half the world.

The second significant memory of my evening at Berkeley was the invitation given by the president in my presence to another Catholic priest to become regularly attached to the University life. Out of the two thousand students resident at Berkeley (counting only

those who follow the courses of science and letters) three hundred are Catholics. The proportion, if you will, is not great; but the Archbishop of San Francisco rightly judged it sufficient to attach a special chaplain for their services; and for this delicate post he chose a learned young Paulist, Father Thomas V. Moore, who, himself, had studied at Washington and Leipzig. At the same time, in a letter that is a marvel of reasoning and precision, he asked the people of his diocese for seventy-five thousand dollars necessary to erect a chapel and lecture hall. He said:

“The Catholics understand that religion is indispensable to the proper education of youth. It is at the same time asserted that an always increasing number of Catholic students attend non-sectarian universities, where religion occupies but little or no place. The conclusion is self-evident. The Newman Club, founded in 1899, under the presidency of the rector of Berkeley, is no longer sufficient. It is necessary that a priest should live with the students, should help them on their arrival and look after their installation, should gather them about him in literary or scientific clubs, should himself, and with the help of other speakers, give them lectures to interest and instruct them, should hold divine service on Sundays and disseminate doctrinal teaching.”

Archbishop Riordan had already, at the time of my visit, passed from ideas to action: he had bought, next to the University itself, the ground necessary for the building of a chapel, a lecture hall, and a chaplain's house. This movement is general in the United States; whatever may be the shades of opinion or differences of disposition that distinguish the various bishops, one



and all have solved the same problem in the same way. Though it may be desirable that Catholic students should attend their own universities, shall interest be lost in those who, as a matter of fact, in great numbers enter other colleges? That is why Catholic chaplains have recently been appointed to Cornell by the Bishop of Rochester, to Columbia by the Archbishop of New York, and to Madison by the Archbishop of Milwaukee.

No one will be surprised at the solicitude of the heads of the Church for those of their children who are called to exercise the greatest influence; but it should be remarked that this solicitude, far from encountering the least obstacle, meets, on the contrary, with the hearty concurrence of the deans and presidents of the universities, who are persuaded, like all those who hold any office in the United States, that religion is the strongest auxiliary of public and private morals. Mr. Wheeler, for instance, looked upon it as a very little thing to ask me to speak to the students, a few days after my lecture, at one of the opening exercises; and as the shortness of my stay prevented my accepting, he invited Father Thomas Moore to take my place. A month later, at New York, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the president of Columbia University, asked me to give a series of religious lectures, which to my regret, the necessity of returning home prevented my doing. At about the same time, at Harvard, I heard President Eliot speak at the reopening of the students' Catholic Club; and he attended the lecture that I

myself delivered in one of the university halls at the request of the French Club. If it would not too greatly compromise them or myself, I would confess to some friendships in the higher lay education in France too; but what would be said on all hands if I received, if I accepted, such invitations as those I have been speaking of?

But to return to the scenery of San Francisco Bay. I saw it also by full daylight in an excursion to San Rafael. This name itself, the similarity of the vegetation, the exuberance, the brilliancy, and the odor of the flowers — everything would make me think that I was journeying in springtime along our Côte d'Azur; and the charming hosts who welcomed us, Father Stark and me, kept up the illusion, familiar as they were with the customs and the language of France, and attentive in recalling to me my far-away country with pictures, books, and souvenirs, and even by the menu and the wines they served at table. This Villa Meadowlands is a corner of France, and of the best of France, where the men, editors of the most important San Francisco newspaper, are posted on literature, art, and politics; where the women add to American energy the gentleness of Catholicism, and where the young girls are pupils of the Assumption in Paris.

It was for me the great day of rest in the midst of a really too busy visit. Instead of the crowded streets of the commercial city, instead of the dust of ruins and building materials, what a delight it was to tread

the shady paths of a semi-tropical garden, to wander among the palms, the pepper-plants, the great geraniums, and the rare trees and plants of which we can only cultivate puny specimens in a greenhouse, and which here in this equable climate — equable in its softness, — spread forth strong branches, splendidly green, brilliant, and odorous, looking at the end of Summer as pure, as fresh, as tender, as a plant with us in the middle of the most beautiful month of May! The beauty and luxuriance of this fertile Nature threw such a spell over me that I allowed myself to be driven the whole afternoon along the city boulevards and the winding hill-roads without remembering, without noticing even, the sonorous names, inherited from Spain, of most of the villages, streams, and islands. I remember only the contrast between the fertile valleys and the arid mountains, and the delight of discovering, at each turn of the road, a different but ever beautiful view. It was on returning with Father Stark by the Sausalito railroad, and then on the big ferry boat, that I listened to the names of the islands — Goat, Angel, and Alcatraz — the last transformed into a fortress and bristling with cannon; to the name of the heights we had been driving along, Marine Hills; and the name, which I already knew, of Mt. Tamalpais, certainly one of the most beautiful viewpoints in the world. My companion also pointed out the towns, bending in a circle over the waters of the royal bay, and he did his best to teach me to distinguish between them: San Anselmo, Casadero, Vallejo, San Pablo,

Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, and how many others! But after a little, evening having come, I had ceased to listen to my friend; once more I watched the sun sink solemnly between the two blue cliffs, beneath the purple tent of the heavens, down to its beautiful plunge into the sparkling golden sea. And I understood why this magnificent portico bears the name of Golden Gate.

Has there been too much description? I begin to fear so, and shall stop there. So I shall not tell of my trip in San Mateo County, where I went to see, a bit hurriedly, Stanford University and the Seminary of Menlo Park. A sufficient number of institutions of this kind have already found a place in my travel notes. The two just mentioned are among the most beautiful. Stanford holds the record for the largest donations, having been, in 1891, founded, as we have said, by a private endowment of thirty million dollars. After that, it is unnecessary to dwell on the richness of its installation and the extent of its parks.\* The statis-

\*Taking only the value of the ground and buildings on one hand, the amount of productive funds on the other, and consequently leaving aside the rest of the equipment, here are the figures of the official statistics for 1907, which will give some idea of the wealth of the universities and other large scholastic establishments in the United States:

	Productive funds	Value of grounds and buildings
Columbia University (N. Y.) . . .	\$22,189,765	\$12,500,000
Harvard University (Mass.) . . .	19,977,912	7,000,000
University of Pennsylvania (Penn.) . . .	9,837,944	5,762,529
University of Chicago (Ill.) . . .	8,639,297	7,184,677
Yale University (Conn.) . . .	7,862,000	.....
Cornell University (N. Y.) . . .	7,839,874	3,375,086

tics of 1907 credit it with 1222 man students and 564 woman students. At Berkeley the University of California has 2007 and 1331 respectively. The Seminary of Menlo Park has been the favorite work of the present Archbishop of San Francisco. It has but eighty students; but, on reflection, that is a good number for ecclesiastical vocations for a comparatively new archdiocese, and for a country in which youth is not especially disposed toward an austere life. The intellectual and moral education of the seminarists has been entrusted to the expert hands of French and American Sulpicians. As to the material side, the buildings are spacious enough to receive a great many more students. The property, which is close to that of Stanford, is large and well laid out, and the view extends to the distant and beau-

	Productive funds	Value of grounds and buildings
Northwestern University (Ill.) . . .	5,024,550	3,170,935
Washington University (Mo.) . . .	4,809,554	2,205,892
Princeton University (N. J.) . . .	3,196,000	.....
Brown University (R. I.) . . .	3,150,532	1,630,556
Dartmouth College (N. H.) . . .	2,700,000	1,450,000
Syracuse University (N. Y.) . . .	2,150,326	1,354,382
Tufts College (Mass.) . . .	2,000,000	1,350,000
Massachusetts Institute of Technology (Mass.)	1,770,823	1,696,288
Amherst College (Mass.) . . .	1,750,000	1,100,000
Western Reserve University (O.) . .	1,535,843	1,314,900
Armour Institute of Technology (Ill.) .	1,500,000	5,000,000
University of Cincinnati (O.) . . .	1,446,000	1,650,000
Williams College (Mass.) . . .	1,429,237	1,072,706
University of Minnesota (Minn.) . .	1,400,000	1,890,000
University of Missouri (Mo.) . . .	1,240,839	1,265,206
Haverford College (Penn.) . . .	1,200,000	1,000,000
Lehigh University (Penn.) . . .	1,182,000	1,250,000
New York University (N. Y.) . . .	1,080,349	2,978,250
Ohio State University (O.) . . .	762,043	2,750,000

tiful mountains. It was a cruel grief to Archbishop Riordan to see the earthquake of 1906 destroy part of his beloved seminary; but there, as in the parishes of San Francisco, he set to work with so much courage, zeal, and intelligence, that most of the ruins are already rebuilt.

Menlo Park and Palo Alto are on the way to the pretty towns with the Spanish names and memories, Santa Clara, San José, and Monterey. I did not have the satisfaction of going there, nor to Los Angeles either, that beautiful city of 250,000 inhabitants, always flowery, always smiling, always bathed in soft sunshine, perhaps the most beautiful of the New World, and, by its climate at least, a worthy rival of the most delightful spots of the Riviera. I even gave up the Yosemite Valley, in spite of all that is told of its grandeur, its beauty, and the weirdness of its scenery. Another land called me more strongly yet, and, obliged to choose between them, I preferred northern Arizona, with its strange deserts, its tribes of real savages, and its sublime Cañon of the Colorado, the wonder of the world. The weeks that I passed there as well as in New Mexico have left me with memories and impressions which I hope to write of soon, but which it would require some Procrustean efforts to fit into a book called "America of To-morrow."

To the reader, tired of my descriptions, it remains to say that he might — unless by escaping entirely — have been subjected to more. I shall bring him back



to San Francisco Bay only to call his attention to a somewhat gloomy building on the north shore between San Rafael and Mt. Tamalpais, which is the Penitentiary of St. Quentin, to which, at the time of my visit, the courts were sending, one after another, the chief functionaries of the old municipality for a few years' enforced rest-cure! I could not open a paper without seeing in large type that the mayor, the chief of police, or lesser officials, had just been condemned to five, three, or two years of prison. The suit being tried at that time was on the question of the corruption of the Gas Company; the vice-president of the Telephone Company had just been locked up; and the case of the restaurants, and I don't know how many others, had already been settled.

It was difficult for me to get to the rights of this question; the citizens of San Francisco, and even Father Stark, made it clear to me that they did not consider it a subject for investigation by a foreigner. As well, though, as I could understand the accusations, and without wishing in the least to decide to what extent they were well-founded as to the men in question, I will try to give a short summary of it. As the municipality of San Francisco passes, rightly or wrongly, for having held the record for "graft," both a little before and a little after the earthquake, what is said of it, whether true or false, will give an idea of what, in greater or less degree, has been charged against other municipalities in the United States. Without, of course, falling into all abuses at the same time, their

administration is open to blame more frequently, probably, than happens in France, and the extent of their speculation is in proportion to the wealth of the budgets they control or exploit. As money is not lacking, and as the intervention of public power in private life is habitually reduced to a minimum, good citizens, in truth, do not suffer much by this state of things, and they prefer to pay a little more for the baseness of those who hold office than to take upon themselves the care of public affairs. But when the "boodle aldermen" go beyond the usual bounds, they run into a triple coalition: their political adversaries, always ready to pounce down upon them; the honest people who are just as brave as they themselves; and finally, the authorities, usually of the greatest integrity, representing the State or the Federal Government. Then energetic repressions follow, and virtue reigns again; reigns until their successors in turn allow themselves to be tempted, and provoke once more a similar proceeding.

The mayor, Mr. Eugene Schmitz; the "boss" or head of the electoral committees, Mr. Abraham Ruef; and the chief of police, Mr. J. F. Dinan, who had all three been arrested when I was at San Francisco,—a spectacle not to be met with everywhere,—had already, in 1904, been accused of trafficking with their influence; but their adversaries could not bring sufficient proof, and the Grand Jury acquitted them in August, 1905. At the next elections, a few months afterwards, a fusion programme between Democrats and Republicans was completely defeated by them,

thanks to the support of the Labor Union. The latter cared for but one thing, a rise in wages, which had already doubled under their administration. "Suppose they do put money in their pockets," said the workpeople, "at any rate it is not out of ours that they take it." Not only did they sit alone in the municipal council, but their friends or their creatures held every other elective office, even the Board of Supervisors, who control the city's expenditures; so that nothing stood in their way.

Then, if we must believe their accusers, the reign of blackmail and fraud began. Saloon-keepers and proprietors of houses of ill-fame, in order to have their licenses renewed, had to buy their whiskey, beer, champagne, and cigars of the houses that stood in with the mayor and the police. As most of them were constantly infringing on their licenses by selling alcohol to minors, by having secret entrances, and by admissions of gamblers and crooks, as well as by a host of other misdemeanors, they were compelled to give in and order the right brand if they did not wish to shut up shop. The "French restaurants" — and this name, used contemptuously, conveys an unpleasant tribute to us, — were accused, not without apparent reason, of offering too great facilities for immorality; but as the accusation did not originate in any love of virtue, it was abandoned as soon as they retained the boss, Abraham Ruef, as their council at the modest fee of ten thousand dollars for two years. The "protection" of this lawyer and his friend, the mayor, was

rewarded in similar fashion by gambling-houses and by many more or less respectable establishments; so much so that just before the earthquake this extortion was carried on to the tune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, it seems. The advice of the all-powerful lawyer was equally prized by the companies who had to deal with the city for gas, electricity, telephones, and street cars. Under this head, he received, nearly five hundred thousand dollars, which, however, he had divided with the mayor and the supervisors.

The graft, as may be imagined, extended from the high officials down to the holders of petty offices, and venality had infiltrated everywhere. The finest point is that it attacked the police itself, and that Dinan, the chief, after having discharged all honest officers, had thus organized the best possible band of robbers. Anyone caught in a delinquency knew the surest way of preventing prosecution. It has even been stated, but not proved, that many times rogues had but to give up a part of their plunder to be allowed to keep the rest in peace. The earthquake, as invariably happens in such cases, though it brought forth much admirable self-sacrifice, gave at the same time opportunity for the most shameful pillage. The looting among the mass of ruins was practically given over to chance, which as a matter of fact, meant the daring exploitation by brigands. The police refrained from disturbing them; and mention is made of one owner who could not obtain the arrest of robbers who were carrying off

four copper boilers weighing five hundred pounds each — a theft that could be easily seen nevertheless. “If they don’t take them,” calmly replied the policeman of that beat, “some one else will.” After the burning of twenty-five thousand buildings, the strictest supervision could not have entirely prevented looting, but there was virtually no supervision at all. The reopening of traffic could alone put an end to this, or at least curtail it after it had enriched many robbers and more than one policeman.

More than the average courage was required on the part of those citizens who undertook to stop this flood of abuses and peculations. Right feeling stood for a great deal, party feeling for the rest; funds were collected, and public opinion was stirred up by meetings and by the press; traps were laid for the speculators; and one, in particular, of the municipal supervisors, having an appointment in a place arranged before hand to catch him, accepted a bribe before the eyes of concealed witnesses. When the matter was ripe, it was laid clearly before the authorities in Washington. Mr. Roosevelt’s administration was not to be frightened by such work. The affair was brought before justice and investigated thoroughly; fines and years of imprisonment fell, as thick as hail, on the corrupt officials, even on their corrupters, and on those companies who had advanced the money as well as on those who had accepted it. In prison was the all-powerful boss who had held up the whole town; in prison, the brigand who had the police under his orders when he

should have had them at his heels; in prison, the mayor, Schmitz, who was, it seems, the most innocent of the three, although that is not saying much. The cleaning-out was thorough, and the lesson, one would think, of a nature to bear fruit for many years to come. San Francisco rose from its moral ruin as it had done from its material; it was a complete resurrection.

In spite of the optimism that is dominant in these travel notes, and which I certainly have no intention of retracting, since it arises naturally from the facts I have experienced, I realize that, as just shown, the United States has its faults and its difficulties, or, if you like, its maladies. I am willing to acknowledge that it often pushes these, like everything else, farther than we of old Europe would do. But it is only just to admit that with its healthy organism, its energy, its confidence and its civism, it gets the better of the ill or obstacle every time it becomes conscious of it and considers it sufficiently dangerous. The same ordeals, moral or physical, that might lay low the old and the weak, attack but lightly and for a short time the young and vigorous.

Thus America is no more protected against the disturbances of the proletariat than is Europe. This problem came before me in a striking manner during my sojourn in San Francisco. The first Monday in September, which was the very day on which I was innocently enjoying the flowers of San Rafael, was of course, Labor Day, so named because everyone rests



on it! In the United States and Canada it is an institution similar to the First of May in France. Fifty-five thousand members of the Labor Unions marched in two perfectly drilled processions, and everything would doubtless have passed off as usual, had not one of the parades met, near the ferryboats, one of the cars that the United Street Car Company had succeeded in running for many months in spite of an obstinate strike. The struggle had already cost the company hundreds of thousands of dollars as they could not get strike-breakers except at fabulous prices; who, in spite of always working fully armed, still were in constant danger of their lives. The workmen had boycotted the street cars, and organized at their own expense a primitive service of omnibuses, stages, and impossible carriages of every description. At the risk of losing much precious time neither they, nor their families, nor their friends would get into the condemned street cars. The consequences of the encounter between the parade and the car were easy to foresee. When the army of workmen caught sight of one of these detested cars, they riddled it with bricks; and the police having hastened to the spot, a scuffle began, which was renewed many times between midday and midnight. It was a curious sight to see the empty car trying to run in spite of the crowd, driven by four of the company's men with revolvers, under the protection of a wearied police. The balance sheet of the affray was not too heavy though: it came to only two dead, seven seriously wounded and twenty-seven arrests. Still, it was but one more skir-

mish in a very long war that had known some violent battles.

The solidarity between workmen is more advanced at San Francisco than almost anywhere in the world. Two great organizations distinct from, yet allied to, each other under the name of Labor Unions and capable, at need, of acting in concert as we have seen in the double procession of that second of September, enroll between them almost all the workingmen. They are the Building Trades, and the Labor Council, which unite one hundred and five societies of workmen of all sorts, printers, engineers, street-car drivers, and others. If one of these corporations has a claim to enforce, its president can ask, demand even, the support of all the others, and the employers are obliged to parley with him.

Being always of the opinion that a few clear ideas on a single point are more instructive than a broader, vaguer review of the whole, I asked a very intelligent manager of a printing-house and a newspaper\* what was the organization of his workmen, and in what relation he stood to them.

"The printers," he explained to me, "have what they call an international headquarters, which, in spite of its name, does not extend its influence beyond the United States. Besides this general office, each State and each city even, has other offices and other branches. When a dispute arises with an employer they have recourse to a tribunal of three arbiters chosen, one by the

*\*The San Francisco Chronicle.*

employer, one by the workmen, and a third by the first two. Should the arbitration fail, it is the international office that gives a decision; and if this is not accepted by the employer, a strike is declared. "Here," he added, "we have an arbitration treaty valid for five years between the director and the workmen. The clauses are observed by every one, and we have peace; we are, in a way, guaranteed against strikes. We employ only Union men. When a dispute comes up, they must go on working; if it is a question of salary and the Union upholds them, the employer is obliged to pay the increase from the beginning of the litigation. But these salaries and the number of hours of work are fixed by a convention, and they cannot be changed except by common consent or by an arbitration decision. A month ago, four engineers and three stokers came to tell me that there were not enough men for the work and that they needed helpers. When I refused to increase their number, they said they would go on strike on the fifteenth of August. I sent for the engineers' register, and I found that neither they nor the stokers were Union men; so I simply refused to discuss the matter with them and they had to give way."

I could not refrain from remarking that that seemed a pretty good argument for the Unions. My interlocutor, who was young and broad-minded, readily agreed with me, and he willingly admitted that the employers themselves have every advantage in dealing, not with an incoherent proletariat exposed to the se-

ductions of all sorts of leaders, but with regular, powerful, and responsible organizations, having their own resources and capable of rising, little by little, to that understanding of the real conditions of work, without which no serious discussions or lasting treaties can be hoped for.

I took advantage of meeting this enlightened employer to ask him what he thought of the increase of socialism in the United States and its chances of success. He agreed that in America, as in other republics, the growing diffusion of economic Utopias was due to the fact that the people, legitimately anxious to educate themselves in social questions that bear on their lives to the utmost degree, find only ignorant men, men of warped mind, or agitators, to speak to them, whereas they should have placed at their service all that is most disinterested and competent. But he added that, in spite of this holding back of the enlightened, socialism in the United States would always find an almost insuperable obstacle in the Constitution itself, by which everything touching on labor laws comes under the questions left to each State to decide; and except for the very small number of employees or workmen who would come under the Federal power, Congress, or in default of that, the Supreme Court, would certainly refer to the State Governments all discussions on the limiting of working hours, on salaries, and on woman and child labor. Therefore there is and can be no political socialism in the United States. Besides, finished my informant, and I leave the responsibility of this

statement on him, Congress in Washington has not a single socialist member, and the number is negligible in the Senates and Houses of Representatives of the different States.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE REAL PROBLEM OF TO-MORROW: THE JAPANESE QUESTION

DIFFICULTIES; THE GREATEST OF ALL — DECEITFUL CALM — THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN 1906; TEMPORARY ARRANGEMENT — FRIENDLY GOVERNMENTS AND HOSTILE PEOPLES: THE AGREEMENTS OF 1908 AND THE DISAGREEMENTS OF 1909 — THE REAL CAUSES OF THE CONFLICT — THE QUESTION OF SALARIES AND OF THE STANDARD OF LIFE — THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL AND THE NECESSITY OF ASSIMILATION — THE IMPORTANCE OF THE YELLOW IMMIGRATION — INEFFECTUAL SOLUTIONS: THAT THE GOVERNMENTS DO NOT WISH FOR WAR, AND THAT IT WOULD SOLVE NOTHING — OF THE RAPPROCHMENT THAT WOULD BE BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE CONVERSION OF THE JAPANESE TO CHRISTIANITY — THE SLOWNESS AND DIFFICULTIES OF EVANGELIZATION — SOME HOPEFUL SIGNS — A PARTIAL SOLUTION: THE INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF WHITES ON THE PACIFIC COAST — CALIFORNIAN WEALTH — THE REAL STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES: AN OPTIMISTIC AND FREE PEOPLE.

A STILL graver difficulty than the labor question has come up recently at San Francisco with an acuteness it has not attained elsewhere. The Japanese



question — one can guess that it is that — must not fail to be examined as thoroughly as possible at the end of a work devoted to America of to-morrow. In a way, it is its natural conclusion.

Among the various problems which lie before the great democracy of the United States, always shifting and in process of transformation like life itself, the most serious is not that of the relation of capital to labor, which here, as elsewhere, is often strained, but which is preserved from socialism by the instinctive love of initiative and the inveterate habit of decentralization. Nor is it the political problem, in spite of the municipal corruption existing in large cities; the public officers, having but little power, could not do much harm, even were they not guaranteed, as they are, against their own excesses by the strength of the Executive and by the ever powerful vigilance of the Supreme Court. It is unnecessary to add that the relations between the State and religious institutions do not present the least difficulty, the basis being mutual respect and independence. The real, the great problem in the United States is the race question, the necessity of securing the national character, at whatever cost, against the extraordinary variety of peoples pouring in each year from every corner of the globe. The difficulty of assimilation varies naturally according to the origin of the immigrants. Without going in detail into a question which in itself would require volumes, we may, in a general manner, assert that all the whites, especially those from the northwest of Europe, be-

come at the end of the second generation, if not within a few years, finished Americans, and that they would not stand being treated as newcomers or sons of foreigners. But so far, two sorts of men have remained opposed to assimilation: the blacks and the yellow men.] And from this fact, if I may say so, arise two clouds that throw their threats, or at least their ever growing shadow, athwart the otherwise brilliant sky of the great Republic.

We shall not dwell on the "black" question. Apart from the fact that we have already spoken of it in "The Land of the Strenuous Life,"\* it always presents itself in the same terms in which it has already been set forth many times; and the danger from it is limited, since no one would, in the end, interfere with Americans taking any steps against the negro that may seem to them advisable. The yellow question, on the contrary, has recently appeared on the horizon in a very urgent form. The yellow peril, but recently removed from the nightmares of Europe, emigrated to the other hemisphere, toward Australia, which replied provisionally by a boycott; toward South America, which has not yet perceived its importance; toward North America, and especially the United States, where it was looked upon as a question already solved by the law against Chinese immigration, but which arose more pressing than ever with the arrival of the many sober and clever Japanese, who felt themselves protected by a powerful nation. The yellow peril this time is neither a hypothesis nor a

\*Chap. XIV.

prophecy, but a phenomenon in process of realization; it is neither the idea of a sociologist nor the invention of politicians. It is the actual encounter and the material struggle of groups of simple men given over to the forces of nature; it is the already discernible impact of the Japanese and American workmen.

When I was at San Francisco, in September, 1907, a certain calm reigned. No doubt the workmen and small shopkeepers felt and deplored the effects of the yellow competition. No doubt the anti-Japanese movement which was then at its height in British Columbia, awoke the deepest sympathy in California, and the press there joined in the chorus of the Vancouver papers against the invading Asia. No doubt the people were not insensible to the recent announcement of the voyage around the world that the Atlantic Squadron was to undertake, and they planned a hearty reception for the warships that, leaving Hampton Roads at the end of the year, should, six months later, after doubling Cape Horn, touch at San Francisco, and start off again from there to show to the Philippines, to Japan, to China and to Europe, what henceforth, may be expected of the American navy. But nevertheless, there was no longer the excitement of the preceding year when many wished, in spite of President Roosevelt, and at the risk of inciting immediate war, to close to the Japanese the public schools attended by white children; nor did there seem to be any thought of the effort that was to be made in the beginning of 1909 to

refuse to all Asiatics, not only the entry of the public schools, but ordinary property rights.

When, like almost all travellers, I was interviewed by the reporters, I said that a war between Japan and America would be calamitous for both countries, and an outrage against human progress; and these declarations were printed as being quite natural and without any contradiction being offered to them. When I, in my turn, asked questions about the Japanese, the replies I received were tinged, if not with sympathy, at least with impartiality. If the Chinese were penned up in their newly rebuilt quarter, no one thought of disturbing them there, and no street seemed more quiet than the principal one where their little shops were grouped, which ran close to our Paulist residence, and which bore, rather as a sign of the commonplace than as a threat, the un-exotic name of Dupont Street. And if the Japanese, who had vacated these quarters since the earthquake, dispersing on all sides, still continued to live together in groups, they were at least nowhere refused the lease of houses, for which, however, they had to pay very high rents; and any whites who objected to their vicinity contented themselves with quietly removing their *lares* and *penates* elsewhere. In short, the fire was smouldering under ashes, and unlike the conflagration lighted by the earthquake, it was not the kind to burn out at the end of a few days. This time the danger was not a passing cataclysm, but a permanent source of trouble, of which

the first symptoms were beginning to come into evidence.

Americans have but just noticed the danger that threatens them. Until the last few years, Japan inspired them only with admiration and sympathy. They liked its courage and enterprise and the ease with which it could assimilate all kinds of modern progress. They remembered being the first to open up, in 1854, to international commerce, this country which had been closed to it for two centuries, and they were proud of the advance it had made since then. A little before it had declared war with Russia, in 1903, I had found them full of fellow-feeling for it, and indignant at the procrastination of Petersburg in fulfilling its promise to evacuate Manchuria. They had applauded the Japanese victories and their President's efforts to make peace. If they began, at the time of the treaty of Portsmouth and coming within closer range of the question, to understand that the Japanese, freed by the Russian defeat from their greatest anxiety of the Asiatic shore, could thenceforth direct their efforts to the other coast of the Pacific, they nevertheless continued to hold friendly relations with them; and they had, in spite of the importance of their colony at Seoul, been the first to withdraw their representative at the court of the Emperor of Corea to please Japan. Official thanks were addressed to the United States Government for the "friendly disposition it had once more evidenced," and, in return, Japanese friendliness

seized the opportunity to manifest itself offered by the visit of Miss Roosevelt, of the American financiers who had played such an important role at the time of the war, and of Secretary Taft, who was already looked upon as the next President.

To those who still judge the advance of human affairs by the attitude of official personages or by the arrangements, though sincere, that may be concluded between the Governments, the surprise must have been great when, at the end of 1906, it was suddenly revealed to them that such difficulties had arisen in California between Japan and the United States that it was a question whether they would not lead to an immediate call to arms. What had happened that was so grave? Simply a decree of the Board of Education of San Francisco ordering "all Chinese, Japanese, and Corean children to be sent to the Oriental public school," that is to say, merely carrying out the measures that had been announced the year before "not to expose American children to contact with pupils of Mongolian race." It is true that legitimate complaints had been made against the impropriety of leaving among the little children of the primary schools some forty backward youths born in Japan; but as these formed but a very small minority even when added to the forty other Japanese under fifteen years of age, it will be admitted that the danger was not great, and that, in any case, there were better means of averting it than by representing the Japanese in a general and far-reaching act, as an inferior race, association with which



was morally dangerous. The natural excitement raised by such an offensive measure among the Japanese, still puffed up, as they were, over their Russian victories, was at once taken under serious consideration by the Government of Washington. Strong in the treaty of 1894, which assured to Americans and Japanese residing each in the other's country, the treatment due to the most favored nation, the Federal power instituted a suit against the San Francisco authorities, to defend its own prerogatives in matters of international importance and to determine the limits of sovereignty left to the States individually. Herein lies what has become the weak point of the admirable American Constitution, the new necessity which must some day be taken into account, of specifying, in another amendment, the diplomatic authority of the Federal power, and giving it the means of imposing on the different States a respect for its international agreements.

As always happens with practical people, the question of the San Francisco schools was settled in fact, though not solved by law. At the end of five months of litigation the Board of Education withdrew the objectionable measure. The Californians had at least obtained their main end, which was to compel the country at large to examine into the yellow question once more, and to bring up the question whether it would be advisable to make the Chinese immigration laws applicable to the Japanese as well.

Some disturbances, easily quelled, but nevertheless

significant, accompanied this first phase of the conflict. From the third to the twenty-fourth of October, the Japanese restaurants of San Francisco had been boycotted by the Cooks' and Waiters' Union, whose members prevented clients from entering, and threw stones at the shop-windows. But an opportune offer of five hundred and fifty dollars decided the boycott leader to restore quiet. A more serious demonstration was the assaulting of well known Japanese in the streets by rowdies, which called forth from Mr. Roosevelt an energetic warning to the city authorities that if they could not protect the persons and possessions of the Japanese in accordance with international law, "the entire power of the Federal Government would be exerted, within the limits of the Constitution, to exact promptly and energetically, the respect of the treaties, the highest law of the country, and to assure proper treatment to the people of a great and friendly power in the territory of the United States."

The next two years passed more calmly, perhaps because the Unions of San Francisco, though preserving their hostility toward Japanese labor, were not in a position to dictate vexatious measures, no longer having as before, the municipal authority dependent on them. But the league for the exclusion of Asiatics went on developing just the same in California along with the leagues in Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia; and at a convention held in Seattle in February, 1908, it combined with all the others under the name of North American Exclusion League. No doubt it was

at the instigation of this powerful association that the first weeks of 1909 were to see the storm gather again at the very moment that it seemed to be the least expected: when the squadron, that had just completed the circumnavigation of the globe, was about to take up its station once more in the Atlantic waters, and just after the Governments of Tokio and Washington had come to an agreement to suppress between them all causes of dispute.

It is important to note this last coincidence. It brings out clearly, on one side the seriousness of the conflict which is thus manifested between the two peoples at the same time as the Governments are concluding public agreements; and on the other hand, to look at it purely from the American side of the question, the inward gravity of a situation which brings the Federal power into such direct opposition to the public opinion of several States. If it should ever happen — there is no question of it now — that Washington should have to have recourse to force to exact from the Western States a respect for its treaties, or leave Japan under the shadow of one of those insults that would surely entail war, what power in the world would be capable of arresting the course of destiny?

On the thirtieth of November, 1908, Baron Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador, and Mr. Root, Secretary of State, exchanged at Washington the following Notes:

*From Baron Takahira to Mr. Root:*

WASHINGTON, 30 November, 1908.

SIR:

The exchange of views between us, which has taken place at the several interviews which I have recently had the honor of holding with you, has shown that Japan and the United States of America, holding important outlying insular possessions in the region of the Pacific Ocean, are animated by a common aim, policy, and intention in that region. Believing that a frank avowal of that aim, policy, and intention would not only tend to strengthen relations of friendship and good neighborhood which have immemorially existed between Japan and the United States, but would materially contribute to the preservation of the general peace, the Imperial Government has authorized me to present you an outline of its understanding of that common aim, policy, and intention.

1. It is the wish of the two Governments to encourage the free and peaceful development of their commerce on the Pacific Ocean.

2. The policy of both Governments, uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies, is directed to the maintenance of the existing *status quo* in the region above mentioned, and to the defence of the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.

3. They are accordingly firmly resolved reciprocally to respect the territorial possessions belonging to each other in the said region.

4. They are also determined to preserve the common interests of all Powers in China by supporting, by all pacific means at their disposal the independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in that Empire.

5. Should any event occur threatening the *status* as above described, or the principle of equal opportunity as above de-

fined, it remains for the two Governments to communicate with each other in order to arrive at an understanding as to what measures they may consider useful to take.

If the foregoing outline accords with the view of the Government of the United States I shall be gratified to receive your confirmation.

*From Mr. Root to Baron Takahira:*

EXCELLENCY:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Note to-day setting forth the result of the exchange of views between us in our recent interviews, defining the understanding of the two Governments in regard to their policy in the region of the Pacific Ocean.

It is a pleasure to inform you that this expression of mutual understanding is welcome to the Government of the United States as appropriate to the happy relations of the two countries, and as the occasion for a concise mutual affirmation of that accordant policy respecting the Far East which the two Governments have so frequently declared in the past.

I am happy to be able to confirm to Your Excellency, on behalf of the United States, the declaration of the two Governments.

And the Secretary of State then repeats, word for word the five propositions submitted by the Ambassador.

Thus the two Governments are perfectly in accord in all that concerns the development of the policy and their commerce "in the region of the Pacific Ocean." Europe applauds this agreement; it receives the approbation of the American press and of the Japanese newspapers. The ambassador of the Mikado officially declares that "what has been accomplished is something

like a transaction between trusted friends. It is sincerely to be hoped that the people of each country will have the same confidence as their own Government in respect to the declaration of the other. Friendly intercourse and commercial relations will be fully developed."

And such, perhaps would be the case if everything depended on commerce and policy; if there existed to-day no social necessities of a deeper, more irreducible nature; if, diplomats and merchants having brought their aims and interests into harmony, there did not still remain the question of satisfying the aspirations and the needs of the working world, of the people in search of enough bread and better conditions of life. And as a matter of fact, for the last year or two, though the Government of Tokio, to please that of Washington, declared that the emigration of its subjects should be diverted from America and directed toward Corea, Formosa and Manchuria, their movements toward the Hawaiian Islands and the American coast were in no way restricted. And, on its side, the Government of Washington, though it recalled the energy of its attitude toward the anti-Japanese manœuvres of San Francisco, and even promised still greater energy for the future, it remained to be seen to what point the Westerners would consent to consider this.

On this point the doubt did not last long. From the beginning of January, 1909, six weeks after the exchange of notes, it was learned that bills had been presented to the California Legislature proposing to forbid



Asiatics, Japanese included, from owning property in this State, from being trustees of corporations and, as in 1906, from sending their children to the same schools as the whites. The Tokio press without departing from its sang froid, declared that the voting of such measures would undoubtedly imperil the understanding that had just been arrived at. Mr. Roosevelt telegraphed to the Governor of California that he was to use all his power to prevent the passing of the bill, or, if necessary he was to veto it; he dwelt on the recent agreement, which would be compromised and of which one of the advantages was the prevention of the immigration of Japanese workmen in large numbers. The Legislature, thoroughly Republican and composed of staunch supporters of Roosevelt, hastened to give in to him as to the two bills in question, namely, those withholding from the Japanese the right to own property and to exercise the functions of trustees. But in the beginning of February, it passed the bill on separate schools, which has been the most wounding of all to the Japanese pride. The Governor protested and demanded that another vote be taken, the President threatened to have it annulled, as anti-Constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. Finally after a month of impassioned agitation, Mr. Roosevelt carried the bill once more and, on the twelfth of February, by a vote of 41 to 37 the California House, almost in spite of itself, threw out the offending bill. But one can see by how few votes the victory of national interest over private passions was won. It should be-

sides, be noted that the feeling has spread to such an extent that the Legislature of Nevada had by their votes encouraged that of California to remain recalcitrant, and that anti-Japanese measures should also be carried by the States of Oregon, Idaho, and Nebraska. Thus it was the whole West that threatened to stand out against the Japanese and to refuse them the rights accorded to any emigrant of white race, and this, as we have seen, at the beginning of 1909 immediately after the exchange of friendly notes by Tokio and Washington.

Such a singular antagonism and one against which the most amicable intentions and the most formal understandings between the two Governments are powerless, must have some deep-seated cause. European opinion recognizes but one, the question of wages, the difference in price demanded by a Japanese workman for the same piece of work and, if that is not, as we shall see, the end of the difficulties, it is at least the beginning. First of all we must understand this clearly.

"In Western America," writes Monsieur Louis Aubert, an excellent judge, "the most ambitious labor of the world, the most exacting in its requirements, the haughtiest, and the most spoiled by high wages, clashes with a humble, persevering, very capable labor, but one less exacting than even the lowest labor of Europe.\*" Comparing what builders, the best paid trade, earn in

\* "Américains et Japonais," p. 170.

Japan with the wages of the same workmen in San Francisco, it will be seen that one hour's work is paid double in California that of a whole day in the land of the Rising Sun: according to figures quoted at the United States Senate on January 7, 1907, carpenters earned 29 cents a day in Japan, against 50 cents an hour in San Francisco; plasterers, 30 against 75; stone cutters, 34 against  $56\frac{1}{4}$ ; brick-layers, 37 against 75; and blacksmiths, 26 against 40 1-3. No doubt the Japanese workman is not satisfied in America with what he earns at home; that is not what he has emigrated for; but, though he treble and quadruple his wages, he still does not attain to those of white workmen, and consequently he causes them harm. And though he should end by earning as much as they — the solution at first suggested by a superficial examination of the question — he would be no less a rival to be feared; for as he spends two or three times less, he would quickly succeed by his savings, in raising himself above them. As a matter of fact, the Japanese always earn less. As they are now conversant with all trades, those of their compatriots who have managed to become employers and who naturally engage their fellow countrymen to work under them are able to underbid contracts or carry on business under decidedly easier conditions than their American competitors. This explains, it may be said in passing, why the partisans of exclusion are no longer recruited solely from the working classes: not only wage-earners but business men, farmers, even professional men, are threatened and

seek to defend themselves. There has been arriving for the last ten years, in California and other Western States a class of Japanese capitalists who run farms, shops, even factories, and who have an important club at San Francisco.

But why should not the Asiatic workman join the Unions as at the end of a certain time and as soon as they begin to be successful, workmen arriving from Europe join them?

The fact is that he never joins them, that it would not even occur to him to do so, and that the Unions would not think of admitting him, either. He has his own associations, his exclusive groups, where employers, even American ones, are glad to find, in sufficient numbers and ready for their conditions, workmen whom the tyranny of the Unions often prevents them from finding elsewhere; but to coalesce with white workmen, therein lies more than one difficulty caused by rancour or by jealousy: a moral and psychological impossibility. In spite of the mistakes, the passions, and the abuses which are mixed up with it, the Union is not a simple coalition of material interests, merely a means of obtaining higher wages; it is besides, and above all, even for those who understand it but dimly a collective effort to ameliorate life, a generous and capable striving, at great sacrifice, if need be, toward a happier future, greater comfort, better education and moral development. To raise the standard of life is, at bottom, the aim of all Unions, especially in England and America. This is an ideal that at present the

Asiatic workmen are incapable of comprehending, or at least of realizing to the same degree. They do not feel the needs, nor have the aspirations; they do not know the demands, they do not share the ambitions of the European workmen, still less do they share those of the men who have left Europe to live better in America, left the Eastern States to seek, beyond the deserts and the mountains, the more favored shores of the great Pacific. Whatever the future may hold in store, there lies therein a formidable split between two civilizations, between branches of mankind; and if clever politicians and diplomatists succeed for the time being in making it be forgotten, the great masses of the working-classes, less subtle than their statesmen, perceive it clearly and proclaim it loudly, especially when they suffer from it.

But let there be no mistake. What is threatened in the United States by the arrival of the yellow race, is not only the ideal of one class, it is the ideal of the nation itself. The principal contribution of the United States to human progress is forming with the most diverse elements a united and self-governing people, without distinction of fortune, occupation, or origin. As Americans often build with artificial materials, but so amalgamated that they equal or surpass stone in strength, so they build up their nation with all sorts of other peoples cast into one, and who always take on the essential form of democracy. All that resists such unification and proves itself incapable of assimilation,

compromises the proper working of the whole, the health of the social body, and must, consequently, be eliminated. Now, experience has proved that, though the white races undergo, in one or two generations, the changes induced by the assimilative power with which American civilization is endowed to so remarkable a degree, the black and yellow races remain impervious to this influence, and never succeed in amalgamating with the whites.

Undoubtedly the problems of the two recalcitrant races are different. In regard to the blacks the question is no longer whole. If they still inhabited Africa, a good law of exclusion would quickly solve the difficulty, and though the Republic of Liberia should take umbrage at the measure, no one would worry. But it is no longer a question of forbidding their entrance; they were brought over formerly, and there they are, some ten millions, who can neither be sent back, nor destroyed, nor treated as slaves, nor even, till further orders, deprived of their civic rights. How this difficulty will eventually be overcome, no one knows; but what is certain is that, if the day should come when it should threaten the national peace, then it will be taken up; and also that, while treating the negroes with equity, and facilitating their means of existence and of development, never would they be allowed, even should they be in the majority, to control public affairs and lower the nation to their level.\*

\*With his usual eloquence, Mr. Henry van Dyke upholds these same ideas in his "Genius of America."



For the yellow race the same does not hold good. They are as yet but a small minority, two hundred thousand perhaps; the thing is simply not to let them increase. It is evidently better to shut the door on them, than to be forced to expel them afterwards. The precautions that were taken in time against the Chinese, must be taken against all Asiatics, and with greater care against those among them who show themselves at the same time the most anxious to come, and the most dangerous in their very cleverness; that is to say, against the Japanese.

In spite of vain appearances, they are assimilated no better than the negro. Less well even, for he at least loves America for itself and looks upon it as his real fatherland, while they never see in it more than a field of exploit, a means of education or of making a fortune. Encamped on this side of the Pacific, they have left their heart on the other, and are obstinately faithful to their first country and its institutions. Whereas the negro, in spite of all that he lacks, is nevertheless an American, the Japanese as well as the Chinese, Coreans, and Hindoos remain Asiatics. [And were they ever to settle permanently and increase in number, as the black race has done, the trouble they would create would be very different from the other, since they would have behind them, besides their intelligence, the protection of a powerful Empire which considers them always as its countrymen.]

Were it even possible to hold dominion over them, it would still not be an admissible solution for the

United States. The American people no more wish for subjects than for a master; they consider the essential idea of democracy, which they have more at heart than anything else, not equality of situation, which they know to be chimerical, but equality of opportunity, the possibility open to all of attaining to the highest rank and to the best lot in life, and the only government they are pleased to admit of is the government "of the people, by the people." Whoever is not capable of self-government, is not an American, and that is the inwardness of the negro question. Or if another example be desired, we may study the progress accomplished in the Philippines in ten years under the American rule so admirably organized by Governor Taft. There will be seen the constant endeavor to train the natives to govern themselves; the calling them, little by little, to control by their votes the administration of cities, provinces, and even the State itself. At the time of my visit to the West (August and September, 1907), the American press gave sympathetic accounts of the first parliamentary elections in the Philippines, and it announced, with no ill-feeling, that the majority of votes were in favor of immediate independence.\* This control of public affairs does not interest the Japanese except so far as it affects themselves; and if we suppose that some day they should wish to take part,

\*The Nationalist candidates controlled 29,119 votes; the Progressionists, friends of America, 18,142. An Upper House, nominated by the President of the United States and consisting of four natives out of nine members, counterbalanced the action of the Lower House. So far the two Houses have had no serious disagreements.

it would be still worse; for they would advance ideas, prejudices, and interests that would conflict with those of Americans. Becoming citizens—a hypothesis still far from being realized, since very few among them seem to covet this distinction, and it is refused to them any way — and settling here and there, as is their tendency, in compact and segregated colonies, they would constitute so many foreign fortresses in the very heart of the country, odious in peace and dangerous in war.

Nor can it be said that, with regard to the eighty million inhabitants of the Republic, their number, perhaps, 140,000 is sufficient guarantee of their harmlessness. Apart from the fact that this little colony would in any difficulty, fall back on big Japan, it is in itself a very appreciable factor, considering in how short a time it has gathered together; furthermore it is not with the whole population of the United States that it must be compared, but rather with the sparse inhabitants of California, Oregon, and Washington, where the yellow men concentrate, and to which as a matter of fact, they have easier access by sea than the Easterners by the transcontinental railroads.

Is it not true that in the Hawaiian Islands, that indispensable outpost of the United States in the Pacific, the refuge and coal-station necessary to the fleet in case of war, the Japanese alone were, in 1905, in the alarming proportion of 31,735 out of 48,229 inhabitants, while of this total only 1006 were Americans? Is it not fearful that the citizens of the Union represent 2 per cent of the population and the subjects of the

Mikado 65 per cent or thirty times as many?\*

Undoubtedly in the whole of the United States these proportions would be reversed, but it cannot be denied that this fortunate state of affairs is already threatened and that the percentage of the yellow races is rapidly increasing while the white population is growing but too slowly, especially in California. A disturbing example is the fact that in spite of the exclusion laws, the Chinese increase from year to year; they arrive from Mexico and from Canada, and most of them succeed in furnishing the proof, necessary for their admission, that they were born in the United States. According to the calculation of a Federal Judge the number of these assertions would, if exact, imply that every Chinese woman living in the United States twenty-five years ago had had more than five hundred children. How will it be with the Japanese if they are free to enter without obstacle? Having come only during the last few years, they already form colonies which, speaking of cities only, reach the approximate figures of 10,000 in San Francisco, 7,000 in Seattle and the same in Los Angeles, and 4,000 at Oakland; or, as far as an indication of their activity is concerned, they owned in California 224 shops in 1904, 376 in 1905, 561 in 1906; and the number of restaurants run by them increased in two years from 98 to 198, and of inns from 245 to 462.

\*Besides, a few Europeans should be deducted from the figures given in 1906 as Americans, while to the number of Japanese should be added 4,409 Chinese and 4,083 Coreans.

The trouble is that no matter how they may be disliked, they are needed! Before the immense possibilities of commerce, industry, and above all, farming, hands are lacking and they furnish them. Whereas, backed by the Union and their very scarcity, the white workmen impose on their employers truly Draconic conditions, the Japanese offer an obedient and unexact service that makes them very welcome to capital. Rejected by sentiment, they are called back by interest; whereas ideas are against them, facts are in their favor. And the result of this situation is all the greater because it corresponds with an impulsion of the Japanese in the same direction. It is not from caprice that they depart from the pleasant and beloved land of their ancestors, but by necessity, because it is not large enough to support them all. It is not for pleasure that they prefer to Formosa and Corea (which are both subject to them and nearer) the distant shores of America, where malevolence and humiliation await them; but because they know that there they will find fewer competitors of their own race, that they will make their fortunes sooner; and also because they can educate themselves better there and acquire a more complete knowledge of all that insures individual and national prosperity.

For this double and ever growing conflict of ideals with interests, for this antagonism that is at once moral and economic, is there indeed no remedy? And if there is one, where shall it be sought for? Of the

numerous problems perplexing the world to-day, perhaps there is none more serious than this one, if it is true that it shows us marching toward each other with the probability of a terrific shock when the head-on collision occurs, the two peoples who stand for the most energetic and in many ways the most advanced portions of the white and the yellow races, the two species of mankind who, after having so far shared the earth between them are now beginning to dispute its possession.

One of Wells's heroes, a Japanese of the twenty-second century, suggests a solution which would certainly be the easiest and most refined. "At last," he says, "you Europeans have come to acknowledge that we also are whites!" Thus to deny the difficulty is a stand pleasing to philosophers, artists, and sociologists in debate, and perhaps in two hundred years it may be realized; but at present the facts are quite otherwise, and the two races are irreducible. At least they believe themselves to be so, and therefore are, since this conviction deters them from associating in their work or their family life, for they will neither live together nor join in the same circles, and still less unite in marriage.

More precise and seemingly practical solutions are sometimes suggested, but they do not stand the test of a deliberate investigation. Such a one is, for instance the idea of an international conference to establish accepted conditions on immigration, which, so far, have been left almost entirely to the transport com-



panies. But to believe in the efficacy of such a ruling in this conflict, is to forget that the Japanese will never accept other conditions than those imposed on Europeans, and that, on the other hand, the United States, while wishing to restrict yellow immigration to a minimum, requires a free and copious white immigration. At the same time that they look upon fifteen or twenty thousand Japanese as an excessive number for one year, they absorb, not only easily but profitably, more than a million Europeans. "But then," it will be suggested, "don't employ the Japanese and they won't come; or else pay them the same as the whites, and the latter will no longer have reason to complain." We have already shown that in the Far West capital cannot get along without them, and they cannot rise to the exaggerated requirements of the white men's Unions. Wages do not go up and down according to factitious rules; they are not settled arbitrarily, but according to the material and moral conditions of a given society and especially according to the needs really felt by the working-classes. Workmen of totally different constitution and requirements will never be paid alike.

Must we look to war to cut this Gordian knot? And is it the force of arms, that "highest right" (or at least so considered formerly) which will assign each to his place and bring every thing to order? This is, after all, the most widespread idea; and the moment the question enters a more threatening phase, everyone begins, even in Europe, to speculate as to the respective chances of the probable opponents, their finances and

their armies, especially the strength of their fleets, the number of their battleships and torpedo boats, the quality of their officers and their crews. It is, indeed, astonishing what coolness and wisdom are displayed in such crises, by the Governments of two such high-spirited peoples; it is marvellous what concessions they make; one wonders why there is so much consideration where only protestations were expected, and why understandings where ultimatums were looked for.

It is to be understood, and rejoiced over, that, barring accidents which are always possible, but are no more probable here than elsewhere, war between Japan and the United States is not imminent, because it is not judged opportune either at Tokio or Washington.

Whatever a superficial, or at least local, opinion may believe, the two Governments have the most decisive reasons for preventing an armed conflict. Not only are they wise and humane enough not to love war for itself, and to realize that dreadful evils follow in its train even for the victor; but (what counts for much more with such realistic minds) neither one nor the other feels prepared to wage war successfully; they are not ready to undertake it, and they cannot, without danger, abandon the extremely important affairs they have on hand at home.

Japan needs a period of peace and quiet to recover completely from the sacrifices of men and money made in the Russian War; to let the confidence she won by her victories bear fruit, and to benefit by the impetus received; to prosper the very recent efforts of her people

toward modern education, toward the improvement of agriculture, above all toward the development of commerce and industry. Even while feeling confident of victory (though that must appear to her more difficult of attainment than over the Russians), what advantage could she gain that would compensate for what it would cost, to balance with the loss of her present trade with the United States, and make up for the set-back to progress of all kinds of which she realizes her needs, both inwardly and outwardly?

Would Japan wish to gain a footing on the American continent? It would be a dream all the more absurd because it would be extremely difficult to land, and almost impossible to maintain a body of troops of any size. To seize the Hawaiian Islands? It would not be very difficult, it is true, but how much better to continue the peaceful conquest by peopling it with faithful subjects! To annex the Philippines? Later, to be sure, she expects to do so; but, for the present, how difficult it would be to develop them, and how much wiser it seems to leave that big undertaking to the Americans! Anyway, would it be possible after the conquest to hold her own against the certain hostility of the population, when she is already having so much trouble subduing Corea, that country coveted for centuries and at last retaken, where it is necessary at all costs to stand her ground this time, and to settle down so that she can never be driven out? It is there, and not elsewhere that lies the supreme work for Japan, which will insure her both a rich agricultural domain

and a supply station and post of defence, an entering wedge of conquest of the great continent. And, considering the innate hostility of the inhabitants, all Japan's efforts, colonial, financial, military, and political, are required to succeed there; especially when we consider the cost in trouble and expense of her determination to occupy, in spite of Europe, and the United States and China itself, the first rank in influence, prestige, and business in Manchuria and in the whole Celestial Empire. It is possible that Japanese ambition likes to dwell on the establishment of a dominion which shall comprise on the Asiatic side all the islands, perhaps even, all the coast line of the Northern Pacific from the Philippines or (who knows?) from the Sunda Islands to the Aleutian Islands and Behring Strait. But the men who direct, with so much wisdom, the councils of the Mikado will know that to realize so vast an ambition, it is not sufficient to gain a few naval victories.

The Government of the United States is equally far from wishing for war to-day; and if the fiery impetuosity of Mr. Roosevelt always held itself in check, and even showed the greatest consideration in all relations with Japan, his successor is not the man from whom to fear an aggressive attitude. Prudent and pacific by nature, Mr. Taft has also the advantage of knowing thoroughly and directly all sides of the question. Apart from the fact that he was Secretary of War, as Governor of the Philippines he organized these Islands in the name of the United States; he has made several

trips to Japan; he has visited China, Russia, and Europe, and it may be said that this chosen head of a democracy has been better trained to govern his country than any heir to a hereditary monarchy. Finally, a few weeks before taking up the reins of state (which is not at the White House, an empty metaphor), he went himself to look into the progress of the work on the Panama Canal. This last care is significant. Precisely there lies the knotty point of the question. As long as the two oceans are not joined, as long as the American fleet remains cut in two, the United States will try to avoid war. Their navy when united is equivalent to that of Japan, but most of the warships are stationed in the Atlantic, and it would take long months to arrive, by way of Cape Horn, on the eventful field of battle. In a few years, thanks to the canal, it will take but three weeks; and the chances, by this fact, will have become evenly balanced\*; or probably, in reality, a little in favor of the United States, as the American arsenals will have made a great advance. So far prudence joins its counsel with that of a sincere love of peace, and the fear of interfering with business; which is decidedly efficacious with so practical a people.

Some day, undoubtedly, the commercial develop-

\*President Taft, during his official Western trip in the Autumn of 1909, spoke of Japan several times in the most friendly terms. He nevertheless replied to Governor Gillett of California, who at Sacramento on October 6, expressed the wish that the Pacific Squadron should be raised to sixteen or eighteen armored cruisers: "You forget that the Panama Canal will be cut through in four or five years, and that then we shall be enabled to assemble twice as many ships."

ment of Japan and the United States will create between them a rivalry such as that which is now silently undermining the relations between England and Germany; and that will be a possible cause of war; the principle of a hostility, no longer local, but national. Already, less than a year after the solemn exchange of friendly notes of which we have spoken, the special arrangements between China and Japan on the subject of Manchuria so disturbed American merchants that it became necessary to ask Tokio whether the famous doctrine of the Open Door meant that Japanese goods would enter thereby with special privileges. But the rivalry is but just coming to life, and many causes combine to attenuate it. Although, for instance the United States mercantile marine suffers from the competition of the Japanese steamers on account of the smaller cost of manning them, still, as demand outgrows supply on the limitless shores of the Pacific Ocean, means of transport, no matter whence, and markets, no matter where, are profitable to everyone. Of the two nations, each is the other's best client, and both feel that their common efforts are not too much to develop the immeasurable field that lies before them.

But, for all that war is not probable for several years,—five, ten, and perhaps more,—on account of the natural and indestructible elements that are the basis of the conflict, it cannot be avoided forever. And each country is preparing for it, too, if only, as the saying is, to preserve peace. No one is ignorant of the



fact that both peoples are increasing their navies. It is also known that the Japanese are doing their best to transform Formosa into a first class naval station with powerful batteries and a fleet of torpedo boats. Americans, on their side, are enlarging the navy yards, especially along the Pacific, and fortifying the strategic points on their coast and the Philippines, at the same time as the important but exposed position they occupy on the Hawaiian Islands. Their report for the fiscal year 1908-1909 allowed for an increase of thirty-six million dollars for the War Department and twenty-six million dollars for the Navy Department, and there is no reason to think they will stop there. As a naval power they come immediately after England, even surpassing Germany, and still more France, both in actual effectiveness and proposed increase.

Therefore if it were necessary to await the solution of the problem by arms, it would only be a question of time and patience. But it is clear that whatever may be the result of the encounter, it will be in no way final. Neither power could annihilate the other or completely subjugate it. The conquered nation would think of nothing but revenge, and we may imagine that its former antipathy for its adversaries will not be turned to love when they have beaten it! And even were one nation practically annihilated, the problem would, after all, remain the same: it is not only the case of Japan and the United States, but, in the broadest sense of the words, the whole East against the whole West

of the Pacific Ocean.\* After, as before, the war, two races will remain face to face, the white world against the yellow; that is to say, as we have just seen, two divisions of mankind who do not understand each other, and who cannot blend.

As for the reconciliation that is not to be expected from war, could it be hoped for, in a more or less distant future, from the conversion of the Japanese to Christianity?

There is certainly no more insurmountable obstacle to the assimilation of the yellow and white races than the inherent difference of their minds. Though very unlike physically, their moral divergence is greater still, for the more they live together the more they feel their diversity; and after easy relations at the outset, relations which had seemed sincerely intimate, each discovers that a wall of ice separates him from the other in ideas and sentiments. It is because — to the extent to which one may try to understand and summarize such mysterious questions — there are on one side, centuries of Christianity, with the firm, if not clear, idea of personality applied even to the conception of God, which it renders more accessible, and to the conception of our nature, to which it attaches such importance that one soul is worth worlds, — much more — even the death of a God. On the other side, there

\*If, contrary to all traditions and instincts of Anglo-Saxons, Australia, in 1909 shouldered the yoke of conscription, it is neither more nor less than a precaution taken against the future enmity of Japan, or later still, of China.

are centuries of Buddhism with the dream of absorption into the great, vague *All*; centuries of Confucianism, with a spirit of routine that prevents all inner growth, but especially, centuries of Shintoism with the thought of really counting in relation to the collective Being; with the desire — grand and noble indeed — of regarding oneself, alive or dead, only as an element of an enduring race, a thing to contribute to the glory of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, the visible incarnation of divinity and of the nation.\*

From these primordial differences, intimately connected with the religious formation, others could easily be drawn by deduction; and observation would add this one, which is perhaps not one of the least important; the secret irritation of being unable to understand one another, and of realizing that, even despising each other, they must each take the other into account. But this is not the place to philosophize so much, and perhaps it will be agreed without discussing it to the end, that a great step toward reconciliation will have

\*Of these three doctrines, Buddhism best corresponds to our idea of a religion. Introduced into Japan about the sixth century of our era, it enjoyed the greatest favor until the Revolution of 1868, which restored the imperial power that has, from that time, greatly encouraged Shintoism or ancestor-worship, which is principally offered to the Emperor, but without excluding heroes, eminent men, and soldiers who died fighting. It is the great obstacle to the Christian faith, in that it seems to relegate it to the rank of an anti-national religion, because incompatible with the worship of the Emperor. As to Confucianism, which was also imported about the sixth century, it constitutes in Japan as in China, rather a code of morals than a religion; all its recommendations may be summarized in loyalty to the Emperor, fidelity and obedience on the part of inferiors toward their superiors, children toward their parents, and servants to their masters.

been taken the day when the yellow race and the white race, imbued with the Gospel, will look at each other as the children of the same Heavenly Father, the disciples of the same Christ, brothers bound to love each other, souls ransomed together at an infinite price, jointly sharing in merits and expiations, having the same origin and destined to enjoy together, even while remaining as personalities, the happy union with the life of one God. Or if it be objected that the Gospel does not prevent enmity between Christians, I would reply that their differences are in no way comparable to those we have been discussing here, and that, besides, their agreement has always largely depended on the fidelity they have shown to their common ideal.

But if it is true that the conversion of the Japanese to Christianity would effectively contribute to render their fusion with the white race possible, where does this important work stand to-day, and is the Gospel on the highroad to being accepted in Japan, at least by a chosen few who would diffuse, by a sort of fortunate contagion, the essential point of our ideas and sentiments? The reply to such questions is not encouraging. One hundred and fifty thousand Christians, perhaps, out of fifty million inhabitants, that is the religious balance sheet of the country which St. Francis Xavier converted with such remarkable success in the sixteenth century. Catholicism, implanted by this great apostle, and which had gained a million believers, was smothered in blood in the persecution of 1614; when, after two hundred and fifty years of ab-

absolute exclusion, our missionaries were allowed to return to Japan (1860), they found thirty thousand Catholics faithful, in secret, to their ancient faith; and since then, that is to say, in the space of half a century, the conversions have only doubled this modest number. The different sects of Protestantism with eight times the resources in men and money but without the support of a first contingent of believers, have succeeded during the same time in about equalling the number of Catholics. A Russian bishop, named Nicolas, of most unusual zeal and cleverness, by surrounding himself with converts of whom he has made catechists and even priests, without obligation of celibacy, has conquered by himself about thirty thousand souls for the Orthodox Church. And there, for all denominations of Christians together, stands the present state of missionary work among the Japanese: three baptized believers to every thousand heathen.

If we were to seek for the causes which might explain the smallness, or at least the slowness, of these results, we should find a first and fundamental one in the fact that the Japanese look upon Christianity as a foreign religion, the religion of those whites whose sciences and industries they have accepted because they so evidently excel their own and were indispensable to their material progress, but whose beliefs, attachments, and customs, appear in no way superior to their own. It is certainly true that for dignity of life, religious practices, and moral ideas of whatever sort, the travelers, merchants, and sailors of Christian origin, who go

to Japan, are not generally such as to give a very high idea of our faith. Happily it is quite the contrary with the missionaries of all persuasions; but the more favorable impression that they could not fail to produce is sadly counterbalanced by their diversity of belief and the opposition of their teaching. For the infidels beginning to be touched by the Gospel, nothing is so disturbing as to see it pulled in every direction by those who come to offer it to him.

And the difficulties would be great enough without this contradiction. The masses are held back from Christianity by their customs and habits; chastity during the youth, and monogamous marriage, would alone, among the requirements of our law, suffice to render it unattractive. On the other hand, the *élite savante*, or at least so-called, has read in the way of religious works only the writings of our unbelievers or of our hypocrites; his information, extended but superficial, just suffices to let him know the objections without rendering him desirous or capable of understanding the replies. And it is sad to state these very replies would be hard to find; the few good books are not translated, and it is not all missionaries who can explain the history of religion and solve the problems of Biblical exegesis, discuss "The Essence of Christianity,"\* or the "The Religion of the Spirit,"† refute the insinuations of Renan and Anatole France, controvert English positivism and German relativism, evo-

\*By Harnack.

†By Sabatier.



lutionism and monism, that are both so universal, beat down by reasoning, or by touching the heart, that transcendent disdain of the faith that the little Japs have brought back from Berlin or Paris, and which they believe to be an inseparable part of true modern development.

Must we then, despair of converting the Japanese to Christianity? We realize that so far success has come with exceeding slowness, and we try to understand the reason; but that is far from meaning that we think their conversion impossible. Of the three principal obstacles that stand in the way of the Gospel in the intellectual, moral, and national order, there is not one that is not itself battered in breach by contrary influences, and that is not destined to weaken with time. The rational difficulties, which at least, only affect the educated classes will lose their force by degrees as more thorough studies cure savants of their infatuation, and as Christian apologetics become more convincing. In the second place, if it is true that Christian morals, by their very excellence and purity, repel natures accustomed to somewhat unscrupulous self-satisfaction, it is equally certain that the need of a binding law and a bridle on passion is becoming more and more felt among those who to-day are directing Japan and who are frightened, not without reason at the disorder into which their manners and customs are thrown by the rapidity of all sorts of transformations; at the weakening hold of the ancient faiths; at the sudden disappearance of a feudal society in which each one relied on the

others and lived according to custom; and finally, at the accession of an industrial civilization that compels individuals to find their sole support in themselves and their personal convictions. And with the same simplicity with which it formerly asked everywhere for officers and engineers, the Government is now demanding professors of ethics, and requesting its officials to have public lessons in the subject given by all capable masters, whatever may be their philosophy or their religion. That the partisans and ministers of the Gospel are not excluded by this significant call, but that on the contrary, the enlightened leaders are beginning in their inmost souls to count on them above all others, is a proof that already the foreign origin of Christianity no longer inspires such prejudice as formerly.

It may be added that what remains of it would quite disappear could the missionaries from outside leave the place to native catechists, priests, and bishops. The spirit of sacrifice, the zeal, and the sobriety of the few converts who have so far been associated with the ministry, shows what confidence can be placed in the future of an indigenous clergy. After all, what nation, in the past, has become or remained Christian by following other methods? From the moment there is a Japanese clergy and episcopacy, Japan will quickly be won to Christianity; and then it, far better than we, can convert Corea, China, and the whole of the Far East.\*

\*The idea is also widespread among the Catholics of the United States that their priests would succeed better than others in converting the Japanese. It will, perhaps, not be long before we shall know, for the American Church will soon be in a position actively to collaborate in mission work.

Let no one see a reproach in these words. So far from it that, on the contrary, I want to say that they are already beginning to be realized. At the end of December, 1906, the four Catholic dioceses of Japan could count for 60,282 believers, 4 bishops, and 119 foreign missionaries, but also 32 native priests; the Protestant sects, to the number of twenty, could count for 62,862 followers, 889 foreign missionaries, and 1379 Japanese ministers or catechists. In the Catholic missions in China, the number of faithful was 880,000 in 1907, and of native priests, 521, or a few more than of foreign priests. Small as these figures seem compared with those of the population, they nevertheless afford a glimpse of a more fruitful future, and they at least suffice to prove that there is nothing fundamentally incompatible between the yellow race and adherence to Christian worship and priesthood. Furthermore, that is a fact that would be denied neither by believers, for whom the Gospel is destined to all nations, nor by historians and impartial observers, who have seen it, throughout the centuries, adapt itself, without yielding, to the most varying forms of civilization.

While awaiting the time when this vast but distant hope shall become a reality, and when from the East to the West (which will then be so knit together and blended that it will no longer be known to which shores to apply the names), the light of the Gospel will shine on all peoples and so lighten their dark-

ness that they can understand each other,—until then there remains to be considered as a much more modest and purely local solution, but which in the absence of others deserves to be thought over: I mean the attenuation of the conflict between the two races which would result on the American Pacific coast, and especially in California, by a more rapid growth, of the white population.

This is the very proceeding by which the United States has averted the threatening side of the negro question, thanks to the European immigrants constantly increasing in far greater proportion than the blacks, although the latter are more prolific. It is true that here the intellectual inferiority must be taken into account, which would not be the case with the Japanese, who are as clever, as hard-working, and more thrifty than Americans; but this is the greater reason for these last to maintain and develop as much as possible their numerical advantage, incomparably stronger in regard to the Japanese than the negroes. They must, over the threatened territory, hasten the arrival of white settlers, and attract their Eastern compatriots or Europeans by every means in their power. Should they succeed in maintaining the present proportion, which, Hawaii excepted, is still excellent, the yellow peril would be almost averted, or at least restricted to those annoyances and inconveniences that cannot seriously affect the life of a great people.

No matter how great the influx of whites might be, it would be very long before they would exceed the re-

sources of all kinds that are offered by the Pacific coast. The wealth of Washington and Oregon is still fresh and apparently inexhaustible; the number of inhabitants of these two States (2,500,000) might be ten times as great without impoverishing anyone; and then there would hardly be enough to develop all the arable land, all the forests, all the mines, and all the fertile and navigable waters. As to California, the State most threatened by the yellow race, although settled for a much longer time, it offers no fewer chances than do the other two to serious workers who go there to earn their livelihood; and this is what I wish insistently to set forth here, having convinced myself of it by what I could see and hear during the few weeks of my sojourn there, and by documents, easily procured. These are generously distributed by the promotion committee of San Francisco. From its discovery in 1536 by Hernan Cortes, until its annexation by the United States in 1848 — the same year in which John W. Marshall found the gold deposits there — California made but very slow progress. It then became, like all gold-mining countries, the object of an extraordinary boom, but it was unable to keep up the rich returns of the first few years. To-day the precious metal, of which some sixteen hundred million or eighteen hundred million dollars has been mined in all, still yields a respectable number of millions a year; but it has blended most fortunately with more normal resources, and it is realized that the real wealth of California, as of the fields of the fabulist, lies in cultivat-

ing the soil under which the buried treasure lies. In this vast State, that has an average of two hundred miles in width and eight hundred in length, it is true that sixty million acres are in mountain and desert inaccessible to the plough, but right there the cattle find more pasturage than they can browse, and forty million acres of arable land are left. The glaciers and the snows of the Sierra Nevada replenish, beyond fear of exhaustion, the water courses and natural reservoirs which insure to the fullest extent the irrigation of that part of the country where rain is insufficient; and it should be mentioned that admirable systems are being established to profit by it. Nevertheless, everything considered, whether it be naturally fertile land or that which could easily become so, the cultivated portion remains extremely small; millions and millions of acres still await the settler, and the total population, which is not quite two and a half million, could double and quadruple without in any way exceeding the possibilities, as they say out there, of these rich territories. It is not that nothing has so far been done to make them pay. According to the statistics published the year of my visit, 1907, the State counted, — besides walnut, fig, and olive trees which are considered as spontaneous growth, — thirty million fruit trees: apple, apricot, cherry, peach, pear, orange, and lemon. The vines yield an excellent table grape, although they do not understand how to develop them, and wines already well known, which with the same care as is lavished on them in France, might very probably acquire the



value of French vintages. Even cultivated in a rather primitive manner, vineyards and orchards bring in an average of two hundred and fifty dollars an acre; with intensive cultivation they would, and sometimes do yield as much as one thousand dollars an acre. The felling of forest trees furnishes eight million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of building lumber, and as much again of other kinds of wood. The California redwood tree exists nowhere else and the dimensions to which it attains form a curiosity of great attraction to tourists: in some a tunnel has been cut that will allow carriages to be driven through. And they are so numerous that in continuing to fell, as is now being done, four hundred million a year, it would require two centuries and a half, even if they did not reproduce themselves, before they would be exterminated. Cattle-raising would, if desired, succeed admirably in California with the temperate climate, which almost everywhere remains the same in winter and in summer,—to such a point that the clothing of January is the same as that of the month of August,—the herds can be left in the open and fed on the healthiest fodder the whole year round, thus saving the expense of hay and stabling. This advantage is being recognized by an already appreciable number of settlers, but whom the State would like to see increase more rapidly.

And how many other roads to fortune lie open before the too rare farmers! It is sufficient to point out that California imports every year some twenty mil-

lion eggs and chickens which it could so easily raise on its own land. But, to dwell only on what are at present the most important sources of wealth, it may be stated that industries, magnificently favored by the wells of natural gas and the hydraulic force of the Sierra torrents, already turn out annually more than four hundred million dollars' worth of manufactured articles; besides which, mining is not limited to gold, but extends to many other substances, such as copper, oil, and clay, to a total value, in 1906, of fifty-four million dollars; finally, all these products, as well as those of farming, find an easy outlet by four transcontinental roads and the steamboat lines which bring the Far East into communication, not only with the wonderful harbor of San Francisco, but the ports of San Diego, San Pedro, Eureka, Santa Barbara, and Monterey. The maritime trade of California already exceeds a hundred million dollars a year, and the Panama Canal will rather be an auxiliary than a competition from the very fact of bringing it into closer relation with the Atlantic ports of both the Old and the New World.

But that there is plenty of room in California for newcomers can be seen from the density of the population alone, which is 9.5 per square mile; while it rises to 152 in the State of New York, 140 in Pennsylvania, 86.1 in Illinois, and to proceed westward, 40.2 in Iowa, 38 in Wisconsin, 22.1 in Minnesota, and 18 in Kansas. And that, in another way, there is an advantage in taking one's place among the two and a half

million inhabitants\* who share the 156,172 square miles of this territory, is beyond doubt when one has seen in official statistics, that, per head, the average fortune is \$751 in Germany, \$1,125 in the whole United States, \$1,145 in Great Britain, \$1,228 in France, \$1,247 in Australia, and \$2,800 in California. But that our invitation should not seem solely inspired by worldly motives, let us add that nowhere is there a better climate, a more flowering land, a more enchanting sky, or such a delightful life; or, let us rise higher still, though the efficaciousness of our motives should sink in proportion, and recall the dominant idea of this last chapter; to wit, that it is a question of our maintaining the preponderance and ideals of our white race against the threatening invasion of the yellow race.

The real defence of a nation consists neither in squadrons patrolling the ocean, nor batteries guarding the shores; in itself, in the number and worth of its citizens, lies its real strength. And therefore we have confidence in the United States.

In many respects undoubtedly Japan's forces seem to promise her the victory. If her inhabitants are fewer, her regular army is ten times more numerous than that of America; if her navy is smaller and she builds fewer men of war, she has the power to assemble

\*Exactly 1,485,053 according to the decennial census of 1900; 1,648,000 in 1906, according to the estimate of the "Statesman's Year Book" of 1909.

and mobilize them in one or two weeks, whereas the United States Squadrons are separated by a broad continent. But still the greatest source of confidence to the Mikado must be the quality of his soldiers and sailors. Their bravery in the war against Russia astonished the most courageous. It seemed as if neither they nor their officers placed any value on human life. Heroism was the rule among all ranks. Thousands of unknown little foot-soldiers on the ships transporting them, in the trenches of Port Arthur, and on the fields of Mukden, died with all the nobleness of a Chevalier d'Assas; and their families, when they heard of it, did not resign themselves, but on the contrary, rejoiced that one of them had died for the Mikado, and sincerely gloried in this enviable entry into the common glory of ancestors.

But were I to say that America seems to me inferior in resources or ideals, I should be obviously insincere. The United States is arranging, by the cutting of the Panama Canal for a more rapid reunion of its fleets; and in the meantime it devotes larger sums each year to the development of its navy, whereas the Japanese are obliged to cut theirs down. Its army ordinarily is in no way comparable with that of their possible enemy, but it will be agreed that the Pacific will give it some time to prepare against what would seem a most improbable invasion; and on the other hand it possesses enough wealth of all kinds, but especially of men, and sincerely devoted men, to stop, wear out, and destroy, in time, any enemy. Less feudal, less col-

lective, less impersonal, less fanatic, perhaps, than the patriotism of the Japanese, that of Americans is not less deep-rooted or ready for sacrifice. To realize what the Star Spangled Banner means to them, one must have lived with them intimately and, if I may say so, have thrilled with their emotions. Whether they boast of the Declaration of Independence, or whether — directly or in the person of their fathers — they have found in the United States the country of their choice, the one that has realized their ambitious dreams or which received them in their distress and raised them from the misery they had endured elsewhere — however it may be, they love their country and its institutions with a passion and a pride in which reason, instinct, and will seem to have condensed their strength, and of which I know of no other example in history that has ever equalled its fierce ardor.

On the eve of my departure from San Francisco, a young Paulist born in the city itself, led me to Golden Gate Park, which extends from the last houses to the ocean shore. Crossing the green fields, the lawns, the groves of flowering shrubs, the pine and cypress woods, the long alleys of eucalyptus surrounding the transparent lakes, one would never imagine that some thirty-odd years ago this peninsula was but a heap of bare sand. But if Nature occasionally condescends to allow herself to be embellished by man, she is not lacking in means of asserting her superiority whenever she wishes to. When my friend had let me admire all the beauties of the park, he led me to the summit of Strawberry Hill

in the middle of it, and which commands a vast panorama of the horizon. To the northwest Tamalpais reared its head to the skies, while its flanks slope gracefully down to the shore of the great bay. The heights of Berkeley to the northeast formed a harmonious counterpart, and in the background Mount Diablo's two-horned crest stood proudly out against the sky. But bluer than these blue mountains and equal to the deep azure of the zenith, the Pacific Ocean in its grandeur eclipsed all the splendid panorama; and though no doubt imagination had something to do with it, it really seemed to me more vast than other seas. It is not necessary to climb very high to see the stretches of plain widen greatly, on condition only that some land marks should come at different distances to define them; while to the north and south the limitless sea faded quickly into the vagueness of the forever similar waves, before us to the west, on the contrary, its immensity was clearly marked either by alternating lights and shadows, or by the unequally distant silhouettes of four or five ships breaking and increasing the perspective. But far as the sight could reach, thought, freer and quicker still went from wave to wave all the way to Hawaii, to the Philippines, to Japan, to China, as far as those shores of the Far East that had become for us those of the setting sun, since that orb, as if to increase our feeling of exotism and distance, was preparing, in spite of names, there to descend into the sea.

Then Asia, with its hundred of millions of yellow



men, appeared to us like a gigantic shadow, full of mystery, an enigma, a threat, an inexhaustible reserve of enemies to be feared. And to reassure us, we felt the need of bringing back our thoughts and our looks from those too far and too vague horizons to the neighboring barracks of the Presidio, to the cannons of the forts and the powerful batteries which from both sides of the Golden Gate, defend the entrance to America. But it was not from these that the real comfort seemed to come. With far greater confidence I turned my eyes to the side away from the sea, to the great dome of the City Hall, where free citizens themselves rule their destiny and conduct the public business. This bold building, strikingly symbolic of the whole nation, withstood the fearful shock of the earthquake, and where some too hastily built portions had cracked and chinked, the city workmen were quietly at work strengthening them.

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